



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3433 08184125 0







Esther Singleton

New York  
November, 1911









# EGYPT

## BOOKS BY MISS SINGLETON

**TURRETS, TOWERS, AND TEMPLES.** Great Buildings of the World Described by Great Writers.

**GREAT PICTURES.** Described by Great Writers.

**WONDERS OF NATURE.** Described by Great Writers.

**ROMANTIC CASTLES AND PALACES.** Described by Great Writers.

**FAMOUS PAINTINGS.** Described by Great Writers.

**HISTORIC BUILDINGS.** Described by Great Writers.

**FAMOUS WOMEN.** Described by Great Writers.

**GREAT PORTRAITS.** Described by Great Writers.

**HISTORIC BUILDINGS OF AMERICA.** Described by Great Writers.

**HISTORIC LANDMARKS OF AMERICA.** Described by Great Writers.

**GREAT RIVERS OF THE WORLD.** Described by Great Writers.

**FAMOUS CATHEDRALS.** Described by Great Writers.

**FAMOUS SCULPTURE.** Described by Great Writers.

**HOLLAND.** Described by Great Writers.

**PARIS.** Described by Great Writers.

**LONDON.** Described by Great Writers.

**RUSSIA.** Described by Great Writers.

**JAPAN.** Described by Great Writers.

**VENICE.** Described by Great Writers.

**ROME.** Described by Great Writers.

**GERMANY.** Described by Great Writers.

**SWITZERLAND.** Described by Great Writers.

**TURKEY AND THE BALKAN STATES.** Described by Great Writers.

**FLORENCE.**

**LOVE IN LITERATURE AND ART.**

**THE GOLDEN ROD FAIRY BOOK.**

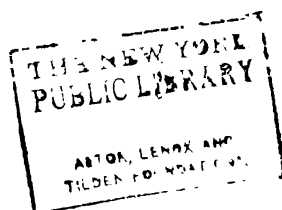
**THE WILD FLOWER FAIRY BOOK.**

**DUTCH NEW YORK.** Manners and Customs of New Amsterdam in the Seventeenth Century.

**A GUIDE TO THE OPERA.**

**A GUIDE TO MODERN OPERA.**

**HOW TO VISIT THE GREAT PICTURE GALLERIES.**





THE NILE NEAR CAIRO

# EGYPT

*As Described by*  
**Great Writers**

*Collected and Edited by*

**ESTHER SINGLETON**

*Author of "Turrets, Towers and Temples,"  
"Great Pictures," and "A Guide to the  
Opera," and translator of "The Music  
Dramas of Richard Wagner"*

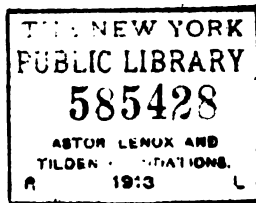
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



**New York**

**Dodd, Mead and Company**

1911



Copyright, 1911, by  
**DODD, MEAD & COMPANY**  
*Published, September, 1911*

JOY VAN  
JEN  
VASEL

## PREFACE

**N**O country is more fascinating to both student and traveller than the land of the Pyramids, the Sphinx and the Nile; the land of tombs, temples and ruins of ancient towns; the land of feathery palm-trees, lovely colours and jewelled skies. The subject is so vast and varied and the instructive and delightful books upon it so numerous, that the task of presenting even a general view of some of the most celebrated towns and phases of contemporary life is formidable, particularly when space is limited.

When Aladdin entered the garden of gems, in which all the trees glittered with clusters of jewels, he could only bring away a few specimens. I have been similarly embarrassed in making my selection from the golden treasury of literature upon this romantic country. I have only been able to collect and present here from the innumerable works by travellers and Orientalists; their impressions and descriptions of some of the monuments of the past, the most striking features of the scenery and some accounts of the various races that constitute the present population.

I have followed the plan of the companion volumes in this series of *Holland, Japan, Russia, Switzerland*, etc., but the difficulty was increased by the fact that there are two



Egypt—the historical land of the Pharaohs lying in the Nile Valley and the deserts; and modern Egypt—the empire of the Khedive, which his grandfather, Ismail Pasha, so aptly said was no longer a part of Africa, but belonged to Europe. In this Egypt of the Twentieth Century there are hotels to please the most fastidious Americans and Europeans; fifteen hundred miles of railways with trains fitted with all the luxuries known to the present age; and automobiles and electric trains to the Pyramids.

Side by side with the Cairo of the *Arabian Nights* is fashionable Cairo, with its crowded streets, large hotels, fine shops, Khedivial Sporting Club, Opera House, gardens and theatres, while not far away the mysterious forms of the Pyramids and the Sphinx mock the centuries with their changing races and customs.

I can only hope that my endeavour to bring some of these varied scenes and phases of life together will, in some measure, give the untravelled a glimpse into Egypt Old and Egypt New, and pleasantly recall to the tourist some happy hours dreamed away in this mystic land.

E. S.

*New York, September, 1911*  
 NEW YORK  
 CLUB  
 PRESS

# CONTENTS

## PART I

### THE COUNTRY AND THE RACE

	PAGE
THE LAND OF EGYPT . . . . .	I
<i>Stanley Lane-Poole</i>	
ANCIENT DIVISIONS OF EGYPT . . . . .	18
<i>Sir I. Gardner Wilkinson</i>	
ORIGIN OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS . . . . .	27
<i>Villiers Stuart</i>	
THE MODERN EGYPTIANS . . . . .	31
<i>Dr. G. Schweinfurth</i>	
THE FELLAHIN AND DAILY LIFE . . . . .	41
<i>Stanley Lane-Poole</i>	
THE COPTS . . . . .	54
<i>Dr. C. B. Klunzinger</i>	
THE MOSLEM WOMEN . . . . .	61
<i>Edward William Lane</i>	
WOMEN AND THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE . . . . .	64
<i>Dr. C. B. Klunzinger</i>	
COMMON USAGES OF SOCIETY . . . . .	76
<i>Edward William Lane</i>	
THE REVELS OF ISLAM . . . . .	83
<i>Stanley Lane-Poole</i>	

## PART II

### DESCRIPTIONS

ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO . . . . .	95
<i>A. B. De Guerville</i>	

THE NILE FENS . . . . .	104
<i>D. G. Hogarth</i>	
PORT SAID; THE SUEZ CANAL; SUEZ; AND IS- MAILIA . . . . .	114
<i>Villiers Stuart</i>	
CAIRO AND ITS PLEASURES . . . . .	121
<i>A. B. De Guerville</i>	
MOSQUES OF CAIRO . . . . .	137
<i>Sir I. Gardner Wilkinson</i>	
TOMBS . . . . .	142
<i>Sir G. Maspéro</i>	
THE PYRAMIDS . . . . .	156
<i>W. J. Loftie</i>	
THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH AND THE SPHINX . . . . .	163
<i>Amelia B. Edwards</i>	
TEMPLES . . . . .	170
<i>Sir G. Maspéro</i>	
SAKKARA AND MEMPHIS . . . . .	190
<i>Amelia B. Edwards</i>	
THE FAYOUM . . . . .	205
<i>Laurence Oliphant</i>	
THE LABYRINTH AND LAKE MÖERIS . . . . .	214
<i>Laurence Oliphant</i>	
THE TOMBS OF BENI-HASSAN . . . . .	224
<i>W. J. Loftie</i>	
ABYDOS . . . . .	228
<i>Auguste Mariette Bey</i>	
THEBES AND KARNAK . . . . .	232
<i>Amelia B. Edwards</i>	
MEMNONIUM OR RAMESSEUM . . . . .	241
<i>Sir I. Gardner Wilkinson</i>	
THE TWO COLOSSI . . . . .	247
<i>Sir I. Gardner Wilkinson</i>	

# CONTENTS

ix

THE TWO COLOSSI . . . . .	251
<i>Dean Stanley</i>	
DEIR-EL-BAHARI . . . . .	255
<i>Auguste Mariette Bey</i>	
TOMBS OF THE KINGS . . . . .	260
<i>Dean Stanley</i>	
ROYAL MUMMIES . . . . .	266
<i>A. B. De Guerville</i>	
THE DAHABEAH . . . . .	273
<i>Frederic Eden</i>	
THE NILE IN THE DELTA; HELIOPOLIS; THE NILE VALLEY; THE FIRST CATARACT; PHILÆ . . . . .	278
<i>Dean Stanley</i>	
NILE SCENES . . . . .	289
<i>Frederic Eden</i>	
THE ASSOUAN DAM . . . . .	302
<i>Frank Fayant</i>	
NUBIAN SKETCHES . . . . .	311
<i>Frederic Eden</i>	
ABOU-SIMBEL . . . . .	321
<i>Sir I. Gardner Wilkinson</i>	
ABOU-SIMBEL AND THE SECOND CATARACT . . . . .	325
<i>Villiers Stuart</i>	
A RIDE THROUGH THE DESERT . . . . .	331
<i>Dr. C. B. Klunzinger</i>	
THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHERINE, MT. SINAI . . . . .	339
<i>Dean Stanley</i>	

## PART III

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY . . . . .	347
STATISTICS . . . . .	350



## ILLUSTRATIONS

The Nile near Cairo . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>	
The Pyramids from Gizeh . . . . .	<i>Facing page</i>	2
The Delta Barrage . . . . .	" "	10
Gizeh during the Inundation . . . . .	" "	14
First Cataract . . . . .	" "	18
Step Pyramid of Sakkara . . . . .	" "	28
Donkeys and Donkey Boys of Cairo . . . . .	" "	32
Portable Restaurant of Cairo . . . . .	" "	36
Labourers . . . . .	" "	42
Helouan . . . . .	" "	54
Palm-trees and Native Women . . . . .	" "	62
Interior of a Cairene Dwelling . . . . .	" "	64
Arab Café in Cairo . . . . .	" "	76
The Turkish Bazaar, Khan Khalil, Cairo . . . . .	" "	84
Alexandria . . . . .	" "	96
Mahmoudieh Canal, Alexandria . . . . .	" "	104
Port Saïd . . . . .	" "	114
Cairo . . . . .	" "	122
Water-sellers, Cairo . . . . .	" "	126
Kasr-el-Nil Bridge, Cairo . . . . .	" "	134
Ibn-Touloun Mosque . . . . .	" "	138
Pulpit and Sanctuary of the Mosque El-Moulaiyad . . . . .	" "	140

The Great Sphinx . . . .	<i>Facing page</i>	148
The Great Pyramid and Sphinx . . . .	" "	156
Climbing the Great Pyramid . . . .	" "	164
Portico, Dendera . . . .	" "	170
Portico, Edfou . . . .	" "	178
Pylon of the Temple of Isis, Philæ . . . .	" "	186
Bedrechein . . . .	" "	190
Medinet-el-Fayoum . . . .	" "	206
Temple of Seti, Abydos . . . .	" "	228
Landing-place, Luxor . . . .	" "	232
Karnak . . . .	" "	238
The Colossi . . . .	" "	248
Portico, Luxor . . . .	" "	264
The Nile at Boulac . . . .	" "	266
Fishing-boats on an arm of the Nile . . . .	" "	274
Assouan . . . .	" "	278
Island of Philæ . . . .	" "	286
Assiout . . . .	" "	290
The Nile near Cairo . . . .	" "	298
The Assouan Dam . . . .	" "	302
A Sakia, Nubia . . . .	" "	312
Rameses the Great at Abou Simbel . . . .	" "	322
Second Cataract . . . .	" "	326
Halt in the Desert . . . .	" "	332
Citadel Gate, Cairo . . . .	" "	348
The Khedive . . . .	" "	350

## ***THE LAND OF EGYPT***

***STANLEY LANE-POOLE***

**E**GYPT is a dominion and a country, the empire of the Khedive and the lower valley of the Nile. Egyptian rule now extends over a great portion of central Africa to within two degrees of the Equator, and comprehends a long reach of both the Red Sea coasts, including the Peninsula of Sinai. In this wide sense Egypt means not merely the historical land of the Pharaohs—the Nile valley and the deserts which bound it—but also the wide-spreading provinces of Nubia and the Sûdân, Dongola and Berber, Khartoum Senn'âr, Kurdufân, Bahr-el-Abyad, and the four districts of Dâr-Fûr; the Somali country south of Abyssinia from Harâr to the Indian Ocean; the equatorial regions beyond Gondokoro to the Victoria and Albert Lakes; the African coast of the Red Sea from the Gulf of Aden to Suez, and even the east side of the Gulf of El'-Akabah—altogether about a million and a half square miles. But a great part of this immense territory consists in waste tracts, profitable for nothing, traversed only by the wandering Bedawis and the caravans of the traders of the heart of Africa; wide stretches of desert have never even been explored; and very little is known of the inhabitants of the southern provinces beyond the

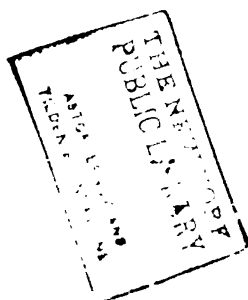


fact that they acknowledge in one sense or another the authority of the Khedive and contribute to the trade of his dominions. Here their connection with Egypt ends. In race, in language, in character, in everything but a common subjection, they are wholly distinct from the true Egyptians. To-day, as seven thousand years ago, the true Egypt, as defined by the natural boundaries of land and race, is the valley of the Nile, from the First Cataract to the Mediterranean. Thus limited it dwindles from the dimensions of Europe without Russia to half the size of Ireland. Nevertheless this was the land of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies; in this narrow Nile valley those monuments were built, those inscriptions written, that religion and philosophy developed, whereby Egypt gave the impetus and direction to much of the art and science of Europe. This valley of the Nile, sharply defined by the deserts which hem it in, is the Egypt of history, of ethnology, of geology; and with this alone is our present concern.

In every book that was ever written on this subject the saying of—from an Egyptian point of view—a comparatively modern historian, the Greek Herodotus, has been quoted—that Egypt is “the gift of the Nile”; but it is so true a word that it cannot be too often repeated. Without the Nile there would be no Egypt; the great African Sahara would spread uninterruptedly to the Red Sea. Egypt is simply a groove worn by the Nile in the desert, and made habitable by its waters. The irregular table-land gradually rising from the Libyan plateau to its



THE PYRAMIDS FROM GIZEH



highest point near the Red Sea can support no life. The Egyptian desert is not, indeed, the expanse of shifting sand—the summer snow-drift—which it is often imagined to be, but it is not the less sterile and uninhabitable. It is generally a high plateau of hard, dry, barren rock, covered here and there with gravel and sand and *débris*; raised sometimes in heights, sometimes depressed into valleys, where water rarely runs and never rests; relieved at wide intervals by deep hollows, where springs rise and form a green oasis—a dimple in the stern face of the desert. The Nile is the life-giving power here, for the water which finds its way to the deep down surface of the oases has filtered through under the sandstone from the river hundreds of miles away. But the greatest creation of the Nile—a sort of long oasis worn in the rock by the ever-flowing stream, and made green and fertile by its waters—is the land of Egypt itself.

The great river of Egypt has been traced to the equatorial lake Victoria Nyanza, whence it flows under the name of Somerset River into the Albert Nyanza, and thence issuing as the Bahr-el-Gebel, receives the great tributaries of the Bahr-el-Ghazâl on the left and the lesser Sobât on the right, and flowing through the vast grassy plains of the Sûdân with a clear, silvery flood, which gives it the name of the White Nile (Bahr-el-Abyad), reaches Khartoum, where its character is entirely changed by its junction with the Blue Nile (Bahr-el-Azrak),—the true Nile so far as the fertilization of Egypt is concerned—an impetuous torrent of the Abyssinian mountains, whose waters are heavily laden with

the dark alluvial soil it has washed down in its headlong rush in the season of tropical rains and whose turbid vehemence overcomes the calm clearness of the White Nile despite its superior volume, and gives the united stream the reddish-brown colour and peculiar taste that characterize the river henceforward down to its mouth. The waters thus joined, and still further swelled by the stream of the Atbara, on the right,—the sole tributary of the united Nile,—burst through the transverse barriers of the Nubian rocks in a series of rapids, and surmounting the last obstacle, the primitive granite of the First Cataract, a little north of the Tropic of Cancer, pursue a swift winding course through the groove they have worn in the desert, until a little below Cairo they branch out into a fan-like embouchure and fall into the Mediterranean by two mouths after a course of 3,300 miles, extending over more than thirty degrees of latitude—a length exceeded by the Amazon alone of all the rivers of the world. Every day during “high Nile” the two mouths pour more than seven hundred thousand million cubic metres of water into the Mediterranean Sea.

In its passage through the Nubian rocks, the Nile opens out but a very narrow valley, sometimes less than five miles across and the alluvial deposit which it brings down from the Abyssinian mountains is laid in too narrow a strip, and is too little assisted by canals and other artificial expedients for irrigation, to form a rich or populous country; but when the river has forced its way through the last cross-barrier of syenite and granite which forms the southern

boundary of Egypt at Assouan, it enters the sandy sea-bottom of an ancient estuary and pursues an easy, unobstructed course thence to the Mediterranean. The stream about half a mile broad in most places, stripes a valley generally about ten miles across, sometimes dividing it into two equal plains, but more often running close under the eastern hills, and spreading over the western plain in its autumnal inundation that famous Nile mud which is the one reason that the most fertile country in the world is not as barren as the deserts that bound it. This alluvial deposit is of varying depth, but the average may be put at thirty-five feet at the river bank—rising high above the stream at low water and thinning away to a few inches' depth at the margin of the desert.

The soil produced by the accumulation of the alluvial deposit does not cover the whole of the valley. The Nile mud is guided and assisted by canals and pumps, but it never exceeds ten miles in breadth (except in the Delta), and there is generally a stretch of barren rocky land before the actual mountain edges of the enclosing deserts are reached. The valley of the Nile is thus composed of a series of parallel stripes of different colours. In the centre the dull green river, turning reddish when swollen by the rains of the inundation; higher up on either side, but chiefly on the western, the bright green fields of waving corn, or beans, or lupin; then a border, still higher, of dusky, barren rock; and then the slopes of the deserts,—the long red and yellow and gray ridges of sand—and lime-

stone rock, generally low and tame in outline, and lying some distance back from the river, but sometimes closing even to the very bank in bold headlands, scored by torrent beds where water rarely flows, and then shearing away to the distance of several miles and leaving a wide level plain of cultivable land.

Throughout the whole length of the ranges which hem in the Nile valley, from the syenite and granite cliffs of the cataract with beautiful red felspar crystals laid bare by the river-wash, and the Nubian sandstone whose tender tints of red and yellow contrast so exquisitely with the clear blue of the tropical sky from Assouan to Edfou, and from which was quarried the stone of the great temples of Egypt—down the long undulating lines of nummulite limestone, the hard gray rock full of fossils out of which the Pyramids were built, to Mount Mukattam, close to Cairo, the last spur of the Arabian hills as they trend away to overshadow with their jasper hues the head of the Gulf of Suez—the hills are absolutely naked and barren, without trace of vegetation. Their bare sides shut in the horizon wherever you look, and if you climb their slopes there is only a vast uneven desert of the same complexion stretching away beyond reach of eye in every direction. The hills which mark the edge of the desert and flank the valley are generally about 300 feet high, and smooth as the South Downs of Sussex; but near Thebes they reach a height of 1,200 feet, and assume a bolder outline; and in the heart of the mountain system in the eastern desert the elevation of 6,600 feet is

attained by Gebel Ghârib, and Sinai's rugged and lofty cluster is a part of the same formation.

On this side the monotonous character of the desert is varied by the bold outline of the primitive rocks which here burst through the surface. Gebel Ghârib is of granite and from Gebel Dukhân was brought the beautiful red porphyry which Egyptian sculptors used to prize; slates and other crystalline rocks, the diorite and verde antique of the Saïte artists, were found among the eastern hills, and so late as the present century alabaster was quarried by Mohammed Aly from the mountains near Assiout for the columns of his mosque in the citadel. Mines used to be worked for silver, gold, copper and emeralds; but now a little lead glance is all that is found. The primitive rocks disappear as the Red Sea is approached, and the long ridges of limestone again become the principal geological feature: but the presence of the former gives the Arabian desert an impressive grandeur which is entirely wanting on the west of the Nile. Moreover, the Arabian desert is not altogether barren. The height of its mountains and the neighbourhood of the Abyssinian rains support a certain number of torrents whose channels score the hills in every direction, and during part of the year—from January to April before the sun burns them up—green herbs and bushes are to be seen. The Libyan or Western desert, on the other hand, is both tame and utterly barren. The Arabian mountains are the breaking up of a plateau; the Libyan desert is the plateau itself—a vast monotonous, stony table-land of gritty lime-



stone, 700 to 1,000 feet above the sea-level, unwatered, unvaried, save by the few oases which redeem it from utter sterility. West, again, of the oases nothing is seen but the Great African Desert, covered with shifting sand, which ranges itself in low sand hills and rolls upon the traveller in the stifling samûm (simoom) or waltzes across his path in sand columns seven or eight hundred feet high.

Except in the lower parts of the Delta, where the influence of the Mediterranean rains and the large expanse of nearly stagnant water in the salt marshes exposed to the effects of a powerful sun induces an unhealthy dampness in the air, the climate of Egypt is singularly fine. The regulating and absorptive power of the immense desert tracts surrounding it gives to the Nile valley the most equable and driest climate in the world, in spite of the large extent of land which is kept in a sodden state by the inundation for a great part of the year. No air is so clear and invigorating as the breath of the desert borders of Upper Egypt, laden with the salt of the limestone surface, and cool as though there were no burning sun nor yet more burning sand above and underneath. Rain falls a few times in the year at Cairo, but in the upper country it is a very rare phenomenon, and it is possible to find people who have never seen a shower; sometimes the extreme fringe of the tropical rains reaches Upper Egypt and stray showers become commoner in Nubia. The Libyan desert never gets rain at all; whatever moisture comes to it is brought by the northerly wind, and when the wind is in other quarters even

dew fails it. In the Arabian desert on the contrary, there is generally at least one heavy storm in the winter, with thunder and lightning and great hail-stones ; before whose violence the mud villages of the Bedawis melt like sugar, and the open spaces become lagunes ; torrents pour down from the watershed which runs along the summit of the range into the Nile valley on the west (where they do more harm than good, since Nile agriculture resents irregular irrigation), and towards the Red Sea on the east, commonly becoming lost in the sand on the way ; and a few streams are held in the natural reservoirs of the hills and spring up here and there in brackish wells.

In the Egyptian climate everything proceeds with precise regularity. The year is divided into two distinct and scarcely varying seasons by the periodical rise and overflow of the Nile, which begins to swell at the end of June, attains the greatest height (a rise of thirty-six feet at Thebes) at the end of September (or about the equinox) and gradually falls during the other nine months, losing half its height in January, and receding more slowly afterwards. From July to February the river is more or less high ; from February to the end of June, it is low.

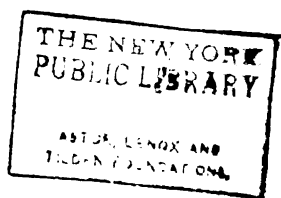
In precisely the same regular manner the Nile valley is subject to alternating periods of winds : from the rise of the river to its return to its banks, June to February, cool northerly winds prevail, the Etesian breezes that in ancient as well as modern days helped the traveller's boat up the long river ; whilst from February to June, during the low

Nile, the wind is generally southerly, rising sometimes to a hurricane (samûm) or collecting in vast pillars of revolving sand (zôbâ'ahs) which menace the safety of the river craft. During March and April for three days at a time the celebrated wind blows called the "Fifties" (Khamâsîn) because it usually comes during the fifty days which precede Pentecost. It is the one plague which the beneficent desert has inflicted on the Egyptian climate, and it is a severe one. Its hot parching breath, laden with minute sand and dust particles suffocates man and beast, penetrates every crevice in boat and baggage, clogs the works of watches, and permeates everything so effectually that the Khamâsîn dust has usually to be shaken out of portmanteaux when they are unpacked in England.

The temperature, like the wind, follows the Nile. From low Nile in April up to the beginning of the swell the thermometer gradually rises till it reaches about 109° Fahrenheit in the shade in Upper Egypt, and 95° in the Delta. The temperature then cools under the influence of northerly winds and a rising river till in the winter (December to February) the thermometer stands at about 40° in Upper and 35° in Lower Egypt. Actual freezing is rare, except in the desert, where the temperature sometimes falls very low, and on the Nile during the two hours before sunrise, the coldest time of the day, when rapid evaporation is apt to produce a thin coating of ice on the surface of pools and basins. At the same hours, slight morning mists are occasionally noticed, speedily to be dispelled by the sun; and



**THE DELTA BARRAGE**



after sunset a similar phenomenon is observed during the cooling of the soil; but it is very short-lived, and the southern stars are soon shining lustroously in the dark canopy of night. The lower the Nile is descended, the more frequent become the mists and the harder of endurance the heat. Above Thebes or in Nubia the air is so dry that the moisture of the skin evaporates almost as soon as it is formed; and the intense heat of the desert is consequently less intolerable than has been supposed, and sketches have been pleasantly pencilled in the sun with the thermometer bursting at  $140^{\circ}$ . But further north in Alexandria, where the summer is much cooler, the heat is less bearable on account of the dampness of the air of the Delta.

The most striking peculiarity about the vegetation of the Nile valley is the entire absence of woods and forests. Except the familiar palm-groves it is rare to see a cluster of trees; nor are solitary trees to be met with growing wild on the banks of the Nile, though of late years an immense number have been planted and artificial avenues and plantations have been added to the green things of Egypt. The date-palm is the commonest and most beautiful of the trees of Egypt, but its beauty is partly artificial. In its wild state its branches grow down to the ground, and wear a ragged look and the tree itself is stunted. The graceful clustered head and tall bare trunk is the effect of annual pruning, and grace and fruitfulness are thus secured at the expense of shade, for the trunk is too slender and the head

too far off and too transparent to afford any protection against the sun. In the Thebaïd, however, a different and very beautiful kind, the dôm-palm, appears, growing in a series of bifurcations which lend a singularly picturesque aspect to the banks. Sycamores and acacias grow in the desert valleys and give shade to the Nile villages; bushes of tamarisk and the weeping willow grow on the mud-banks; rarer trees are the myrtle, elm, cypress; the mulberry is a special feature of Lower Egypt. Besides the date-palm, in whose fruit there are endless varieties and points for native connoisseurship (which usually gives the preference to the dates of the Oases and Nubia), the vine flourishes in Egypt, somewhat uselessly, as the Moslems are only permitted to taste the juice of the grape unfermented; figs, pomegranates, oranges and lemons abound; apricots, peaches and plums are common but tasteless; Indian figs or prickly pears, and bananas—believed to be the fruit of Paradise—have been naturalized; and the refreshing water-melon and its kindred are at once the meat and the drink of the people in the hot days. In the gardens roses are the prevailing flowers; but oleanders, geraniums, carnations, the hinné plant for reddening the finger-tips, the violet and chrysanthemum are common.

The absence of forests and jungles accounts for the insignificance of the Egyptian fauna. The hyena, jackal, wolf and fox—but no greater beasts of prey—haunt the desert places and old tombs and ruins; the hare, rabbit,

jerboa, lynx and ichneumon are found in the valley and hills; weasels, rats and mice are among the town plagues, and bats infest the mummy-pits. The principal object of chase is the antelope, of which there are several varieties, the most graceful being the gazelle, often tamed as a house pet. The wild ass, the king of game according to the Persians, is seldom met with now, and the wild boar is only represented by a timid breed in the Fayoum and Delta, especially common in the marshes near the Mediterranean. The wildcat is becoming obsolete; and the crocodile is following the example of the hippopotamus, and retreating to tropical regions out of the way of European guns. The beasts of burden most in use are the camel, and the ass, the former always one-humped. The "ship of the desert" like the horse (the Egyptian breed of which is very indifferent) and the dark-coated, mild-eyed buffalo, which is gaining ground as a field-labourer, was unknown to the ancient Egyptians, and is an importation of a comparatively late period. The beautiful short-horned cattle, which were famous in the days of the Pharaohs, are reserved for field-work, and are seldom killed except for Franks. Butchers' meat in Egypt is mutton; for sheep, especially black sheep, are very numerous; goats are also common, and the wild goat makes a worthy quarry on the mountain ridges of the eastern desert. Dogs are considered unclean animals by the Moslems; but they make excellent scavengers, and the fierce breed in Upper Egypt forms an efficient body of village guards. Cats swarm in Cairo where they have or had



a species of feline asylum of royal foundation. Pigs are kept only for Franks and Copts.

The frequent exposure of carrion feeds many birds of prey—several species of vulture, both the great and the small, and of eagles, falcons and hawks; and the common kite helps the aquiline vulture, the crow and the dog to keep the streets of Cairo sweet. Swallows, wagtails and larks are the commonest small birds; kingfishers use their skill on the Nile; bee-eaters and goat-suckers are often seen. In the country villages the pigeon is carefully cultivated and more space and ingenuity are devoted to the dove-côte than to the peasant's own dwelling. Chickens are very small in Egypt; domestic geese rare. A fine breed of turkeys has been introduced. Quails migrate in large numbers to the Nile valley and a red legged partridge is not uncommon; the sand-grouse abound in the deserts, where also the Arabs hunt the ostrich. The chief water-fowl are wild ducks and geese, the ibis, plover, golden snipe, egret, flamingo, pelican, cormorant and heron.

Besides the fast-retreating crocodile, the reptiles of Egypt consist mainly in some smaller Saurians (including the chameleon), serpents (both cobra and cerastes) and harmless snakes. The Nile fish are numerous but insipid. Scorpions, enormous spiders, the fly and mosquito, and every variety of small vermin form the worst plague of Egypt in the present day. Locusts are, happily, but rarely seen, but when they do appear they do justice to their reputation for destroying everything in their path. Moths are



GIZEH DURING THE INUNDATION

THE  
JOURNAL  
OF THE  
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE  
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND  
VOLUME 19, PART 1, 1919

more common than butterflies; grasshoppers and cockroaches abound; bees are largely kept but their honey is not so good as the English; silkworms are bred on the mulberry-trees in Lower Egypt, but the silk is not equal to the Syrian.

The agricultural year in Egypt begins in the autumn. On the 17th of June a miraculous drop of water is believed to fall into the Nile, and, if not on the actual "Night of the Drop," soon afterwards the river is observed to swell. All through July and August the river rises, not regularly, but by a series of leaps; and the peasants are busily employed in making ready the canals or deep, narrow trenches which are to convey the fertilizing water over the land. In September,—theoretically, on the first day of the first month Tut of the Coptic year, which is the eleventh, but really about ten days, or a fortnight later,—the Nile attains its full height. Every inch in the measurement of the rise is of the utmost consequence. A little excess means a destructive flood, and all the ruin of melted villages, swamped crops, and drowned men and beasts; whilst a slight deficiency causes a corresponding decrease in the cultivable land, and the fields that the river does not reach have to be left fallow and barren for another year.

In a good medium Nile, rising about twenty-five feet at the Nilometer opposite Cairo, the stream does not overflow the banks which in consequence of the greater facilities for artificial watering and consequently uninterrupted cultivation are somewhat higher than the land further from the

river. It is kept within its banks by dams, which prevent it from entering the canals, until the day arrives when the government with much pomp and circumstance initiates the cutting of the dams by demolishing the pillar of earth which closes the canal of Cairo, and which is called the "Bride of the Nile," as being the Moslem substitute for the virgin sacrificed to the rising river in the olden days before Islâm had purified the people. At this signal the canals all along the river are opened and the stream is allowed to flow into the network of trenches that intersect the country in every direction. Dams bar the canals at intervals, and the arrested water turns aside and pours through sluices into the drains which chequer the surface of the neighbouring fields. When these are sufficiently saturated, the dam is cut, and the stream flows on to the next dam, where it is again arrested to fertilize the next group of fields. The utmost care is taken to guide and regulate the inundation, and a large body of engineers superintend and inspect the dams and sluices and see that everything is in good order before the river is let in.

During the inundation the country presents a singular appearance. It is nothing else than "a fresh-water archipelago,"—a sheet of water divided into squares, like a chequer board, by the embankments of countless canals, with islands here and there, consisting in land which is too high to be touched by the inundation, on which a village is therefore securely perched, and whither the mice and wild animals fly for refuge, and the cattle are driven for safety.

The familiar pigeons are off to the desert, and it is now the turn of water-birds.

As soon as the river has subsided enough to let the moist clayey surface of the soil appear, the principal crops of the Winter Season are sown. This is the chief of the three seasons of Egyptian agriculture, and indeed in the Upper Valley the only important season. It is now that the wheat, barley, beans, lentils, chick-peas, lupins, clover, vetches, etc., are sprinkled over the soft mould, which breaks off itself, and is seldom subjected to even the superficial scratching of the primitive Egyptian plough—the only instrument in use for turning the soil, except the wooden hoe. The seed is pressed in by cattle driven over it dragging palm-branches or a toothed roller is passed across. These crops come to maturity about March and April, the great harvest-time of Egypt.

## ANCIENT DIVISIONS OF EGYPT

SIR I. GARDNER WILKINSON

THE whole of Egypt is styled in Arabic *Ard-Musr*, or simply *Musr* (*Misr*), a name given also to Cairo itself; which recalls the old Hebrew Mizraim (*Mizrim*), "the two Mizrs." In the ancient Egyptian language it was called *Khemi*, or "the land of *Khém*," answering to the land of "Ham," or rather "Khem," mentioned in the Bible; and in Coptic *Chmé*, or *Chêmi*. According to Arab tradition, the son of Ham had four sons: Oshmoon, Athreeb, Sa and Copt. The last of these peopled the country between Assouan and Coptos; Oshmoon, that to the north as far as Menoof (Memphis); Athreeb, the Delta; and Sa, the province of Baháyreh, as well as the land of Barbary. Copt, however, having conquered the rest of Egypt, became sovereign of the whole country, and gave it his name.

The two sides of the valley seem at all times to have been distinguished generally with reference to their position east and west of the river. By the ancient Egyptians the desert on each side was merely styled "the eastern and western mountain"; and, at a later period, "the Arabian and Libyan shore"; parts of the mountain ranges having always had certain names attached to them, as at the pres-



FIRST CATARACT



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

ent day. They are now called "the eastern and western shore"; and it is remarkable that the Arabs of the eastern desert have substituted the term *Bur' A'gem* "the *Persian*," for the old name "*Arabian* land," applying it to the space between the Nile and the Red Sea. *A'gem*, however, is used by the Arabs for "foreign."

Egypt, under the Moslems, has been divided into provinces, or *bey-likes*, each under the command of a bey; or, according to their new title *Mamoór*, or *Modiér*; and in the time of the Memlooks the whole country was governed by twenty-four beys, including the Delta.

The large or market towns of Egypt have the title of *Bender*. *Medeeneh* is a capital and is applied to Cairo and the capital of the Fayoum. *Bellet*, or *Beled*, is the usual appellation of a town; whence *Ebn beled*, son of a town, or townsman. *Kafr* is a village; *Nexleh* or *Nexle* a village founded by the people of another place, as *Nexlet el Fent*. *Minieh* (corrupted into *Mit*, particularly in the Delta) is also applied to villages colonized from other places. *Beni*, "the sons," is given to those founded by a tribe or family, as *Beni Amrán*, "the sons of Amran," and then many villages in the district are often included under the same name. *Zow'yeh* is a hamlet having a mosque. *Kasr*, or *Kusr*, is a palace, or any large building. *Boorg* is a tower; and it is even applied to pigeon-houses built in that form. *Sábil*, a level spot, or opening in the bank where the river is accessible from the plain. *Merseh*, an anchoring-place, or harbour. *Dayr* is a convent, and frequently points out

a Christian village. *Kom* is a mound, and indicates the site of an ancient town; and *Tel* is commonly used in the Delta in the same sense. *Kharáb* and *Kooffree* are applied to ruins. *Beerbeh* or *Birbeh* (which is taken from the Coptic) signifies a temple. *Wadee* or *Wady* is a valley; *Gébel* a mountain; and *Birkeh* a lake, or a reach in the Nile.

In the time of the Pharaohs Egypt consisted of two great regions, the upper and lower country, both of equal consequence from which the kings derived the title of Lord of the two Regions. Each of these had its peculiar crown, which the monarch at his coronation put on at the same time, showing the equal rank of two states, while they prove the existence of two distinct kingdoms at an early period.

Egypt was then divided into thirty-six nomes (departments or countries), from Syene to the sea. In the time of the Ptolemies and early Cæsars this number still continued the same; "ten," says Strabo, "being assigned to the Thebaïd, ten to the Delta, and sixteen to the intermediate province." The geographer adds, "Some say there were as many nomes as chambers in the labyrinth, which were under thirty. These were again subdivided into toparchiæ, and these too into smaller portions." The number of chambers in the labyrinth is not quite certain: Herodotus, Pliny, and Strabo do not agree on this point; and it is probable that, as the number of the nomes increased, other places were added for their accommodation; the labyrinth being the building where the assemblies of

the nomes met, and each had its own apartment. Pliny gives forty-four nomes to all Egypt, some of which are mentioned under other names.

The triple partition of the country described by Strabo varied at another time, and consisted of Upper and Lower Egypt, with an intermediate province, containing only *seven* nomes, and thence called Heptanomis. Upper Egypt or the Thebaïd then reached to the Thebaica Phylace, now Daroot e' Sheréef; Heptanomis thence to the fork of the Delta; and the rest was comprehended in Lower Egypt. In the time of the later Roman emperors, the Delta, or Lower Egypt, was divided into four provinces or districts—Augustamnica Prima and Secunda, and Ægyptus Prima and Secunda; being still subdivided into the same nomes; and in the time of Arcadius, the son of Theodosius the Great, Heptanomis received the name of Arcadia. The Thebaïd, too, was made into two parts, under the name of Upper and Lower, the line of separation passing between Panopolis and Ptolemaïs Hermii. The nomes also increased in number, and amounted to fifty-seven, of which the Delta alone contained thirty-four, nearly equal to those of all Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs.

The frontier of ancient Egypt was properly at Philæ; but southern Ethiopia was conquered by the Pharaohs of the Twelfth and Eighteenth Dynasties; and though afterwards partly abandoned, was again included within the limits of the Egyptian territory after the accession of the Ptolemies.

Among the early Pharaohs who conquered the country were Osirtasen III. of the Twelfth Dynasty, who fixed the Egyptian frontier at Sémneh, above the Second Cataract, and invaded the country of the Negroes; and Thothmes I., who left a record of his triumphs over them on a rock opposite Tombos. Amunoph III. built the two temples of Sedinga and Soleb; and Rameses II. began, or, at least, greatly enlarged the principal temple at Gebel Berkel, afterwards completed by Tirhaka; and both those kings extended their conquests far into Africa.

The invasion of the Cæsars, who pushed their conquests under Petronius, præfect of Egypt in the time of Augustus, as far as Napata, was owing to an incursion of the Ethiopians, who had penetrated to Syene, and overwhelmed the garrison stationed there to protect the Egyptian frontier.

Napata, the capital of Queen Candace, was, according to Pliny, 870 Roman miles above the Cataracts, and is supposed to be El Berkel of the present day, where pyramids and extensive ruins denote the former existence of an important city. Gebel Berkel was called in hieroglyphics "the Sacred Mountain."

Strabo says the Ethiopians above Syene consisted of the Troglodytæ, Blemmyes, Nubæ, and Megabari. The Megabari and Blemmyes inhabited the eastern desert north of Meroë to the frontiers of Egypt, and were under the dominion of the Ethiopians. The Ichthyophagi lived on the shore of the Red Sea; the Troglodytæ from Berenice, southwards, between it and the Nile; and the Nubæ, an African

nation, were on the left bank, and independent of Ethiopia.

Pliny says the only cities of Ethiopia found and taken by Petronius on his march to Napata were Pselcis, Primis, Aboccis, Phthuris, Cambusis, Attena and Stadisis, remarkable for its cataract, which, the naturalist says, "deprived the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of their hearing."

Whether by Sesostris Herodotus means Osirtasen or Rameses II., he is equally wrong in saying that he was the only Egyptian monarch who ruled in Ethiopia; as several other Pharaohs not only extended their conquests, but erected temples and other buildings in that country, the remains of which still exist and that, too, in Upper Ethiopia.

The names of the monarchs found above the Second Cataract are Osirtasen III. and Thothmes III. at Sémneh; Thothmes I. at Tombos; Thothmes III., at Sémneh, Dosha, Sai and opposite Meroë; Thothmes IV. at El Berkel(?), Amunoph III. at Sedinga, Soleb, Berkel(?), Tombos and Sémneh; Atin-re-Bakhan at Soleb; Osirei I. at Dosha; and Rameses II. and Tirhaka at El Berkel. Diodorus, Pliny and Strabo extend the conquests of Sesostris as far as the vicinity of the modern Berbera, beyond the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb.

It does not appear that the monarchs after the Eighteenth Dynasty continued to extend, or even to maintain their conquests in this country; and few of them appear to have included Lower Ethiopia, between the First and Second Cataracts, within the limits of their Egyptian territory. And

this circumstance no doubt led to the remark that Ethiopia was little known before the accession of the Ptolemies; though in fact they only re-extended the frontier a short distance into what is now called Nubia.

Elephantine was the frontier in the time of Psammetichus. In Strabo's time Syene was again the frontier, the Romans having, as he observes, "confined the province of Egypt within his former limits." Philæ then belonged "in common to the Egyptians and Ethiopians." This did not, however, prevent the Cæsars from considering Lower Ethiopia as belonging to them, or from adding to the temples already erected there.

Philæ and the Cataracts are, as of old, the boundary of Egypt and Nubia. Here commences the country of the Barábra, which extends thence to the Second Cataract at Wadi-Halfa and is divided into two districts; that to the north inhabited by the Kenóos, or Kensee tribe, the southern portion by the Nooba. They have each their own language; but it is a singular fact that the Kensee, which ceases to be spoken about Dayr and throughout the whole of the Nooba district, is found again above the Second Cataract. This Nooba tribe may perhaps be connected with the Nobatæ mentioned by Procopius; though there is some reason for believing that the name and perhaps the people were known there long before. It is now customary for us to call them all Nubians, as the Arabs comprehend them under the general name of Barábra, and as the Greeks denominated the whole country Ethiopia. In former times

under the Romans, the northern part of Nubia was called Dodeca Schœnus, which comprehended the space lying between the First and Second Cataract (or Philæ) and Hierasy-caminon, and received from its length the name of "twelve schœnes."

The character of the country above Philæ differs very much from Egypt, particularly from that part below Esné. The hills are mostly sandstone and granite, and, from their coming very near the river, frequently leave only a narrow strip of soil at the immediate bank, on which the people depend for the scanty supply of corn and other produce grown in the country. It is not therefore surprising that the Nubians are poor; though from their limited wants and thrifty habits they do not suffer from the miseries of poverty. The palm-tree, which there produces dates of very superior quality, is to them a great resource, both in the plentiful supply it affords for their own use and in the profitable exportation of its fruit to Egypt, where it is highly prized, especially that of the Ibréemee kind, the fruit of which is much larger and of better flavour than that of other palms, and the tree differs in the appearance of its leaves which are of a finer and softer texture. The Sont, or Mimosa Nilotica, also furnishes articles for export, of great importance to the Nubian, in its gum, pods for tanning and charcoal; and *benneh*, senna, baskets, mats, and a few other things produced or made in Nubia, return a good profit in sending them to Egypt. Nubia justly boasts of one blessing, which is that fleas and bugs will not live there; and the Berberis



in Cairo are loud in their complaints against these plagues of Egypt.

When the Nile is low, the land is irrigated by water-wheels, which are the pride of the Nubian peasant. Even the endless and melancholy creaking of these clumsy machines is a delight to him, which no grease is permitted to diminish, all that he can get being devoted to the shaggy hair of his unturbaned head. For the Nubians, in general, allow the hair of the head to grow long, and seldom shave or wear a cap, except in the Nooba district, as at Derr, and a few other places; and though less attentive to his toilette than the long-haired Ababdch, a well-greased Nubian does not fail to rejoice in his shining shoulders.

A certain portion of land is irrigated by each water-wheel, and the wealth of an individual is estimated by the number of these machines, as in other countries by farms or acres of land; and, as is reasonable to suppose, in a hot climate like Nubia, they prefer the employment of oxen for the arduous duty of raising water, to drawing it, like the Egyptian felláh, by the pole and bucket of the *shadúf*.

Devotedly attached to their country and their countrymen, like the Swiss and inhabitants of poor districts who seek their fortunes abroad, they always herd together in foreign towns; and one Nubian servant never fails to bring a daily levee of Ethiopians to a Cairene house, pouring forth an unceasing stream of unintelligible words, in a jargon which has obtained for them the name of *Barábra*, applied by the Arabs much in the same sense as "*Barbaroi*" by the Greeks.

## **ORIGIN OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS**

*VILLIERS STUART*

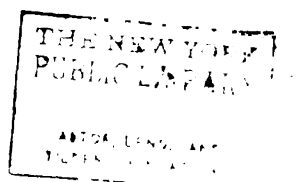
**T**HE attempt to trace back Egyptian history to its source is much like tracing back the Nile to its head-waters, as, after following up its stream for hundreds of miles, you will still find the same villages, the same palm-trees, the same mountain ranges in monotonous uniformity; so in the stream of Egyptian history the same events, the same triumphs in peace and war, seem to recur again and again. If you begin with the Nineteenth Dynasty, you find Rameses the Third invading his neighbours, overthrowing Libyans in the west and the wandering tribes on the east, carrying his arms into Syria and triumphing over the kings and chiefs of Asia Minor, or building new temples and developing the gold, silver, or copper mines of Sinai, or the alabaster quarries of Egypt. If you go back five reigns to the annals of Rameses the Second you find the record of his exploits so exactly similar that you might suppose that his descendant had borrowed them for his own glorification; or go back to a previous dynasty, the Eighteenth, and you find the great warrior kings, the Thothmes and Amunophs, fighting the same list of enemies and achieving the same triumphs; or skip over six dynasties and go back to the Twelfth, the triumphs of peace and war

seem but vain repetitions; the story is the same, the name alone is changed. Or spring back another six dynasties, to the times of King Pepi and Nofrekara, and you still find them slaughtering the Ethiopians, levying tributes on their neighbours, restoring temples, opening up roads to the desert of Sinai, working its turquoise mines and bringing its gold and silver to Egypt, mingled with notices of building of the Pyramids and other public works; and in the scanty records we have of the Third Dynasty at which point the stream of history runs dry, we find Senofreou fighting the tribes to the east of the Red Sea, and his name is inscribed on the rocks of Sinai. Egyptian history resembles the Nile, also, in its solitary course. As that river flows on all alone, unaided by a single tributary, *for hundreds of miles through the desert*, imparting life and fertility to its arid sands, so for a long tale of centuries did the current of Egyptian history flow on its lonely course without a contemporary, developing on its way the arts of civilized life, including that gift peculiar to man of recording thoughts and events in writing and painting and sculpture, while other races were yet enveloped in the night of barbarism and savage ignorance, and passed away without trace or record.

With regard to the origin of the ancient Egyptians, there seems no doubt that the Egyptian races were of the same origin as the European—both came from Asia; there is reason to believe that they found their way into Egypt from Arabia by way of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and then through Abyssinia. The reason for believing them to be



STEP PYRAMID OF SAKKARA



## ORIGIN OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS 29

of the same race as that which peopled Europe are, first, their features; second, the analogies of their language. In the latter we find many words almost identical with words in the Indo-Germanic languages; for instance, *Mut* is the ancient Egyptian for mother.

Besides language the features also of the ruling class of the ancient Egyptians point to the common origin of them and of the European races. It is remarkable that the farther you go back, the more European the faces become. In the neighbourhood of the Pyramids there are a great number of tombs belonging to the courtiers, priests and officers of state of the Fourth Dynasty, and presenting us with scores of portraits of the men of that time; one and all of them are strikingly European. It is a curious thing, however, that in later times the governing race appears to have undergone a modification, and has a more Semitic look than in the early times above referred to; this may have arisen from intermarriages with the neighbouring Asiatic states. I allude to the Nineteenth and subsequent dynasties. The facts I have cited do not, of course, prove that the Egyptians came from Europe, that would be contrary to all tradition and all probability; but they give good grounds for concluding either that Europe was partly colonized from Egypt, or that both Egypt and Europe are colonized from the same centre.

It will be asked why I say that the old Egyptians came from Asia by way of Abyssinia. The reasons for thinking so are that the Egyptians traced the home of their gods,

that is to say, of their most ancient traditions, to Abyssinia; they called it the sacred land, and whenever they represented the inhabitants of Abyssinia, they represented them as identical in dress and complexion with themselves.

It is quite possible that civilization may have begun in the south and yet have attained its highest development in the north. It is argued that because the Pyramids are in the north, and because they and the tombs about them are the earliest examples of Egyptian civilization that have come down to us, that therefore civilization must have commenced in the north. But it would be absurd to suppose that the Pyramids and the tombs that cluster around them were the *earliest* fruits of civilization, for they contain the evidences of an already advanced stage of the arts; they indicate where the previously scattered strength of the nation was first concentrated and gathered together into one mighty stream; but they are far from taking us back to the first sources to which that broad and strong current owed its origin.

As a matter of fact, we know that Menai was a Southerner. He came from Abydos, not far north of Thebes; but he made Memphis the seat of his government because it stood at the apex of the Delta, the most extensive habitable tract, and therefore the most populous in Egypt.

## **THE MODERN EGYPTIANS**

*DR. G. SCHWEINFURTH*

**T**HE population of Egypt is composed of the following ten different elements. (1) The Fellahin; (2) Copts; (3) Bedouins; (4) Arabian Dwellers in Towns; (5) Berbers; (6) Sudan Negroes; (7) Turks; (8) Levantines; (9) Armenians and Jews; (10) Gypsies.

(1) The Fellahin, the tillers or peasants, with whom must be reckoned the Coptic peasants of Upper Egypt, form the bulk of the population and may be reckoned as the sinews of the national strength.

(2) The Copts are undoubtedly the most direct descendants of the ancient Egyptians. The size of the Coptic population cannot be very accurately stated. They are most numerous in the towns of Northern Egypt, around the ancient Coptos, at Negadeh, Luxor, Esneh, Dendera, Girgeh, Tahta, and particularly at Assiout and Akhmim. A large proportion of all these places is Coptic.

Most of the Copts that dwell in towns are engaged in the more refined handicrafts (as watchmakers, goldsmiths, jewellers, embroiderers, tailors, weavers, cabinet-makers, turners, manufacturers of spurious antiquities, etc.) or in trade; or as clerks, accountants, and notaries. Their physique is accordingly materially different from that of



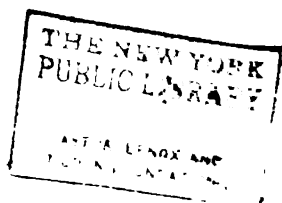
the fellahin and even from that of Coptic peasants. They are generally of more delicate frame, with small hands and feet; their necks are longer and their skulls are higher and narrower than those of the peasantry, and, lastly, their complexion is fairer. These differences are sufficiently accounted for by their mode of life; for when we compare those Copts who are engaged in rustic pursuits, or the Coptic camel-drivers of Upper Egypt, or with the fellahin, we find that the two races are not distinguishable from each other.

(3) Bedouins. *Bedu* (sing. *bedawi*) is the name applied to the nomadic Arabs, and *Arab* to those who immigrated at a later period and settled in the valley of the Nile. Though differing greatly in origin and language, the wandering tribes of Egypt all profess Mohammedanism. Again, they all differ greatly from the stationary Egyptian population; and this contrast is accounted for by the radical difference between the influences of the desert and those of the Nile valley.

The Bedouins may be divided into two leading groups: (1) Bedouins in the narrower sense, *i. e.*, Arab-speaking tribes, most of whom have probably immigrated from Arabia or Syria, and who occupy the deserts between the Nile and the Red Sea, and extending to the frontiers of the Abyssinian mountains. These are the descendants of the ancient Blemmyes. The three principal races of the second group, with whom alone we have to deal as inhabitants of Egypt, are the *Hadendoa*, the *Bisbarin* and



DONKEYS AND DONKEY-BOYS OF CAIRO



the *Ababdeh*. They are widely scattered in the valleys of the desert between the tropics and the latitude of Keneh and Koser, and lead a poverty-stricken life with their very scanty stock of camels and goats. Though closely resembling the other Bega tribes in appearance, the *Ababdeh* possess an original language of their own, which, however, they have long since exchanged for bad Arabic. They have also adopted the costume of the fellahin, while the *Bisbarin* and *Hadendoa* tend their large flocks of sheep and herds of camels in a half-naked condition, girded with a leathern apron and wrapped in a kind of blanket. All these "Ethiopians" are remarkable for their fine and almost Caucasian cast of features, their very dark, bronze-coloured complexion, and their luxuriant growth of hair, shading their heads like a cloud, or hanging down in numberless plaits over their necks and shoulders. Their figures are beautifully symmetrical, and more or less slender in accordance with their means of subsistence, and their limbs are delicately and gracefully formed. In other respects they resemble all the other children of the desert, as in the purity of their complexion, the peculiar thinness of their necks, and the premature wrinkling of the skin of their faces. Compared with their bold and quarrelsome neighbours the *Bisbarin*, the *Ababdeh* are exceedingly gentle and inoffensive.

There are three important Bedouin tribes in the peninsula of Mount Sinai. In Upper Egypt, besides the *Ababdeh*, the only Bedouins who occupy the eastern bank

of the Nile are the Beni Wasel and the *Atwani*, or *Hawadat*, who, however, have now settled on both banks of the Theban Nile valley and are gradually blending with the fellahin, and the *Maazeh*, who dwell in groups among the limestone mountains between Suez and Keneh, where there are good pastures at places. Most of the Arabian Bedouins, on the other hand, who belong to Egypt, confine themselves to the western bank of the Nile. They occupy the whole of this side of the river from the Fayoum as far as Abydos near Girgeh, and it is mainly with their aid that communication is maintained with the western oases, peopled by a totally different race, who till the ground and possess no camels, being probably allied to the Berbers of Northern Africa.

The Bedouins of the North have inherited with comparative purity the fiery blood of the desert-tribes who achieved such marvellous exploits under the banner of the Prophet, but the traveller will rarely come in contact with them unless he undertakes a journey across the desert. The Bedouins who assist travellers in the ascent of the pyramids belong to the Nagama tribe. Genuine Bedouins are to be found nowhere but in their desert home, where to a great extent they still retain the spirit of independence, the courage and the restlessness of their ancestors. As in the time of Herodotus, the tent of the Bedouin is still his home. Where it is pitched is a matter of indifference to him, if only the pegs which secure it be firmly driven into the earth, if it shelter his wife and child from the

burning sunshine and the chilly night air, and if pasturage ground and a spring be within easy reach. At Ramleh, on the coast, near Alexandria, the traveller will have an opportunity of seeing a whole colony of the poorest class encamped in their tents, where they live in the most frugal possible manner, with a few miserable goats and the fowls which subsist on the rubbish in their neighbourhood. Though professors of El-Islam, they are considerably less strict in their observances than the fellahin of the valley of the Nile, who are themselves sufficiently lax, and above all they sadly neglect the religious duty of cleanliness.

(4) Arabian Dwellers in Towns. Those Arabs with whom the traveller usually comes in contact in towns are shopkeepers, officials, servants, coachmen and donkey-attendants, or perhaps these last only, as most of the best shops are kept by Europeans. These Arabs are generally of a much more mixed origin than the fellahin. It thus happens that the citizens of the Egyptian towns consist of persons of every complexion from dark brown to white, with the features of the worshippers of Osiris or the sharp profile of the Bedouins, and with the slender figure of the fellah or the corpulence of the Turk. Among the lower classes, frequent intermarriage with negro women has darkened the complexion and thickened the features of their offspring; while the higher ranks, being descended from white slaves or Turkish mothers, more nearly resemble the European type. As the inhabitants of the towns could not be so much oppressed by their rulers as the peasantry,

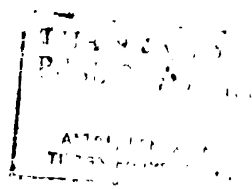
we find that they exhibit a more independent spirit, greater enterprise, and a more cheerful disposition than the fellahin. At the same time, they are not free from the dreamy character peculiar to Orientals, nor from a tinge of the apathy of fatalism; and their indolence contrasts strongly with the industry of their European rivals in political, scientific, artistic, and all business pursuits. The townspeople profess Islamism, but, in their youth, particularly, they are becoming more and more lax in their obedience to the Koran. Thus the custom of praying in public, outside the house-doors and shops, is gradually falling into disuse. The European dress, moreover, is gradually superseding the Oriental, though the latter is far more picturesque, and better suited to the climate. On the whole, however, they are bigoted Mohammedans, and share the contempt with which the fellahin regard all other religions. Their daily intercourse with unbelievers and their dread of the power of Christian nations tend, however, to keep their fanaticism, which otherwise would be unbounded, in check, and has even induced them to admit strangers to witness the most sacred ceremonies in their mosques.

(5) Berbers. The name *Berberi* is applied to the Nubian inhabitants of the Nile valley between the neighbourhood of Assouan and the Fourth Cataract. The Egyptians and Nubians are radically different, and the dislike between the two races is carried to such an extent that Nubians never marry Egyptian wives. The Nubians are inferior to the Egyptians in industry and energy, especially in tilling the



**PORTABLE RESTAURANT OF CAIRO**





soil, and in physical (and perhaps also in intellectual) vigour; and they are more superstitious and fanatical, as is indicated by the numerous amulets they wear round their necks and arms. They are, however, superior to the Egyptians in cleanliness, honesty and subordination, and possess a more highly developed sense of honour. The traveller must not expect to find them very sincerely attached or grateful, any more than the native Egyptians, but as servants they are certainly preferable.

In their native country, the Berbers till the banks of the Nile, but their land is of very limited extent and poorly cultivated, and as their harvests are scanty they are rarely able to support large families. They accordingly often emigrate at an early age to the richer lowlands, chiefly to the large towns, in quest of employment. When the Berber has succeeded in amassing a moderate fortune, he returns to settle in his native country, of which throughout his whole career he never entirely loses sight, and to which he frequently remits his hardly earned savings for the benefit of his relatives. The cold winter nights in Egypt are very trying to the poor Berbers, who often have to sleep in the open air outside the doors, and many of them are attacked by consumption. They are most commonly employed as door-keepers, house-servants, grooms and runners, for which their swiftness renders them unrivalled, coachmen and cooks. Nubian women are seldom seen in Egypt except as slaves.

(6) Sudan Negroes. Like the Berbers, most of the

negroes in Egypt are professors of El-Islam, to the easily intelligible doctrines of which they readily and zealously attach themselves. Most of the older negroes and negresses with whom the traveller meets have originally been brought to Egypt as slaves, and belong to natives by whom they are treated more like members of the family than like servants. Although every slave who desires to be emancipated may now with the aid of government sever the ties which bind him to his master, most of the negroes prefer to remain on the old footing with the family which supports them and relieves them of the anxiety of providing for themselves. The eunuchs, who also belong almost exclusively to the negro race, but are rapidly becoming rarer, very seldom avail themselves of this opportunity of regaining their liberty, as their emancipation would necessarily terminate the life of ease and luxury in which they delight. Under the present government slavery is very rapidly approaching complete extinction in Egypt, chiefly in consequence of changes in the mode of living and the growing preference of the wealthy for paid servants. The negroes who voluntarily settle in Egypt, constituting a body of considerable size, form the dregs of the people and are employed in the most menial offices.

Most of the negro races of Central Africa to the north of the equator are represented at Cairo, particularly in the rank and file of the negro regiments.

(7) Turks. Although the dynasty of the viceroys of Egypt is of Turkish origin, a comparatively small section

of the community belongs to that nation. According to the census of 1897, there are 40,126 Turks in Egypt, but among these are reckoned Turkish subjects from every part of the Ottoman Empire. Only a few are genuine Osmanlis. The Turks of Egypt are chiefly to be found in the towns, where most of them are government officials, soldiers and merchants. The Turkish language is little understood in Egypt.

(8) **Levantines.** A link between the various classes of dwellers in Egypt and the visitors to the banks of the Nile is formed by the members of the various Mediterranean races, especially Syrians and Greeks, known as Levantines, who have been settled here for several generations, and form no inconsiderable element in the population of the larger towns. Most of them profess the Latin form of Christianity, and Arabic has now become their mother tongue, although they still speak their old national dialects. They are apt linguists, learning the European languages with great rapidity, and good men of business, and owing to these qualities they are often employed as shopmen and clerks. Their services have also become indispensable at the consulates and in several of the government offices. A large proportion of them are wealthy. The Egyptian press is almost exclusively in the hands of Syrians.

(9) **Armenians and Jews.** This section of the community is about as numerous as the last, and in some respects contrasts favourably with it. The Armenians generally possess excellent abilities, and a singular aptitude

for learning both Oriental and European languages, which they often acquire with great grammatical accuracy. Many of them are wealthy goldsmiths and jewellers.

The Jews are met with only in Cairo and Alexandria. They are often distinguishable by their red hair from the native Egyptians as well as by other characteristics. Most of them are from Palestine, though of Spanish origin, but many have recently immigrated from Roumania. All the money-changers in the streets, and many of the wealthiest merchants of Egypt, are Jews, and notwithstanding the popular prejudice entertained against them, owing, as is alleged, to their disregard of cleanliness, they now form one of the most highly respected sections of the community.

(10) Egypt also contains numerous Gypsies, whose status resembles that of their race in European countries.

## ***THE FELLAHIN AND DAILY LIFE***

*STANLEY LANE-POOLE*

**T**HE true Egyptians, the vast majority of the modern inhabitants and almost the sole contributors to the wealth of Egypt are the Fellahin or peasants. . . . Every operation connected with the production of the rich crops which are the wealth of Egypt is performed by the fellah. He keeps the canals filled in the dry season of the year, laboriously ladling up the water to the higher levels in the buckets of the shadúf; he regulates the spread of the inundation by dams and sluices; he sows the seeds, frightens off the birds, reaps the corn and garners the grain in the village barns.

The fellah is the only real worker in Egypt and he has been used to doing all the work from ages long before Moses. We see him depicted on the oldest wall pictures of the tombs and temples doing just the same tasks that he does to-day, and looking just the same figure of a man that he looks now. Assyrians and Persians, Greeks and Romans, Arabs and Turks, have conquered his land, and taken unto themselves wives of his slenderly beautiful daughters, and have changed his language and his religion; but him they have not changed.

The fellahin are an extremely fine race. Though not tall they are well-built and broad-chested, and their spare, lithe frames, which never grow fat, are capable of a strength and an endurance which it were hard to match in any other labouring class. The face of the fellah is a fine oval, with a broad and marked brow, and a brown complexion which becomes a deep bronze in the more southern parts of the country. His brilliant black eyes, with their thick lashes, would be very conspicuous if he had not contracted the habit of keeping them half-shut on account of the glare of the sunlight. The mouth is well formed and adorned with exquisite teeth, but the lips are a little thick; the nose is straight, with wide nostrils; the hair scant and curly; the skull peculiarly large and solid. The whole head is shaved, with the exception of a tuft which is left on the crown, to serve (it is said) as a handle to carry it by after decapitation; but the moustache never feels the razor, and the beard is seldom shaved, except a small space on either side under the corners of the mouth. The dress consists in a smock of blue cotton (in the Delta) or of brown woollen stuff (in the Nile valley) under which well-to-do peasants wear drawers, but many have only a loin-cloth. The head is protected by a white cap covered with a red fez (or tarbush) round which a long strip of muslin is rolled to make a turban; but the poorer labourers cannot afford the turban, and have to content themselves with the tarbush, which is handed down from father to son till there is little of its redness left; and the very poorest do not even possess this an-



LABOURERS



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY  
1100 EAST 58TH STREET  
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637  
TEL. 773-936-5000

cestral treasure, but have to manage with the thin cotton cap alone.

The women are very slender and beautifully formed, and their skin is more delicate than the men's. Few lovelier women can be seen than the Egyptian peasant girl of sixteen returning from her usual errand of fetching water from the river or the village well; her lithe form suffers no ungainly strain from the weight of the great water-jar she carries on her head—balanced so securely that it scarcely needs the steadying of the shapely brown arm—and she walks erect with a noble carriage. She needs no artifice to enhance the charm of her form, and the fascination of the beautiful eyes that the face-veil does not conceal; yet nothing will do but she must spoil her warm skin with tattooing on chin, hands and arms, and between the breasts, put rings in her ears and her nose, and hang herself about with tawdry ornaments. Almost the only garment of the peasant woman is a blue cotton shirt or gown, smaller than the men's smock, with a head-veil hanging over the head behind, which can be drawn over the face at sight of a man; but some wear the ordinary black face-veil, used by the upper classes. In the southern provinces, the brown woollen material takes the place of the blue cotton, as men's smocks, and the shape of the garment alters. Still higher up the river, even the single shirt is abandoned.

“The fellah, at least of the poorer class, is almost exclusively a vegetarian, and pastures his tongue mostly on coarse, heavy, and raw substances. With his black millet-

bread or his cakes of unleavened flour, he eats salt, caraway, garlic, onions and other vegetables, raw and uncooked, by preference, and in addition the many kinds of fruits he possesses, especially dates and melons. With his sharp teeth, he eats into the rind of the dom-nut, and the stems of the sugar-cane, which lacerate the gums of a person unaccustomed to them, and make them bleed, and he chews grain, and legumes slightly roasted, maize, beans, chick-peas and half-ripe wheat. He does not allow himself many dainties ; any of this sort that he has, such as milk, eggs, fowls, pigeons, or cattle, he sells, though on a few days of the year, at family or religious feasts, when impelled by religion, he does allow himself the indulgence of a good piece of mutton. Spirituous liquors he never tastes. It is only with tobacco that he is not niggardly. A wife and family are quite indispensable to him ; he would rather starve and allow those dependent on him to starve also than remain unmarried. From the political pressure weighing him down, he cannot easily raise himself from his condition of poverty, and from indolence he has no great desire to do so (most of the fellahs are mere day-labourers or tenants, not land-owners) yet from his contentment and domesticity he is always merry, he chats, jokes, and sings, is healthy, and incredibly efficient and assiduous in working " (Klunzinger).

The townspeople are naturally of a more mixed race than the fellahin. Nevertheless, the Egyptian townsman is at bottom very like his country neighbour ; he is only a little more polished and plausible, and rather more of an

Arab in manner and character. In occupation, he is of course in complete contrast, for, instead of an active life in the fields, he sits smoking in his shop, carrying on those interminable bargainings which are the indispensable condition of business in the East. There are some town occupations, however, which rival field-work in activity; such as the laborious trade of the water-carrier, or the unwearied bowing of the porter's broad shoulders, the restless haggling of the public broker, the perpetual run of the swift-footed *sais* or groom who clears the way for his master when he rides abroad, and the long, hot, dusty walks of the various hawkers who perambulate the streets shouting or chanting the quality of their stock in quaint, allusive phrases. Thus the seller of lupins cries: "How sweet is the little offspring of the river!" because the lupin is soaked in the Nile to prepare it for eating; and the hawker of sour limes sings: "God make them light, O limes!"—meaning your purse; and the refreshing watermelon is announced in the words "O consoler of the embarrassed, O pips!"

The commoner order of townspeople dress like the fellahin; but, as the social scale is ascended, the material and number of the garments improve, and the well-to-do Egyptian wears, instead of the peasant's smock, a white shirt (of silk, or cotton, or muslin) next the skin, and over it a long striped silk and cotton robe called *kaftan*, resembling a dressing-gown bound at the waist with a thick girdle. Out-of-doors, a cloth coat (*gibbeh*) is put on over the *kaftan*, and in cold weather a vest is worn over the shirt. The

ladies of the upper classes, when they go out, disguise themselves in immense folds of black silk; and gentlemen and officers wear the Turkish jacket and loose trousers. Government officials have adopted the European dress, to their intense discomfort.

In upper Egypt, the life of the ordinary inhabitant of the towns is passed in a simple and uniform manner. Before sunrise he leaves his couch, performs the morning ablutions enjoined by his religion and repeats his early prayer. He then drinks his cup of coffee, and smokes his pipe either at home or in the public coffee-house. His breakfast, which he takes after the coffee (though sometimes before it) consists of the remains of his meal of the previous evening, or of cakes and milk, or for a trifle he procures from the market the ever-ready national dish of *ful*, that is, stewed beans. He then engages in his vocations, buys, sells, writes, works, or moves about, all in the most comfortable, quiet and deliberate manner. Even before the midday call from the minaret he has made his preparations for the hour of prayer, and after the performance of his devotions he returns home and enjoys his simple dinner. This consists for the most part only of bread with fruits or with white country cheese, milk, salt fish, or molasses (the so-called black honey).

He takes care not to make his midday sleep too short, especially in summer, and he lies down in his house or in his shop, in the café, or in any shady spot in the open air; at this time the streets and markets become deserted. Not

till well through the afternoon does he again move, when he begins the second portion of the day as he did the first, with ablutions, prayers and coffee, afterwards bestirring himself with some energy to make up during the remainder of the day for the time he has dreamed and trifled away. For this remainder is but short, and, with the last rays of the setting sun, the call from the minaret is again heard, the trader shuts his shop, the workman flings away his tools, the scholar, the writer, and the man of learning shut their books. This dawdling habit arises more from the fact that little trade or industry exists; and the want of a regular weekly day of rest is also not without blame.

After his evening devotions, the dweller in the town moves to his house where the supper is awaiting him. At this meal, which is generally the principal meal of the day, he quite acts the gourmand. His wife brings it to him on a round wooden board elevated on pieces of wood or short feet; among richer people, a shield-like metal plate is used instead. The basis of the meal is bread made of wheat or millet flour, or hot unleavened cakes—of which he devours incredible quantities—baked over a fire of dung. His wife has also boiled or fried for him a fish with onions and oil, or there lies in the pot a young pigeon, or a fowl, the juice of which tastes excellently when the cakes are dipped in it. Sometimes also, a small piece of mutton, buffalo, soaked *bamiyehs*, or the viscous-juiced, spinach-like *moluchieh* are cooked. These however are the more expensive viands, and in the evening also people on ordinary occasions are

satisfied with the *ful*, which has become so national a dish. Other dishes are such as lentils boiled in water without flesh, *ful* with *moluchieh*, a thick flour paste, coarsely-ground barley or wheat, a cake made with butter, an omelette, fruit, roasted grain, salt and caraway, and especially raw onions. Whenever it is possible, two or three kinds of dishes must be on the table, and the inhabitant of the town tastes of them indiscriminately.

“After the evening meal, our citizen either remains at home enjoying a dignified ease in his harem, or he takes up his position before his house, stretched out in the dust of the street, or squatting amidst a knot of peaceful neighbours; less frequently he visits the café again, or calls on a friend in his house or courtyard. The light of the moon and stars suffices, or, if in winter they must retreat into the dark chamber, the weak glimmer of an oil-lamp. In the country nothing is known of nocturnal labours either of hand or head even among the learned, and the many blind and blear-eyed people that here wander about have not contracted their ailments through overstraining their eyes. As to-day is, so is to-morrow, and the most momentous events passing in the great world here make on most people no impression whatever. For it is only a very few that receive a newspaper, and still fewer understand it, partly because its language is too fine, and therefore not suited to the mass, partly because the necessary previous knowledge of every kind is absent. It is only the most urgent necessity that causes the citizen to take a journey, and when he does

travel he takes a pilgrimage to Mecca, or, at most, goes to some other country in which Islam prevails" (Klunzinger).

The Egyptian social system is based upon the laws of the Koran, and is similar to that of all other Mohammedan countries. With the exception of the Turkish official caste, and some of the Europeans, who settle in Cairo, the polygamous Egyptian is every whit as moral as his English or French contemporary. Polygamy is much more a theoretical than a practical institution. Expensive and domestic discomfort are enough to account for the fact that although he is allowed by the religious law four wives, not one Egyptian in twenty has even two. The real blot on the Mohammedan system is the facility which is permitted in divorce. The mere words "Thou art divorced!" uttered in anger or by accident, suffice to separate a woman from her husband; and after two such separations and reconciliations, they cannot again live together until the revolting law has been fulfilled which enacts that a woman triply divorced must be married to another husband and divorced by him before she can go back to her first husband. During separation, and for a certain period after divorce, the woman is entitled to support from her husband; and up to the age of seven she keeps the custody of her children.

The demoralizing effects of this looseness of the marriage tie are easily understood; yet it is difficult to see how some such means of escape from a miserable union could be omitted in a system wherein the wife and husband do not see each other's faces till after the wedding, and know



nothing at first hand of each other's dispositions. The poor little child of twelve or fifteen—many Egyptian girls are mothers at fourteen—is handed over to her stranger bridegroom, often little older than herself, as soon as he has paid the stipulated dowry, and the bargain is celebrated with much ceremony and many superstitious rites; after which the childish couple are left to begin life together as best they can, in total ignorance of each other's characters and tastes. Naturally, cases of mutual dislike are not rare, and disastrous consequences would follow if incompatible couples were irrevocably tied together.

Nevertheless there is a very real honest hearty love among Egyptian husbands and wives which may contrast favourably with the family devotion of most countries. And it must be remembered that if the husband does divorce his wife, at least he is scrupulously true to her while she is his wife, and if he takes another wife beside her, he will be true to them two. There is no promiscuous immorality among the Egyptians.

Education is almost unknown among the women of Egypt, and even religion is regarded as superfluous. It is a popular fallacy to attribute to Islam the doctrine that women have no souls; but it is certain that modern custom ignores any such possessions; a woman is not encouraged to go to the mosque nor even to pray at home. Apparently the exacting ritual prescribed for the men is enough for both; but it is a pity that godliness should be a necessary preliminary to cleanliness in the East, for the women

by ignoring the one neglect the other, and their persons are too often entomological museums.

In spite of a vicious training, seclusion, and no education, it cannot be said that the women of Egypt lead an unhappy life. A middle-class Egyptian wife does very much the same things that the wife of an ordinary English man of business does. There is cooking, washing, mending, housekeeping in general to be done, and it is the wife who has to do or direct it all. Among the peasantry, the woman often works as hard as the man; she is even put to such labour as bricklaying; but she always does her work cheerfully, and never complains of the weight of the water jars she carries from the well, or the heat of the stove where she cooks her husband's supper. A good deal of her time is spent in needlework, embroidery, and spinning; and these domestic employments are deemed the most praiseworthy occupations for a woman. "an hour at the distaff," said the prophet, "is better than a year's worship." She has her amusements also, and can sing and play and dance sometimes, though she prefers having her singing and dancing done for her. She is fond of gossip, and makes and receives prodigious calls. The women of a set have their private *réunions*, to which no husband of them all dare enter; and the proceedings are childishly joyous and boisterous. So far from disliking their enforced seclusion, they regard it as a proof of their husband's love; and unusual freedom is taken to indicate carelessness and neglect on the husband's part. Egyptian wives, however,

are under less restraint than most Muslim harems ; and the peasant women use very little concealment and even neglect the drawing of the veil altogether, though in the towns it is not unusual to see women carefully hiding their faces with a veil, whilst the greater part of their persons is wholly exposed.

The children naturally learn little worth learning from the women among whom their early years are spent. In truth it is very little of any kind that they learn at home, except manners and the rudimentary forms of religion. In manners, the Egyptian boy of the middle and upper classes is singularly graceful and courteous, and his deference to his father and elders is a striking feature in Egyptian family life. No well-bred son will sit or smoke in his father's presence without leave ; and if there are guests it is the son's duty to serve them at dinner, which he does with the finest courtesy and self-possession. In spite of a certain formality in their relations, parents and children are generally strongly bound together in love ; and no parent fears poverty or an infirm old age whilst there is a son to work for him.

The country life of Egypt is even more quiet and monotonous than rural existence at home. The people have, indeed, their festivals, but they are not held with the pomp and display which characterize the same feasts in the capital. The loud laughter caused by the antics of buffoons and mimics, and the excitement aroused by the performances of the dancing-girls constitute the peasant's delirious

joys; and near the ruins of the great temple of Luxor one may still see the lineal descendants of the rude entertainments which delighted the Pharaohs and their subjects. But the even tenor of the peasant's life suffers few rude shocks, and is seldom upset by gaiety or excitement. The festivities of marriages and births and the saints' days form the chief varieties in the quiet routine of leisurely work. Even the Bedawis, whose tribes fringe the cultivated lands, and whose nomad life has so many romantic associations, enjoy but little variety of scene or occupation. Looking after sheep and cattle, diversified with petty larceny and occasional raids on villages, probably forms as monotonous an existence as sowing and reaping crops or drilling pipe-stems. But the Bedawis are not Egyptians, though they form a picturesque feature in the sights of Egypt.

## ***THE COPTS***

***DR. C. B. KLUNZINGER***

**T**HE Coptic Church, a heretical offshoot of the Greek, formed in the Fifth Century under the Emperor Marcianus after the Council of Chalcedon, also called the Monophysite or Jacobite Church, is found only in Egypt, Abyssinia, and to a smaller extent in Syria. It has preserved many echoes or relics of ancient Christianity, perhaps more than other churches. It has maintained itself to the present day in spite of the most bitter persecutions carried on through many centuries. Millions of Copts have indeed gradually passed over to Islam ; but those who have remained faithful compel our esteem by the firmness of their faith and by their endurance. The church is entirely independent of the state, and is subject to a patriarch, who is likewise head of the Abyssinian Church. Formerly, the Mohammedan rulers attempted to force their submission by oppression, but they never made any direct efforts to convert them. But now there is no greater example of toleration to be seen anywhere than that which is exhibited on the part of the government in all these lands.

The Coptic priests, whose dress does not differ from that



HELOUAN

RECEIVED  
JAN 15 1964  
ASTORIA, OREGON  
TILMAN FOUNDATION

of the layman, but is always, including the turban, of a dark colour, actually live in apostolic poverty, having no regular salary, and being entirely dependent for support upon their congregation. Articles of food are sent to their house, and they get a little money on occasion of baptisms, marriages and funerals. Like the Moslem *kadi*, they have various judicial functions to discharge, especially in connection with marriages and inheritances. The want of money makes them very ready to accept equivocal presents, and they are easily induced by such a gift to remit a few penances, which usually consist in prayer and fasting. In Cairo, many of them act as the part of match-makers, betrothing Coptic girls, though not without the consent of their parents, after the manner of the Moslems, by proclamation, which is totally contrary to their laws. The Copts show great respect to their priests, outwardly at any rate. They kiss their hands to them; but at bottom they seem to hold many of the priests in very little esteem, no doubt on account of such malpractices as that above mentioned. There is a seminary for Christian priests, but of the higher theological knowledge, or even of general culture, there is no trace, hardly even among the bishops. Intending priests may be married before they are consecrated; but after consecration, if the wife dies, they are not allowed to marry again. The higher clergy are required to remain unmarried.

The Copts read the Gospels, which, like the Mussulmans with the Koran, they also outwardly hold in great



reverence, and by which they swear. They baptize children by immersion, have monasteries, and practice auricular confession and worship of the Virgin. The chief expression of their Christianity consists in fasting. The Pope is their detestation. Besides a faint resemblance in feature, and many customs still prevalent among the Egyptians generally, the Copt, the true descendant of the great nation of the Retu, has inherited little from his remote forefathers. In fact, he turns yellow when we tell him about the splendour and magnificence of the land of Kemi. He knows the idolatrous and accursed race of the children of Pharaoh only from the opprobrious epithets which his enemies, the Moslems, bestow upon him, and from the representations inspired by national hatred given of them by the lawgiver of the Jews. The bad repute in which the excellent and high-minded Retu stand among the Moslems can be explained only by the degenerate effeminacy of their descendants at the time of Mohammed.

As for the modern Copt, he has become from head to foot, in manners, language and spirit, a Moslem, however unwilling he may be to recognize that fact. His dress is like that of the rest of the people, except that he prefers darker materials. The black turban, formerly the brand of the Christians (who were obliged to wear a black or blue turban to distinguish them from the Moslems) is now voluntarily and gladly worn by them, and especially by the Coptic scribes, as a mark of honour. The Copt smiles at the Moslem, who, in going through his prayers, turns his

face towards Mecca, while he himself, with his face turned to Jerusalem, mumbles out psalms by the yard in a regular paternoster gallop. Unabashed, he pollutes the virgin air of the Mohammedan great month of Ramadan with clouds of smoke from his pipe, but crucifies his own flesh during three-quarters of the year with the scanty juices of vegetable, fluviatile and marine aliments. Like the Moslem and the Jew, he has a horror of blood and swine's flesh, but in addition has an equal abhorrence of camel's flesh, which the Bedouin Mohammed permitted. He clings with excessive tenacity to the privileges he enjoys in the case of his favourite spirit. He never tastes his evening meal until his mind is clouded by the vapours of this water of life, which he prepares himself from dates. To this spirit alone he owes the rotundity of his body, and perhaps the existence of his race, which would otherwise have died out long ago under the regimen of peas, beans and fish, without fat or butter, which form almost his whole diet during the seasons of fasting. For the noble juice of the grape, the descendant of the ancient Egyptians has no taste. The vine is much cultivated in Egypt, and the grapes are excellent, but are only used for eating. The drinking of spirits is a characteristic sign of the degradation of the descendants of the wine-loving Retu.

The Copt as a good Christian must live till his death a strict monogamist, but, like the Moslem, is allowed to taste the joys of married life in early youth. His spouse is generally chosen for him by his father from among his own

near relations, and when he has married her he closely secludes her from the male world without. Like the early Christians, he loves to pray in domestic association with his fellow-Christians, and seals the prayer with a fraternal pressure of the hand. He does not readily allow his Christian brethren, to whatever confession they may belong, to suffer want; but his love for his neighbour is generally confined to those who own the name of Christian. In proof of his Christianity, he will often turn up his sleeves, and show a blue cross indelibly tattooed on his arm. The Copt is fanatical, servile and avaricious, but more accessible to enlightenment than the Koran-bound Moslem.

A Coptic meal.—We spent the evening in the house of a Coptic scribe. He invited us in a very hesitating manner, for it happened to be a period of fasting, which is during nearly half the year. On our entering the house, the females are warned and get out of sight as in the house of the Moslems. We must seat ourselves either in the reception room, or on the terrace or verandah on a carpet on the floor, where some guests of the same race and religion as our host have already seated themselves. The proceedings are pretty much the same as those we formerly witnessed in the house of the Moslem; but the stomach is not immediately satisfied, being treated for several hours with date-spirit, which we get to drink in small bottles like medicine bottles. Our thirst is kept alive by all sorts of provocatives, such as roasted chick-peas or maize, salted *tirmis* (or

lupines), hazelnuts and sweetmeats, while we smoke and talk. The conversation turns chiefly on religion, which in the East takes the place of politics.

The preparation of the liquor just mentioned may be taken as a characteristic example of Arab industry. After the dates have lain in a suitable quantity of water for weeks, during which period they have been stirred several times every day, and have thus undergone a process of fermentation, the resulting liquor is distilled. An ordinary copper caldron with a narrow mouth forms the retort, which stands on a few stones placed round the fire. The head of the still is formed by a large earthenware jar, such as is used for carrying water, the handles of which have been sawn off, and which has been cut away at the mouth so as to fit that of the caldron exactly. Towards the top a round hole has been pierced in the side of the jar, and in this hole a straight hollow piece of dry sugar-cane is inserted horizontally instead of the ordinary worm. Near the extremity, this horizontal piece is intersected by a similar vertical piece, the lower end of which enters the receiver, which is a copper vessel of moderate height closed at the top by a pad. The receiver is kept cool by being placed in a wide vessel sunk in the earth and filled with cold water which is constantly renewed. The gaps and joints are stopped with rags and dough. The pieces of cane especially are wound round with rags several times. A good deal of the spirit of course escapes. The joints cannot be often enough cemented. There is always some

new hole out of which the spirit bursts, not unfrequently taking fire in so doing.

At last, when the guests have imbibed a sufficient quantity of the spirit, and feel themselves in the happy state of mind and body which they call *kef*, the eatables are served. They consist of steamed marsh-beans, lentils, preserved olives, a syrup of sesamum, fish and several sweetmeats, fruits and vegetables, such as radishes (the leaves of which are preferred to the rather insipid root), raw purple-red carrots, and whatever other green vegetables the season produces. But all animal food, except fish, and even such animal products as butter, milk and eggs, are rigorously eschewed. Soon after the meal is over the party breaks up, having consumed a great part of the evening with gossiping and disputing, in the course of which the standpoint of most of those who took part in the discussion had become far from clear. We return to our abode in the opposite condition to that in which we had left the Moslem's feast the evening before—with empty stomach but overburdened brain.

## ***THE MOSLEM WOMEN***

***EDWARD WILLIAM LANE***

**F**ROM the age of about fourteen to eighteen or twenty, the women are generally models of beauty in body and limbs; and in countenance most of them are pleasing, and many exceedingly lovely; but soon after they have attained their perfect growth, they rapidly decline; the bosom early loses all its beauty, acquiring, from the relaxing nature of the climate, an excessive length and flatness in its forms, even while the face retains its full charms; and though in most other respects, time does not commonly so soon nor so much deform them, at the age of forty it renders many, who in earlier years possessed considerable attractions, absolutely ugly. In the Egyptian females the forms of womanhood begin to develop themselves about the ninth or tenth year; at the age of fifteen or sixteen they generally attain their highest degree of perfection. With regard to their complexions, the same remarks apply to them as the men, with only this difference, that their faces, being generally veiled when they go abroad, are not quite so much tanned as those of the men. They are characterized, like the men, by a fine oval countenance; though in some instances it is rather broad. The eyes, with very few exceptions, are black, large, and

of a long almond form, with long and beautiful lashes, and an exquisitely soft bewitching expression : eyes more beautiful can hardly be conceived : their charming effect is much heightened by the concealment of the other features (however pleasing the latter may be) and is rendered still more striking by a practice universal among the females of the higher and middle classes, and very common among those of the lower orders, which is that of blackening the edge of the eyelids both above and below the eye with a black powder called kohl. The custom of thus ornamenting the eyes prevailed among both sexes in Egypt in very ancient times. The eyes of the Egyptian women are generally the most beautiful of their features. Countenances altogether handsome are far less common among this race than handsome figures. The nose is generally straight ; and the lips are mostly rather fuller than those of the men, without in the least degree partaking of the Negro character : though in many instances, an approach to the Ethiopian type is observable in the mouth as well as the other features. The hair is of that deep glossy black which best suits all but fair complexions : in some instances, it is rather coarse and crisp, but never woolly.

The females of the higher and middle classes, and many of the poorer, stain parts of their hands and feet (which are, with very few exceptions, beautifully formed) with the leaves of the henna-tree, which impart a yellowish-red, or deep-orange colour. Many thus dye only the nails of the fingers and toes ; others extend the dye as high as the



**PALM-TREES AND NATIVE WOMEN**



## WOMEN AND THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE

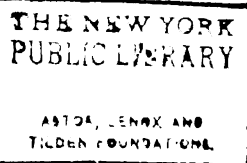
DR. C. B. KLUNZINGER

**T**HOUGH the members of the opposite sex certainly do not groan and languish under the burden of their daily labours, yet they do not, as the common descriptions of harem life lead us to believe, recline the livelong day on the soft divan enjoying the *dolce far niente*, adorned with gold and jewels, and smoking. People fall into the mistake of comparing the life of the women of the middle ranks with that of those that occupy the harems of the great. The care of house and family lies much more heavily upon the women here, and there is enough to attend to even if, being assisted by female slaves, as is the case in the higher ranks, they have not to put to their hands themselves, and confine themselves only to giving orders. Cooking, baking, sewing, embroidering, washing and scouring must be carried on, and children must be attended to here as well as elsewhere—there is no reading nor pianoforte playing however.

Before sunrise, women and children are already awake and moving, many indeed under cover of the dark gray dawn proceed to the river to bathe and wash themselves. The toilette, however, is not usually the first thing that



INTERIOR OF A CAIRENE DWELLING



demands attention, the kitchen must first be attended to in order to let the husband get away to his occupation. A complete toilette including combing and plaiting the hair is not in many cases indulged in even by ladies of the better class. In this way time and trouble are spared, but a certain class of vermin are left almost unmolested, and establish themselves often so firmly among the black locks of the Eastern beauties that they cannot be extirpated notwithstanding the raids that are made upon them from time to time—even with the application of gray mercurial ointment. As a rule the toilette is associated with a bath to which praiseworthy enjoyment high and low are attached, whether it be taken in the public bathing establishment, in the river, the sea, or at home by means of a shallow tub, and by pouring warm water over the body and scrubbing it with soap and date bast. In the public baths certain hours or days are set apart for the fair sex, and here many women spend half days bathing, adorning themselves, smoking and gossiping. At these times no male, not even a eunuch, would dare set foot in the apartments.

In other respects also the women are by no means robbed of social pleasures. They visit each other often enough, if possible, early in the morning, and are wont to remain half a day, a whole day, or even several days, although both parties may be in the same town. They smoke, drink coffee, gossip, show their ornaments and finery, tell stories and wonderful tales, sew, embroider (but do not knit), sing and dance, or better, make some one sing and dance before

them (since a well-conducted lady ought neither to be seen nor heard, and therefore should not sing), laugh and make merry—in short the harem so greatly pitied elsewhere enjoys life, but on the sole condition that no man be present. They are less often allowed to take a walk in the open air, some—and this is considered a great virtue—never leave the house after their marriage. Their lady friends come to visit them instead, and as almost every house in these regions has its courtyard or terrace, women are by no means kept out of the open air. Moslem women are generally excused from the burdensome prayers of the men, and pious or even hypocritical women are in the Moslem female world a great rarity; indeed they scarcely know the most important doctrines of their religion. Piety in them is even looked upon with dislike.

At midday the husband always eats alone, or with his boys, or guests. Immediately afterwards, however, the wife again comes into honour, since her lord likes to enjoy his siesta in the chambers of the harem. After sunset, no respectable woman must show herself outside the house, even though veiled and attended, and now, or some hours later, the husband again repairs to the sacred apartments denied to all but himself.

In the feeling of the Moslem, the harems are not citadels of jealousy, in which the husband keeps penned up a considerable flock of luxurious indolent beauties. The women's apartments are rather places sacred and inviolable, where the *harem* (that is "the prohibited," the women, the

family, and therefore the husband's dearest treasure) must be guarded from profane glances and frivolous influences. As above remarked they are by no means imprisoned, with the exception perhaps of the women of the highest ranks; they are merely kept and brought up, so that they may shut themselves off by their veils both in the house and outside from all strange men: among themselves they enjoy the freest intercourse. In consequence of being thus shut up, the Oriental women have almost come to form a separate caste, whose laws the men have to respect. This caste has its female sheikhs, for which dignity the midwives and bathing women in particular are selected, has its medical art, its songs and music, its fashions, almost its own language, indeed, at least so far as expressions are concerned, and unlimited rule over the little children belonging to it. From its meetings even the master of the house is inexorably excluded. Of course, according to the law, the woman is the servant of the man; she has not the right to sit at a common table with her husband; on the street he shyly avoids his veiled spouse; she is even treated by religion as an object of pollution, contact with which demands a full bath before the believer can again perform his devotions; and when mention is made of her, it is usually accompanied, as in the case of other unclean things, with a "saving your presence" (*essak Allah*, literally "God honour you!"); with regard to inheritance she is regarded as only a half person; she is generally excluded from the mosque, and as a rule is not required to pray, or to know more than is

necessary for housekeeping. Still, there are plenty of men who are under petticoat government. The wife is significantly called *sitt*, that is "mistress," and even the husband calls her so. The wife has even duties to perform towards the outer world in so far as she has to manage the housekeeping. When, in the absence of her husband, a guest has to be entertained, meals are served up in the name of the wife through her servants or children, she inquires after the name and health of the guest, but she herself does not appear.

We meet a well-dressed native gentleman with whom we are acquainted, and are soon engaged in a discursive conversation with him which it seems desirable to carry further undisturbed and in comfort. *Tefaddal* ("If you please") he says to us, shaking and rattling the bar of a gigantic wooden lock on the door of a handsome house. While we stand hesitating, he takes us kindly by the hand, and half-pulls us over the threshold of the small middle door that is just opened from behind. "Your faces! Cover yourselves!" he calls out, gently detaining us, and clapping his hands, as he enters alone the sanctuary of the house. We hear some half-uttered cries of fear, whimpering children's voices, whispered scolding and smothered giggling. In a few minutes, the inmates of the harem, thus taken by surprise, have fled to their hiding-places, and our host invites us to step into the interior of the house. We follow him and passing along a narrow lobby and round a corner that prevents us from seeing further, enter a spacious courtyard.

This open airy space and the half-covered-in sheds and

porticoes (*sufa*) open on the side next it, serve, at least among the middle and lower classes of the provincial population, as the general family-room. Here both women and children, in company with sheep, goats, fowls and pigeons, spend the greater part of their time. Here the wife who has to work takes her meals with her children, eating the scraps which her husband—and his friends, if he has had guests—has left over; here is the sitting-room for the female gossips of the town; here the merry daughters and their playmates sing their songs to the accompaniment of the inevitable *darabuka* (a kind of small drum). Among the richer classes the date-palm or something green is planted in the courtyard where possible.

One of the side rooms is occupied by the kitchen which is almost wall-less towards the court. The fireplace is either built of clay, the favourite form being that of a low stair with holes containing the fire let into the top; or all the needs of the household are satisfied year after year by a fireplace of loose stones such as one might improvise in the open air when travelling. The fire must be low, since the women squat before it when cooking, as standing is highly unpleasant to them. The use of any kind of stove does not seem to be appreciated anywhere. In cooking, a copper pot, without a handle, or an earthenware saucepan, is used; and these vessels do not appear very secure as they sit half on, half off the fire. Only a portion of the fire above the gradually rising heap of ashes touches the pot and slowly cooks the victuals, a large square-shaped fan be-



ing used to make it burn more briskly ; the rest of the fire crackles merrily up without having any useful effect, and escapes outside by a small opening in the roof, which is formed of reeds and beams, black with soot, but apparently incombustible. The kitchen utensils, the plates and other dishes of tinned copper, wood, or earthenware, the iron pans, the wooden spoons and ladles, lie scattered over the earthen floor of the kitchen, or the earthen kneading trough and the copper washing tub, in shape like a gigantic plate, have been placed over them in order to preserve them from being meddled with by the sportive goats and pigeons. Those utensils not intended for immediate use are placed upon an open shelf, or put away in a picturesque clay cupboard. The turbid muddy water of the Nile is kept in a tall cylindrical vessel of clay hung upon a frame, rounded buckets of wood or leather, or tin-plate mugs being dipped into this vessel when necessary ; sometimes also it is kept in large narrow-mouthed heavy pitchers with handles (balas). A small portion trickles pure and clear, drop by drop, through the pores of the cylindrical clay vessel into a vessel placed below it, in which if the whole does not stand in a close wooden box, ants, centipedes, perhaps also lizards and serpents, refresh and bathe themselves. The drinking water is poured into porous vessels of clay, in which it is cooled by the rapid evaporation that takes place from the dryness of the air. Water for washing is drawn up by a rope and bucket from wells in the court of no great depth, and is always brackish. After it has been used for washing

utensils, or for cleansing the person, it is either poured out in the court, the soil of which soon absorbs it, or it is carried off by a deep narrow funnel-shaped sink.

In the middle of the court rise cylindrical structures of clay, usually having rounded dome-shaped tops. These are intended for a pigeon-house, a house for fowls, an oven, a corn-store, or a pantry. The rooms situated on the ground floor in the irregular mass of buildings surrounding the court, and which are almost devoid of windows, serve for magazines, or in winter for warm sitting and sleeping rooms. In the clothes room the articles of dress hang openly upon cords, or are shut up in green boxes along with the ornaments and valuables. Wardrobes and chests of drawers are scarcely to be found, though wall-presses with doors are sometimes met with. In these doors, therefore, the greatest disorder usually reigns. One of the rooms opening on the court, cleaner, more spacious and better lighted than the others, and usually fitted up with some elegance, is the *mandara*, in which many receive their guests; it is thought preferable, however, to have this room in an outer court, separate from the inner one where the women are. In the warm but dark sitting-room opening to the court the family circle gathers in the winter evenings before the open brazier, in the dim light of a cup-shaped hanging lamp of glass, or of a small shallow lamp of antique shape supplied with viscid, sooty oil, and standing in a niche of the wall blackened by its smoke. In recent times, however, petroleum has been extensively in-

roduced. The sleeping rooms are almost entirely without windows, or if there are a few slits by way of window they are papered over to keep out the cold night air. The sleepers lie upon a portion of the earthen floor at the side of the room purposely raised above the rest, and on which a straw mat and a carpet are spread, or less frequently upon a wickerwork bedstead of palm branches; such bedsteads, however, are quite useless in summer on account of the multitudes of bugs they harbour. Mosquito curtains and European bedsteads are sometimes found in the houses of the wealthy. The sleeper keeps half his clothes on, and in summer, therefore, requires no covering; in the colder nights he draws his ordinary wrapper (*milayeh*) over him, in winter he adds a woollen coverlet and a heavy quilted cotton one besides. So soon as the spring sun shines into these dark rooms their human occupants desert them to sleep in airier apartments or in the open air, and, wakening from their winter sleep, the army of bugs, flies, mosquitoes, fleas, lice, sugar-mites, ants, cockroaches, black beetles, scorpions, serpents, geckos, rats and mice celebrate their entry.

Having cast upon all these surroundings a passing glance, we observe the restless and suspicious looks of the hospitable lord of the harem, who cannot attribute our survey to mere curiosity, and, at his earnest invitation, we mount the stair, which is jammed in between the walls, and consists of high steps covered with wood. We enter a well-lighted and spacious saloon, the *ka'a* called also *tabaka*, as

being in the first story, the *salamlik* of the Turks. The floor consists of slabs of stone, or of a mass of clay and sand smoothed on the surface and hardened almost to the consistency of marble. The walls are whitewashed or show an earthy surface, have numerous niches, and are adorned with a few verses of the Koran, framed and glazed, here and there also with sheets of pictures of Arabic or Frankish production. The ceiling is composed of longitudinal and transverse layers of the midribs of palm fronds, with a coating of clay and lime above, and is supported by rough palm stems stretched across and bending downwards a considerable distance into the room. In the houses of wealthier persons we find an artistic panelled ceiling of mosaic. We are glad to observe there is no glass in the windows, and much prefer the cool air streaming in through the unglazed apertures, or conveyed down through the roof by the ventilator above. When it becomes too cool we have simply to close the shutters on the side next the wind.

Across the far end of the room runs a low bench of stone or clay projecting several feet. Over the mattress that covers it, and is stuffed with wool or cotton, is spread a bright-coloured cloth or a carpet hanging down in folds in front. The cushions, which are of the same material and colour, but without any breach of propriety may be different, lie at fixed intervals free and resting against the wall, and thus the famous *divan* is formed. On the floor along the sides of the room, a splendid Persian carpet is spread over a straw mat, and on it next the wall are laid

cushions on which to recline. No other furniture or utensils are here except some water-coolers on window ledges, shelves, or niches in the wall, and religious manuscripts with black, red and gold letters. Our host invites us to seat ourselves beside him on the divan, but we cannot succeed in finding a comfortable position, since the cushion behind lies too far backwards. To try to touch the cushion with our back, and then stretch our legs straight out does not seem either becoming or convenient; the best we can do is to lay a cushion at our side and rest the forearm upon it. Our Oriental friend looks with a smile upon our straining trousers and our cumbersome boots, while he himself, taking off his slippers, steps upon the soft couch, and crossing his legs, seats himself at the very back of the divan with the wall cushions to support him behind. In his hand he holds a fan, that is a flat piece of straw-plait with a handle and with this he fans himself and drives away the flies, the great plague of southern countries. . . .

After dinner our host conducts us up to the terrace or platform, which is half roofed in, seldom entirely roofless, open towards the north, and surrounded by walls. We express our desire to mount to the flat and entirely open roof above in order fully to enjoy the prospect; but with this he does not comply, as he might thereby incur the displeasure of his suspicious neighbours, whose harem might thus be exposed to our view. Besides, there is no stair leading up to it. We content ourselves, therefore, with the view from the terrace. Here in winter some little

sunny and sheltered spot may always be found where the limbs stiffened with the morning frost may be warmed and strengthened in the sun as he gradually rises in the heavens. And in the summer nights, what can be more agreeable than to stretch oneself out here on the soft couch of carpets, under the starry splendour of the southern sky, with a loving wife and merry crowd of children around?

The Harem.—There are not many upper rooms, but they are more pleasant and spacious than the holes of rooms on the ground floor. No second stair leads to a higher story. Those closely-grated windows that look into the court opposite to us conceal no doubt many of the secrets of the harem; the occupants have certainly ascended from the court and observed us, but we try in vain to obtain a sight of anything except darkness through the narrow openings between the crossed bars. A private stair leads from the court to these apartments to which no stranger can have access.

The plan of the houses is naturally very different according to the taste and the means of the owner or builder. The above arrangement is in general the rule in Upper Egypt. The use to which the different apartments are put also varies according to taste and the season of the year; at one time the door room, at another the *mandara*, at another the *tabaka* or the *sufa*, opening to the court being used as reception room; while others allow no male guests into the house, but entertain them in their warehouse, situated elsewhere.

## COMMON USAGES OF SOCIETY

EDWARD WILLIAM LANE

**T**HE Moslems are extremely formal and regular in their social manners ; though generally very easy in their demeanour, and free in their conversation.

Several of their most common usages are founded upon precepts of their religion, and distinguish them in society from all other people. Among these is their custom of greeting each other with the salutation of "Peace be on you !" to which the proper and general reply is "On you be peace, and the mercy of God and His blessings !" The giving it by one Moslem to another is a duty ; but one that may be omitted without sin ; the returning it is absolutely obligatory. Should a Moslem, however, thus salute, by mistake, a person not of the same faith, the latter should not return it ; and the former, on discovering his mistake, generally revokes his salutation ; so too he does sometimes if a Moslem refuse to return his salutation. The person riding should first salute him who is on foot, and he who passes by, the person or persons who are sitting down or standing still ; and a small party, or one of such a party, should give the salutation to a large party ; and the young to the aged. As it is sufficient for one of a party to *give*, so it is also for one only to *return* the salutation. It is re-



ARAB CAFÉ IN CAIRO



THE  
P  
A  
T  
H

quired, also, that a Moslem, when he enters a house, should salute the people of that house ; and that he should do the same when he leaves it. He should always salute first, and then talk. Among polite people it is customary for him who gives or returns the salutation to place his right hand upon his breast at the same time ; or to touch his lips, and then his forehead, or turban, with the same hand. This action is called *teymeeneh*. The latter mode of *teymeeneh*, which is the more respectful, is often performed to a person of superior rank, not only at first, with the *selam* (or salutation of "Peace be on you"), but also frequently during a conversation, and in the latter case without the *selam*.

A person of the lower orders, on approaching a superior, does not always give the *selam* but only performs this *teymeeneh* ; and he shows his respect to a man of high rank by bending down his hand to the ground, and then putting it to his lips and forehead, without pronouncing the *selam*. It is a common custom, also, for a man to kiss the hand of a superior (generally on the back only, but sometimes on the back and front) and then to put it to his forehead, in order to pay him particular respect ; but in most cases the latter does not allow this, and only touches the hand that is extended towards his : the other person then merely puts his own hand to his lips and forehead. To testify abject submission, in craving pardon for an offense, in interceding for another person, or begging any favour of a superior, not unfrequently the feet are kissed instead of the hand. The

son kisses the hand of the father, the wife that of her husband ; and the slave, and often the free servant, that of the master. The slaves and servants of a grandee kiss their lord's sleeve, or the skirt of his clothing.

When particular friends salute each other, they join their right hands, and then each kisses his own hand, or puts it to his lips and forehead, or merely places it on his breast, without kissing it : if after a long absence, and on some other occasions, they embrace each other ; each falling on the other's neck, and kissing him on the right side of the face or neck, and then on the left. In polite society, various other formal salutations and compliments follow the *selam*. To most of these there are particular replies ; or two or more forms of reply may be used in some cases ; but to return any that custom has not prescribed would be considered as a proof of ignorance or vulgarity.

When a person goes to the house of another to pay a visit, or for any other purpose, he never enters unawares, for this is expressly forbidden by the Koran, and particularly if he have to ascend to an upper apartment ; in which case, he should call for permission, or announce his approach. Should he find no person below, he claps his hands at the door, or in the court ; and waits for a servant to come down to him, or for permission to be given him to seat himself in a lower apartment, or ascend to an upper room. On entering the room in which the master of the house is seated, he gives the *selam*. The master returns the salutation ; and welcomes the visitor with courteousness

and affability. To his superiors, and generally to his equals, he rises. Persons above him in rank he proceeds to meet in the court, or between the court and the room, or at the entrance of the room, or in the middle of the room, or a step from the place where he was sitting; but often, to equals, he merely makes a slight motion, as if about to rise, and to most inferiors, he remains undisturbed. To his superiors, and often to his equals, he yields the most honourable place, which is a corner of the divan; it is that corner which is to the right of a person facing the upper end of the room. His equals sit at their ease, cross-legged, or with one knee raised; and recline against the cushions; his inferiors often sit upon their heels, or take their place upon the edge of the divan; or, if very much beneath him in grade, seat themselves upon the mat or carpet. In strict etiquette, the visitor should not, at first, suffer his hands to appear, when entering the room, or when seated; but should let the sleeves fall over them; and when he has taken his place on the divan, he should not stretch out his legs, nor even allow his feet to be seen.

Sometimes the visitor's own servant attends him with his pipe; otherwise, a servant of the host brings a pipe for the visitor and one for his master; and, next, a cup of coffee is presented to each, for "tobacco without coffee," say the Arabs, "is like meat without salt." Servants often remain in the room during the whole period of a visit, stationed at the lower end, in a respectful attitude, with their hands joined (the left within the right) and held before the girdle.

The usual mode of summoning a servant is by clapping the hands; the windows being of lattice-work, the sound is heard throughout the house. The subjects of conversation are generally the news of the day, the state of trade, the prices of provisions, and sometimes religion and science. Facetious stories are often related; and, very frequently, persons in the best society tell tales, and quote proverbs, of the most indecent nature. Visits not unfrequently occupy several hours. The pipes are replenished or replaced by others as often as is necessary, and sometimes coffee is brought again, or sherbet.

In the houses of the rich, it used to be a common custom to sprinkle the guest before he rose to take his leave with rose-water or orange-flower-water, and to perfume him with the smoke of some odoriferous substance; but of late years this practice has become unfrequent. As soon as the visitor has been perfumed, he takes his leave; but he should not depart without previously asking permission to do so, and then giving the *selam*, which is returned to him, and paying other set compliments, to which there are appropriate replies. If he is a person of much higher rank than the master of the house, the latter not only rises, but also accompanies him to the top of the stairs, or to the door of the room, and then commends him to the care of God.

Friends very often send presents to each other merely for the sake of complying with common custom. The present is generally wrapped in an embroidered handkerchief, which is returned, with a trifling pecuniary gratifica-

tion, to the bearer. Fruit laid upon leaves, and sweetmeats and other dainties, placed in a dish or on a tray, and covered with a rich handkerchief or napkin, are common presents. To decline the acceptance of a present generally gives offense; and is considered to reflect disgrace upon the person who has offered it.

There are many formal usages in the ordinary intercourse of familiar acquaintance. When a man happens to sneeze, he says: "Praise be to God!" Each person present (servants excepted) then says to him: "God have mercy upon you!" to which he generally replies: "God guide us and guide you!" Should he yawn, he puts the back of his hand to his mouth and says: "I seek refuge with God from Satan the accursed;" but he is not complimented on this act, as it is one that should rather be avoided, for it is believed that the devil is in the habit of leaping into a gaping mouth. For a breach of good manners, it is more common to ask the pardon of God than that of the present company, by saying: "I beg pardon of God, the Great!" When a man has just been shaved, or been to the bath, when he has just performed the ablution preparatory to prayer, when he has been saying his prayers, or doing any other meritorious act, when he has just risen from sleep, when he has purchased or put on any new article of dress, and on many other occasions, there are particular compliments to be paid to him, and particular replies for him to make.

It is the rule with the Moslems to honour the right hand and foot above the left; to use the right hand for all

honourable purposes; to put on and take off the right shoe before the left; and to put the right foot first over the threshold of a door.

The Egyptians are extremely courteous to each other, and have a peculiar grace and dignity in their manner of salutation and their general demeanour, combined with easiness of address. Affability is a general characteristic of the Egyptians of all classes. It is common for strangers, even in a shop, after mutual salutation, to enter into conversation with as much freedom as if they were old acquaintances, and for one who has a pipe to offer it to another who has none; and it is not unusual, nor is it generally considered unpolite, for persons in a first casual meeting to ask each other's names, professions, or trades, and places of abode. Lasting acquaintances are often formed on such occasions. In the middle and higher ranks of Egyptian society, it is very seldom that a man is heard to say anything offensive to the feelings of another in his company; and the most profligate never venture to utter an expression meant to cast ridicule upon sincere religion: most persons, however, in every class are more or less licentious in their conversation, and extremely fond of joking. They are generally very lively and dramatic in their talk; but scarcely ever noisy in their mirth. They seldom indulge in loud laughter; expressing their enjoyment of anything ludicrous by a smile or an exclamation.

## ***THE REVELS OF ISLAM***

***STANLEY LANE-POOLE***

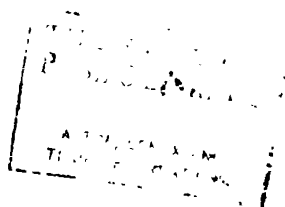
**A**MONG the pleasures which the wife does not necessarily share with her husband are those of the table. She may not eat with her lord unless he call her, and he often devours a solitary meal. The Egyptian is no gourmet, and his dinner parties are very simple affairs. After water has been poured over their hands, the guests seat themselves on the ground, or on the corners of the divan, so as to surround a little tinned tray which has already been placed upon a little inlaid table and furnished with large cakes of bread, spoons and glasses or cups, but no table-cloth, knives or forks. The cakes of bread serve as plates, our fingers as knives or forks, with frequent recourse to napkins. After saying "in the name of God" (*bism-illah*) the host begins the repast by plunging his spoon into the bowl of soup, and the guests follow his example: the spoons plying between the one bowl and the several mouths with beautiful impartiality. Then some made-dishes are brought in, and each man arms himself with a little piece of bread, and holding it to the edge of the dish draws a portion of meat upon it with the thumb and first two fingers of his right hand—the left is never used at meals except in cases of extreme necessity—and conveys it



to his mouth. The operation is really a clean and tidy one in polite society and with most dishes. It is not, however, very easy to carry a load of haricot beans, done in oil, to the mouth without a slip; and food that has to be conveyed gingerly also requires to be deposited well inside the lips: so that a fastidious European cannot help reflecting with horror on the number of fingers that go right into the mouths, and then are all dipped again in the same dish. A more unpleasant sight, however, to the uninitiated is the management of the whole lamb, which generally forms the *pièce de résistance* of an Egyptian banquet. This is one of those cases of sheer necessity where the left hand may be brought into use, but some fine carvers can dispense with it even here. The operator thrusts his two thumbs deep in the flesh of the lamb, and then grabbing with his fingers tears out huge shapeless hunks, and hands them in his fists, shining with grease, to each of his guests. It is one of the most awful sights that the Western stomach has to assimilate in Oriental gastronomy. The cooking is generally admirable, the variety of dishes surprising, and as soon as one has grown accustomed to the principle of having mouths in common, there is no doubt that a *dîner à l'arabe* is infinitely preferable to the pseudo-French dinners one gets at the hotels. Among ordinary dishes are the following: Lamb or mutton cut into small pieces and stewed with various vegetables, and sometimes with peaches, apricots, or jujubes and sugar; cucumbers, or small gourds, or the fruit of the black or white egg-plant, stuffed with rice and



**THE TURKISH BAZAAR, KHAN KHALIL, CAIRO**



minced meat, vine-leaves or pieces of lettuce leaf or cabbage leaf, enclosing a similar composition; small morsels of lamb or mutton, roasted on skewers and called *kebab*; fowls simply roasted or boiled, or boned and stuffed with raisins, pistachio nuts, crumbled bread and parsley; and various kinds of pastry. The repast is frequently opened with soup, and is generally ended with boiled rice, mixed with a little butter and seasoned with salt and pepper; and after this is served a water-melon or other fruit, or a bowl of a sweet drink composed of water and raisins, and sometimes other kinds of fruit, boiled in it, and then sugar with a little rose-water added to it when cool. Many of these dishes and preparations are delicious, and it is a marvel that Europeans living in the East do not more commonly adopt them.

An Arab dinner is a very sedate affair: only water is drunk with it; and it is not often that music or laughter enlivens the banquet, though a hired singer is sometimes introduced on great occasions. Mohammed the prophet was not musical, and regarded musical instruments as engines of the Devil. Good Moslems therefore should have no ear. Whether it be in consequence of increased piety or increased stupidity, the modern Egyptian certainly has forgotten how to enjoy himself in the unholy manner of his ancestors; or rather he has sobered a good deal in his way of enjoyment, and takes it less often and in strict moderation. For the singers and performers are still to be heard in Egypt. I have listened to the sweetest piping in the

world in a dervish mosque in Cairo, and some wonderful fiddling on the *kemenga* at Thebes. There is the class of 'Almas, or singing women, who follow their art with considerable success, and whose singing has a strange charm to those who can accustom their ears to the peculiar intervals of the Arab scale and the weird modulations of the dirge-like melodies. Sometimes one of these 'Almas—whose respectable profession must not be confused with the voluptuous trade of the dancing-girls—is hired to sing at a dinner party; but, as a rule, all musical and other entertainments are reserved for those special occasions when the Egyptian makes it a matter of conscience to revel—such as marriage feasts and the periodical festivals of the Moslem Calendar. It is then that the parties of 'Almas are engaged to sing; groups of wanton Ghawazy dancers are introduced into the presence of decent women, to entertain them with their ungraceful and suggestive writhings; and clowns and buffoons are employed to divert the guests with their grotesque and generally obscene fooling, just as they diverted the ancestors of these very people in the days of the Pharaohs. The Egyptian, however poor he is, will rather pay cent per cent interest all his life, than not borrow enough money to celebrate his own or his family's weddings with pomp and revelry.

There seems to be always a festival going on in Cairo, and you have hardly recovered from the effects of one *Molid* when another comes to distract you even more. And the Moslem *Molids* are not one-day festivals like the

feasts of the Christian Church—they last three, four and even nine days at a stretch. There is hardly a week in the year that has not some excitement, some saint to be honoured, some memory to be cherished. In the opening month of the year, the sacred Moharram, the first ten days are specially holy, for in them the pious alms prescribed in the Koran ought to be paid. The paying of alms is not, indeed, in itself an excitement; but the duty, whether fulfilled or not, is the signal for all sorts of curious customs and superstitions.

The tenth day of Moharram is the most sacred of all, for on this day occurred the martyrdom of our Lord Hoseyn on the field of Kerbela. Persia and India are the lands where this day is most highly honoured, and the Passion Play of *Hasan and Hoseyn* is performed before deeply sympathetic audiences. But in Cairo, too, the people reverence the memory of the martyr; eat *Asbura* or “Tenth Day” cakes in his honour, and crowd to the mosque of the Hasaneyn, where the head of the saint is buried, to do homage at the shrine and wonder at the performances of the dervishes, who are shouting and whirling, eating glass and fire, and wagging their heads for hours to the name of Allah.

In the second month, the Egyptian caravan of pilgrims returns from Mekka, and people go out a couple of days’ journey, or at least as far as the Birket El-Hagg, to meet their returning friends. The ceremony of welcoming the pilgrims becomes a holiday, and almost degenerates into a

picnic, though the wails and shrieks of those who learn that their pilgrim kinsfolk have succumbed to the vigours of the road take off the keen edge of enjoyment. Those, however, who return rejoice the hearts of their friends by the relics they bring with them—sealed blue bottles, filled with water from the blessed well of Zemzem, the very well which sprang up in the desert for Hagar and Ishmael in their hour of need; dust from the Prophet's tomb at Medina, shreds from the old covering of the Kaaba, and other venerable trophies. In return, these friends have prepared the pilgrim's house for him, painted it with red and white stripes, and adorned it with vivid green pictures of trees, and camels, and other startling objects; or, perhaps, have hung a stuffed baby-hippopotamus over the door, to show that he who dwells within is a travelled thane.

Rabi' el-Awwal, the third month of the Moslem year, has also its special event, for it is then that the festival of the Prophet's birth, the great *Molid en-Neby*, is held. The amusements still go on very much as they used to fifty years ago, and the *Moly en-Neby* is a famous carnival time for the people of Cairo.

No sooner is it over than other festivals begin. To say nothing of minor commemorations, like the *Molid* at Bulak, the great feast of the Hasaneyn treads quickly on the heels of the Prophet's Birthday, and rivals if not surpasses it in the magnificence of the street displays and the hilarity of the population. Hoseyn is deeply revered in

Cairo, and his Molid is one of the sights of the capital that most delight the European visitor. Nothing more picturesque and fairylike can be imagined than the scenes in the streets and bazaars of Cairo on the great night of the Hasaneyn. . . .

The scene, as I turned into one of the narrow lanes of the great Turkish bazaar which fronts the mosque of the Hasaneyn, was like a picture in the Arabian Nights. The long bazaar was lighted by innumerable chandeliers and coloured lamps and candles, and covered by awnings of rich shawls and stuffs from the shops beneath ; while, between the strips of awning, one could see the sombre outlines of the unlighted houses above, in striking contrast to the brilliancy and gaiety below. The shops had quite changed their character. All the wares which were usually littered about had disappeared ; the trays of miscellaneous daggers and rings and spoons and what-not were gone ; and each little shop was turned into a tastefully furnished reception room. The sides and top were hung with silks and cashmeres, velvets, brocades and embroideries of the greatest beauty and rarity—costly stuffs, which the most inquisitive purchaser never managed to see on ordinary occasions. The whole of the sides of the bazaar formed one long blaze of gold and light and colour. And within each shop the owner sat surrounded by a semicircle of friends, all dressed in their best, very clean and superbly courteous—for the Cairo tradesman is always a gentleman in aspect, even when he is cheating you most outrageously. The



very man with whom you haggled hotly in the morning will now invite you politely to sit down with him and smoke ; at his side is a little ivory or mother-of-pearl table, from which he takes a bottle of some sweet drink flavoured with almonds or roses, and offers it to you with finished grace. Seated in the richly-hung recess, you see the throng pushing by ; the whole population, it seems, of Cairo, in their best array and merriest temper. All at once the sound of drums and pipes is heard, and a band of dervishes, chanting benedictions on the Prophet and Hoseyn, pass through the delighted crowd. On your left is a shop—nay, a throne-room in miniature—where a story-teller is holding an audience spellbound as he relates, with dramatic gestures, some favourite tale. Hard by, a holy man is revolving his head solemnly and unceasingly, as he repeats the name of God, or some potent text from the Koran. In another place, a party of dervishes are performing a *zikr*, or a complete recital of the Koran is being chanted by swaying devotees. The whole scene is certainly unreal and fairylike. We can imagine ourselves in the land of the Ginn, or in the City of Brass, but not in Cairo or in the Nineteenth Century.

Outside the Khan, dense masses of people are crowding into the mosque of the Hasaneyn, where specially horrible performances take place, and where the tour of the shrine of Hoseyn must be made. Near by, a string of men are entering a booth ; we follow, and find tumblers at work, and a performing pony, and a clown who always imitates

the feats of the gymnasts, always fails grotesquely, and invariably provokes roars of laughter. In another booth Kara-Guz is carrying on his intrigues: this Egyptian Punch is better manipulated than our own, whom he nearly resembles; but he is not so choice in his language or behaviour, and we are glad before long to leave a place where the jokes are rather broad, and certain saltatory insects unusually active. People of the lower class, however, care nothing for these drawbacks; they laugh till their sides ache at Kara-Guz's sallies, and whatever they see, wherever they go, whomever they meet, whatsoever their cares or their poverty, on this blessed night of the Hasaneyn they are perfectly happy.

The Hasaneyn festival is followed by the Molids of many other holy personages—whether they are female saints, like our Lady Zeynab, or learned divines, like the famous Iman Esh-Shafiy—into a boat on the leaden dome of whose beautiful thirteenth century mosque a quantity of grain used to be poured every month of Shaban. Then there is the feast of the Miraculous Ascent—to wit, the visit to Paradise, which Mohammed dreamed he took upon the back of the fabulous beast Borak, and which his disciples manufactured into a real bodily ascent into Heaven. There is the great fast of Ramadan, and after the fast comes the feast, the Id Es-Saghir, when every one rejoices that the penance is over and done. Every one puts on his very best clothes—quite new, if he can—and prepares to enjoy himself after his privations. Friends kiss each other in the

street; all the world pours out thankful prayers at the mosque; servants receive bakhshish from masters, past and present; pancakes and salt fish are devoured in every house; whole families pay visits to the tombs of their relations, break green palm branches over them, and spread sweet basil around; while swings and whirligigs at the approaches to the cemetery show that even grave-visiting may be made an exhilarating diversion.

Presently the time arrives for the procession of the *Kiswa*—the Holy Carpet, which is carried in solemn pomp, and in the presence of all the court and army, from the citadel to the *Hasaneyn*, where its sewing is finished, and it is made ready to be taken with the pilgrims and hung over the sacred *Kaaba*. And soon after, a second procession follows—the passage of the *Mahmal*, which, like the Ark of the Covenant, is carried before the pilgrim caravan to *Mekka* and back again. It is a sort of howdah—a square frame of wood, with a pyramidal top, covered with brocade and inscriptions worked in gold, with the *Tughra*, or Sultan's cipher, at the top, and a view of the *Kaaba* on the front. It contains nothing; but two copies of the *Koran* are attached to it outside. Its origin is traced to the beautiful Queen *Shejer-ed-durr* ("Tree of Pearls" was her romantic name, being interpreted), wife of the founder of the dynasty of Turkish Mamluks, who performed the pilgrimage to *Mekka* in a litter of this shape in the year 1272. Ever afterwards a litter was sent with the Egyptian caravan of pilgrims as an emblem of royalty. But there is no doubt

that the Mahmal has an older origin than this: it is, perhaps, a survival of the Sacred Barques of the old Egyptian temples, or represents the curious standards of some of the Arab tribes.

Space fails us to speak of the Id El-Kebir, in the last month of the year; or of the ceremony of "Smelling the Breeze," when the period of hot winds, called Khamasin, comes on; or of the "Night of the Drop," when a miraculous drop falls into the Nile and makes it begin to rise, and when people put lumps of dough on their housetops, and anxiously inspect them in the morning—for a cracked lump of dough means death in the course of the year. These and many other festivals furnish occasion for merry-making and enjoyment; and it is the Cairene's own fault if he does not amuse himself.

The amusements of the Egyptians, however, whether religious or secular, are quiet amusements. He enjoys looking at dancers, but he does not dance himself; he listens to music, but to sing or play himself would require too much exertion; he watches the gymnast, but tries no feats of strength in his own person; he wanders through illuminated streets and listens to zikrs and romances, but he proceeds in as leisurely a manner as possible. If he plays games, they are sedentary games—chess, draughts, backgammon, cards, *mankala*. There was a time when he hunted and hawked, but now he does not understand sport or the chase. Throwing the *jerid* is out of fashion; and, in short, anything æsthetic or virile is foreign to the indolent sedate

character of the Egyptian. The Cairene does not cultivate physical exercise—he detests it. If he is to enjoy himself it must be in a tranquil manner. In a hot climate, one is not over-anxious to move.

## ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO

A. B. DE GUERVILLE

**A**FTER five days of wind, rolling and pitching seas, came absolute calm. We had just entered the outer port of Alexandria, the famous town founded by Alexander the Great, the town which, in the time of Cleopatra, reigned queen of the Mediterranean.

The calm was of short duration. A noise, atrocious, infernal, indescribable, rose on every side. The *Schleswig* had hardly cast her anchor before she was surrounded by hundreds of small boats crammed with Egyptians, Turks and Arabs, who howled and gesticulated frantically. In a few seconds the boat was invaded by this extraordinary crowd, dragomans, interpreters, porters from different hotels, boatmen, touts from different agencies, etc., etc. It was pandemonium, a Tower of Babel gone mad; whilst the poor tourist, at his wit's end, saw fifty devils, black or brown, throw themselves on to his luggage. But at this moment a stentorian voice was heard: "All right, gentlemen, all right! Here are Cook's men, they will look after everything." And on the deck, a huge Arab, in a superb costume, suddenly appeared, surrounded by a crowd of sturdy porters. Tight red jerseys covered the chests of these men, on which in white letters was sewn "Thos.

Cook and Sons." As if by magic quiet was restored: like a general on the field of battle, Cook's agent took command, answering politely the numerous questions put to him by the travellers; and to those anxious about the formalities to be gone through at the Custom House, he explained that, severe as these were, they need not trouble: "There is no Custom examination for you," he said, smiling quietly; "we have obtained special permission to pass the luggage of all our passengers without being opened. You have only to give us your luggage tickets and let us know where you wish it sent, either to your hotel or to the station, and you will find it there awaiting you."

Nothing could have explained better the justice and appropriateness of the title given to the directors of Messrs. Cook, "the uncrowned kings of Egypt and the East!" Was not the Emperor William himself, when he wished to visit the Holy Land, obliged to confide himself and all his belongings to Messrs. Cook, like the most ordinary of tourists? The white boats of the agency lay alongside the *Schleswig*, and we soon found ourselves installed in one of them with all our baggage.

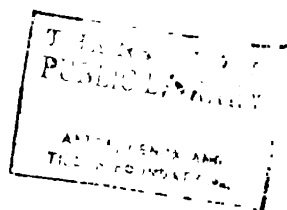
A few minutes later, a victoria with a couple of excellent little horses took us swiftly along the streets of Alexandria.

First of all came the Arab quarter: its streets muddy and filthy, its shops open to all the winds of heaven, its houses dark and mysterious, its swarming crowd, the negro, the brown-skinned, and the white; its beggars, its cripples,



ALEXANDRIA





its children almost naked, crying, running, shouting; its veiled women; and above all, its smells, acrid and indescribable, the odour of the East, which at first sickens and disgusts.

But our little horses going hard, all that was soon passed, and the quarter inhabited by the Europeans and the rich Egyptians came into view, with its large and beautiful streets, its huge houses, superb palaces, its gay cafés, and its shops, worthy of the Parisian Boulevards.

More than anything else, this is the land of contrasts. Here a palace where reigns unbridled luxury, there a hovel swarming with beings scarcely human.

We slacken our pace as we enter the famous "Place Mohamed Ali," in the middle of which rises the equestrian statue of the founder of the reigning dynasty, a fine piece of work by Jaquemart. This is the centre of the European life, the Hyde Park Corner of Alexandria, where at certain hours of the day all the rank and fashion of the town may be seen.

Here and there, in passing, I get a shake of the hand from some old friend, business man, banker or broker. As for speculators, every one, more or less, is that.

For several years the mania for speculation seems to have attacked the whole population, and the Stock Exchange at Alexandria is, as it were, the heart of the body politic, full of life, of hopes and fears, where every one large and small, rich or poor, strong or weak, meets on common ground. Cotton, its rise or fall, that is the predominant thought in

the minds of all those men amongst whom are so many familiar faces.

Indeed, after nine months' scraping and hoarding, these good Alexandrians troop across to Paris and the best known watering-places on the Continent, to disgorge in the remaining three their accumulated gains.

All have the look of men well pleased with the world, and all explain themselves thus: "My dear fellow, business is A 1. Egypt has entered on an era of prosperity hardly credible. We are making money hand over fist, every one is in the swim. You will see for yourself, from one end of Egypt to the other you will hear the same story. The Government has been able to reduce taxation and increase the salaries of its employees, big and little. The golden age has arrived!"

Can this be possible? Can it be that, whilst in Europe and America every one cries poverty, there is only prosperity here, in this land of Egypt, which scarcely twenty years ago was in a state of bankruptcy?

And, strange as it may seem, not one of these men will speak to you of Egypt, of its history, of its artistic treasures, not one of them will advise you to visit a museum, a monument, or a park.

The Stock Exchange and Cotton, these are the be-all and end-all of existence. If by chance they do advise you to go to the theatre, it will not be because there is something particularly good to be seen, but simply because "X receives £4,000 for three performances, and that the stones

and jewels in the hair or round the necks of the *élégantes* represent a sum of £10,000,000 sterling!"

When he talks cotton or diamonds, your Alexandrian is a bit of a braggart. In a word, his head is a money-box, and his heart a purse, and they are both crammed to repletion with bank notes. All the same he is a good fellow, pleasant, hospitable, and generous. If he has the faults of the confirmed gambler he has also his good qualities.

As to his better-half, it is difficult to judge. Admiration has perhaps blinded me, for the "Alexandrine" is so pretty, so elegant, and so chic, that criticism is quite disarmed. One would have to travel far to find a town where there are so many young women whose good looks and perfect elegance continually charm the eye. It may be said, of course, that they are somewhat shallow, that their dresses, their jewels, and especially their flirtations are of more interest to them than the graver questions of life; but what does that matter when they are so charming, and so deliciously feminine?

Certainly we are far from the time when in Alexandria there was a famine of femininity either "*d'un monde ou de l'autre*."

In a town in which the upper classes are composed of so many different nationalities, Egyptians, Greeks, Levantines, Italians, French, English and Germans, there are as a matter of course many cliques, more or less jealous of one another; but there is one common ground where all unite

and all help—Charity, which, here as elsewhere, seems to bring out all that is best in our common humanity.

The Greek colony, rich, numerous and powerful, is at the head of all those good works whose end is the alleviation of human suffering ; and amongst those whose efforts in well-doing are continuous I would mention the Salvagos, the Zervudachis, the Em. Benackis and the Sinadinos.

The first-named family has just given to the town the sum of £20,000, in order to found a School of Art, a step in the right direction, and one which, I trust, will help considerably to raise Alexandria from its present state of rather sordid money-making.

Immense as the progress of the town has been in the last quarter of a century, and brilliant as its present position is, I have not a doubt that, in the near future, it will be called upon to occupy a position much more important.

If Alexandria cannot assert the possession of the remains of her founder (Alexander the Great) she can at least boast of having a statue of the greatest man that modern Egypt has seen. I refer to Mehemet Ali, the founder of the Khedivial dynasty, and a hero of whom his descendants and Egypt have every reason to be proud.

Superb on his horse of bronze, Mehemet Ali dominates the grand Square, where all the busy life of the town concentrates. Some few steps further on another statue, this time a living one, caught my eye. On a beautiful well-groomed half-bred, an Egyptian cavalryman, erect and unmoving, stiff in his sombre uniform, mounted guard. A

finer soldier one could not wish to see. His bronzed skin, black moustache, dark eyes, slender body, straight and supple, made up the ideal of a cavalry soldier. It was with men such as these that the great Pasha made of Egypt a Power.

My thoughts are quickly disturbed. Across the Square, with the dull tread of marching feet, comes a company of English soldiers. They are boys, beardless boys, almost delicate looking, clad in unbecoming khaki, and their childish faces almost swallowed up in immense helmets. Can it be that these youths are the conquerors of this dark and warlike figure seated unmoved on his lovely steed?

Whilst the khaki-clad company file smartly past him, I take a keen look to see if any trace of feeling is shown on his dusky face. In vain, not a muscle moves; and if the sight of these foreign soldiers, trampling with their heavy boots the soil of his country, awakens in him any sense of bitterness, it is carefully hidden in a heart where for long the spark of patriotism has been if not extinct at least deeply hidden.

At midday the assault on the express for Cairo takes place. The train is thoroughly up to date: corridor carriages of the most comfortable type, and a restaurant car of the International Sleeping Car Company. One might imagine oneself in Europe if it were not for the numerous passengers wearing the fez, the Arab passing us the *hors d'œuvres*, and above all the extraordinary racket made by the servants. Through the small opening by which the dishes are passed,

the cooks and waiters apostrophize one another, dispute and discuss in an outlandish gibberish. This noise seems all the stranger as the Arab as a rule goes about his work almost as silently as a Chinese or Japanese. Their chief failing, however, is the insatiable curiosity which the presence of a white woman in the house arouses. To enjoy a glimpse of beauty unadorned in the form of a fair European, be she young and beautiful, or old and ugly, they have recourse to every ruse and every stratagem. The key-hole is the point of observation most in vogue, but when that has been carefully plugged by the wily person *au courant* with their little ways, a hole drilled with a large gimlet in a quiet corner does equally well. The door of the bath-room is naturally most frequently threatened.

Moderate in speed, the train crosses the vast highly cultivated plains where the maize crop predominates. One might almost imagine oneself on the Western plains of America, if from time to time high palm-trees, like huge feathers, did not raise their tufted heads. Then there are the little villages of yellow mud-built huts, of which the flat roofs, covered over with thatch, serve as stable and poultry-yard; goats, sheep, chickens, dogs and pigs, all seem to prefer this exalted position, from which indeed the view is much finer than from below. Over the wretched roads come the camels, loaded in fearsome fashion, with step slow and measured, the head high and small, and the neck so long, so very long! The gravity of their movements is in striking contrast to the paces of the asses, of

which hundreds are to be seen. Ah ! these Egyptian donkeys ! How elegant they are, how smart, how full of life and grace, and how different from their European brothers ! They have a chic indescribable, and to see them is to love them.

“What horrible cows !” cried a young American girl, pointing from the window of the carriage to some huge animals with black and glossy skins, whose looks were, in fact, rather repulsive.

“These are not exactly cows,” explained an Egyptian. “That is the *ghamousab*, the female buffalo, whose milk is quite excellent. There is in our country a tradition that, after God had made the cow, the devil, coming to have a look, burst out laughing, and declared that he could do better himself with his eyes shut. God took him at his word. The devil set to work and produced—the *ghamousab* !”

Three o'clock ! The hundred and ten miles separating us from Cairo have been left behind, and now the capital of Egypt rises up before us, a mass of white under a sky radiantly blue, sparkling with gold under the rays of a sun which, on this the first day of December, recalls the lovely days of May in France.



## ***THE NILE FENS***

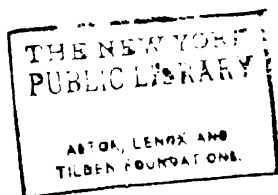
***D. G. HOGARTH***

**T**HE fenland of the Nile is not visited by the thousands who seek their pleasure winter by winter in Egypt. As they enter from Alexandria, a corner of it slips by as the train gathers speed for the run to Damanhur, and all the later wonders of the valley seldom efface that first impression of the Delta—the long vista of level mere under the sunset, and copper-green fields and ant-hill villages outlined against an amber sky. The contrary corner can be seen from a hurricane-deck between Port Said and Ismailia, where the silent stretches of marsh open on the right hand, relieved by flocks of long-legged birds which wade far out, or trail like wisps of smoke across the sun. But that is all the tourist sees. He never leaves the beaten tracks to explore the Fens, and no one since Heliodorus has described anything but the fringe of them.

They form a land apart from the rest of Egypt, very difficult to penetrate or to traverse even by boat, and inundated by stagnant waters of the great river, which are dammed by a broad belt of dunes, and contaminated with drainage of salt soils and the insetting sea. On the seaboard itself lies an almost continuous chain of vast lagoons,



MAHMOUDIEH CANAL, ALEXANDRIA



and for a long day's journey south of these the land will still be found deep marsh, rotten with the overflowing of disused canals and lost arms of the Nile, almost trackless, and only now beginning to undergo here and there the first process of reclamation.

In their present state, as might be expected, the fens have very few inhabitants; and perhaps none of the sparse settlements, now found within their southern fringe, is much older than the Nineteenth Century. For almost without exception these have grown up round isolated farmsteads, and still bear the names of local owners of land who were living far to southward not above a generation or two ago. When the Egyptian population under the rule of the last Mameluke Beys was not the half of its present figure, there was little temptation to attempt the conquest of saline and water-logged soils; and local tradition remembers a not distant epoch—not more distant than Muhammad Ali's day—when all the district was a secure, if uncomfortable, refuge for the broken men who would avoid the tax-gatherer and the conscription-officer, or had deserted from the battalions that the inexorable Pasha was forever sending to the conquest of Arabia, the Sudan, or Syria.

The repute of the northern marshes remained what it had been in the Fifth Century after Christ, when Heliodorus described, in the opening scene of his "Æthiopic Romance," an amphibious, outlawed society living there by fishing and raiding; and some trace of this state of things is still to be discerned in the timid and farouche

manner which characterizes even now the inhabitants of the few older hamlets. Here alone in modern Egypt fellahin women habitually bar the outer door at sight of a stranger, and children run to hide among the reeds or brushwood, and even grown men, met in the way, hold aloof like Bedawis till informed of your character and purpose.

To visit the marsh-land, you may leave the Berari railway which traverses mid-Delta from Dessuk on the one Nile to Sherbin on the other, at any point, but preferably at Kafres-Sheikh or Belkas, for thence roads have been made northward towards the limit of habitation. That is soon reached so far as the great flats are concerned, lying between the three or four main waterways, which are old Nile arms. But along the farther course of these a few tiny clusters of huts may be seen to northward. Lower Delta hamlets are built up of mud into such fantastic pepper-pot forms as will throw off the frequent rains of the Delta, and, seen afar, suggest nothing so much as structures of gigantic building insects.

Thereafter nothing lies ahead but the great saline flats, upon which vision is limited only by the curvature of the earth. Their monotonous surface is varied by great tracts of inundation, which dry slowly as the spring advances, leaving broad plains reticulated like a crocodile's hide, and always most treacherous where seeming most dry ; for under their thin superficial cake of mud, white with efflorescent salts, lie depths of black saturated sand. Elsewhere

the level is broken by soapy sand hummocks, heaped round and over shrubs or clumps of reeds ; and among these pool succeeds to slough and slough to pool, and the going for many miles is, at best, worse than that on loose chalk land at the breaking of a long frost.

There is a sensation of death in all this spongy land, which exudes water and salt round your heel ; and nothing serves to dispell it—not the many birds, shocking in their tameness as the beasts seen by Alexander Selkirk ; not the myriad insects which assail the traveller who is luckless enough to ride down wind ; not the teeming life of the ditches ; not the half-wild buffaloes, strayed from southern farmsteads, which you may startle from their wallows and send soughing knee-deep through the slime ; not even that vivifying force of Egypt, the ruffling north wind, tirelessly bowing the strident reeds.

The vast soapy bogs, and even wider expanses of permanent inundation, are fed by the waste of drains and canals which spring far up the Delta and expire at last unregarded under the face of the dunes ; and by a network of forgotten waterways of Ptolemaic and Roman date, wandering now unguided through the marsh. To meet with one of these in a day's journey is to lose many an hour in seeking a ford through the deep silt from one crumbling bank to another, and to endure no mean discomfort stripped under a noonday sun for the benefit of mosquitoes. Only too rarely will you obtain passage in the log-boat of a marshman, descended from some outlawed refugee, who

spends his days in fishing and his nights prone under a beehive of reeds and mud, which might have sheltered a lake-dweller of the Neolithic age. Heliodorus mentions boats "rudely hewed out of the rough tree" which crept about the channels, and on his excursions from Alexandria about the year 400, he probably saw scenes little different from those which offer themselves in the fenland in the present year of grace.

That I was able in the long run to visit every spot to which I had a mind, in a country where the obvious road is usually the least possible, I owed mainly to the guides, horses, mules—even steam launches—put at my disposal by the Societe Anonyme du Behera. The advent of this great corporation is the modern event of most importance in these wilds. With a seat in Alexandria, a board composed of most of the nationalities represented in that polyglot city, a British managing director, formerly in high place in the Egyptian Department of Public Works, and a staff of young Britons, Frenchmen, Italians, Greeks, Copts, Armenians, Jews, and what not, this company is achieving the reconquest of the marsh-land, and every year the smoke of its traction engines rises nearer the lagoons.

The Society began where the local magnates of Kafres-Sheikh and Belkas, once called "Little Kings of Berari," had been forced to leave off, in despair of the sourness and saturation of the soils. The larger canals and drains had been cut and embanked through the ooze by government labour; but the Society had to construct the lesser, and,

that done, to attack certain of the nearer and higher-lying lands with great harrows, which tear and distribute the soapy hummocks, and with steam-ploughs, which open the surface to the drying wind and sun. Washed with sweet Nile water, the slime was found capable of bearing rice and barley for one year or two, and, purged by such crops, would send up here and there clover in the third season, and even a remunerative yield of cotton. Presently the local husbandmen living in villages to southward were induced to take leases, and ere long to buy, while the steam engines moved on into the marsh.

In ten years the company has built three great model farms and many smaller ones; leveled and restored to cultivation thousands and thousands of acres; abolished a third of all the marsh in Berari, and caused population to return to a region where, a generation ago, the lone Coptic Convent of the Apparition of Our Lady to St. Guemiana was the last outpost of man. Moreover, native landowners have now learned something of the Society's methods, and far out in the swamps many a farm-oasis has been called into being where till lately all was salt and ooze and sand.

So much for the true marsh-land. North of it lies the lagoon district, fenced from the sea by a broad belt of dunes. It shows in most respects a sharp contrast to the fens, being a region comparatively rich and populous and of very old settlement; but it is neither less remote, nor better known to the casual tourist in Egypt. Nor is it one whit less interesting, for nowhere in the Nile land is to be



seen a region more primitive, or a more recent contact of aboriginal Eastern folk and Western incomers.

To reach the lakes you must descend one of the greater canals of the Central Delta before the summer dryness in a boat of the lightest draught, and, leaving the last of the locks far behind, pass beyond all habitations of Nile husbandmen into an amphibious Limbo, in doubt between land and water, where no life of man abides continually. Soon the canal dykes cease on either hand, and the banks fall to a few inches in height. Let your boat slip on a mile or two more. The flood brims bank high, its wavelets slop on to the land, and lo! you find there is no longer land either to right or left, behind or before. Undefined by any line of coast, Egypt has slid at the last under her own waters and become invisible at less than a mile away, and the voyager finds himself adrift on a sea, seeming limitless, so low are its shores, and bottomless, so turbid are its harassed waves. Yet, in fact, if a tall man let himself down into any part of the great area of this lake the surface will scarcely rise to his armpit.

You will not sail a mile on the lake unamazed at its scaly wealth. Silvery bodies leap by tens and twenties from the ochrous surface, and the water boils with the passing of shoals. Boats at anchor, boats adrift with trailing nets, boats under full sail, multiply as one goes north and east, till all the loneliness of the Limbo is forgotten. All round the horizon spring groves of perpendicular poles crossed by poles oblique, the masts and lateen yards of invisible hulls,

moored by invisible islets whose sandy levels are all but awash. I know not how many craft ply on Lake Burullos, but the tale must run into hundreds and that of the fisherfolk to thousands—the latter of a blond type dignified with some of that energy and reserve which are seldom altogether wanting to men whose business is on the great waters.

The new land does not begin to rise on the northeastern horizon till a dozen barren islets have slipped astern. First emerge the higher dunes, uplifted in a shimmering mirage, rose and yellow like low cumulus clouds touched by sunset. These run one into another till they become a continuous range, spotted with black tufts, which are the plumes of half-buried palms. A cluster of huts to left with certain upstanding blocks is the village of Borg, with its dismantled fort and coastguard station, situated on all that remains of the Sebennyitic estuary of the Nile. A rank odour of curing comes down the wind, for there are dried the putrescent fish on which half the poor of Lower Egypt live. To right and ahead, as you wear round the last island and set a course due east, a large dark stain resolves itself into a little town with a minaret or two set on a hillock and backed by the golden dunes and the palms. A forest of naked masts and yards lies out on the lake; it is the fleet of Baltim, the chief settlement of the Burullos fisherfolk, and old episcopal see of Parallos, whose sound, corrupted on Arab lips, makes the modern name.

So flat is the lake floor that a great way from the margin

the water is still but inches deep, and the grounded feluccas discharge their freight on to the backs of camels, which are trained against Nature both to receive their loads standing and to plash unconcerned a mile out in the inland sea. So far out also as to be dimly seen, naked children roam all day and every day, plying in either hand tiny javelins or little casting-nets, fishing as their first forefathers fished; and I have seen no healthier or happier babies than this amphibious brood, whose playground is the lagoon. The fathers and mothers also seem to pass their days *al fresco* on the great expanse of sandy beach, cooing boats, buying and selling fish, chattering, sleeping in the sun.

It is astonishing in Egypt to see any life so clean. Here is no longer the Nile mud, a viscous ink when wet and a fouling dust if dry, but the purest ruin of calcareous rocks. Even the huts are not clay-built, but of ancient Roman bricks dug out of the mounds that lie to south of the lagoon, and long ago mellowed to a dusky red which harmonizes to admiration with the yellow dunes and the palms. Less solid beehive shelters, byres and fences are plaited of dry palm-fronds.

It is a most singular bit of Egypt, this long sand-belt, which fences the northern sea—made, for the most part, one must suppose, of the detritus of a barrier range of prehistoric islands, themselves compact of such a soft limestone as that on which Alexandria is built. Coming into it out of the great Nile-flats, one thinks it a veritable highland, and climbing painfully over the sliding dunes hardly

notes that every deeper hollow falls again to the Nile level. Yet so it is; and, therefore, palms may be planted deep, and they will bear abundantly, though the dunes, in their constant eastward progression, bury them to the spring of their plumes. In the troughs of the sand-waves potatoes and tomatoes are grown behind long alignments of sheltering wattles; nor is a wild waxy pasture wanting, whose roots trail to incredible length, even to fifty or sixty feet, through the sand to seek the ground moisture which somewhere will not fail them. You may find a similar tract by taking train from Alexandria towards Rosetta, and see a village like Baltim in Edku by its lake; but there is no view west of the Nile to rival that from the higher dunes of Burullos; nothing like that great forest of sand-choked palms in the hollow that lies between the lake dunes and the higher golden range by the open sea; nothing like that ample prospect of the Lake Burullus itself, with its northern fringe of fisher-settlements, its beach alive with fishing-folk, and its waters dotted with their hulls and sails. It is no longer familiar Egypt, as one knows it, but a land of even more primeval life and even less change.

## PORT SAID; THE SUEZ CANAL; SUEZ; AND ISMAILIA

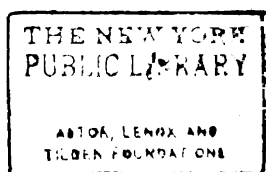
VILLIERS STUART

**W**E entered the harbour of Port Said where we stopped to coal. While this unpleasant process was going on, most of us went on shore to investigate the humours of this strange town, which has sprung up like a mushroom spawned by the Suez Canal. It was a starlit evening, and the long straight thoroughfare, which extends at right angles with the landing-place, was brilliantly illuminated and looked very pretty. It seemed to consist almost entirely of *cafés chantants*, in most of which were orchestras of instrumental music, composed of German and Hungarian girls, many of them pretty. Visitors are expected to take something for the good of the house, so we sat at little tables and sipped curaçoa punch, which the ladies admitted to be less disagreeable than they expected. The excitement of the roulette table was not absent from these *cafés*. We saw some queer-looking people about, and accidents with stilettos are not uncommon.

There is a floating population of Levantines, Greek and Italian, of sinister aspect, very handy with knife and revolver, also of loose dogs and jackasses, the latter careering about the streets all night and not unfrequently contributing their well-known solo to the concerts of the *cafés chantants*.



PORT SAID



Our punch finished, we made a tour of the shops. The ladies bought Maltese lace and Syrian embroidery and the gentlemen invested in Turkish cigarette tobacco. One of the most unexpected products of this curious place were woodcocks. There were stalls full of them: they are brought from Albania. We returned loaded with blood-oranges and other fruit, to find everything on board covered with coal-dust. Barges of that indispensable mineral were being ferried to and fro by crews of naked black men, screaming and vociferating like very fiends, their ebony features illuminated by the lurid glare from the bonfires which light them at their work. The scene might have done duty as a tableau from the infernal regions.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> FROM PORT SAID TO CAIRO BY RAIL.—We are told that we are within ten minutes of Port Said; yet we see nothing but water—then, all at once, a collection of houses, and a low-lying line of sand, and the ship is in the channel, steaming between buoys. De Lesseps' statue dominates the harbour; one outstretched finger points to his work, the great waterway that joins East to West.

Boats crowd round, full of shouting Arabs, and the moment the ship stops there ensues a rush of frenzied hawkers and minstrels.

Port Said is hardly a place at which to stay. The town is not interesting, and it has few amusements.

One unique phenomenon there is at Port Said, the coaling by night—a hurricane of flying natives, lit up by braziers that flare through the uncanny mist of coal-dust. They fling their boards against the ship, rush up with full baskets, hurl the coal into the bunkers, and rush down again. It is a very inferno of ordered haste and efficiency.

Leaving Port Said, the line runs parallel to the Suez Canal and the "Sweetwater" Canal, Port Said's only source of fresh water. On the right is at first the shallow Lake Menzaleh, where one sees, in the winter time, quantities of water-fowl, and now and again pelicans and flamingoes



Next morning at sunrise we proceeded on our way for Suez up the Canal, which is well worth seeing and full of interest. One peculiarity of the trip through it is, that as one sits on a lounge-chair on the deck of a 3,500-ton ocean steamer in a salt-water ditch so narrow that one can pitch a biscuit on shore, there pass before one, like a panorama, all the phenomena of desert-life: sand storms, Bedouins, strings of camels, boundless horizons of desolate plains, etc. Along the canal grows a scanty fringe of tamarisk bushes, and amongst these were many camels browsing, apparently in a half-wild state, but, of course, they belong to some one or other.

We had several opportunities of landing and of examining the geological formation of the Isthmus of Suez, and of the sand and mud thrown out of the bed of the canal in the process of excavation. The latter is just the stuff that would be formed at the bottom of a brackish estuary. It is

of vivid plumage—rose, scarlet, and flame-coloured. Kantarah, about twenty-five miles from Port Said, is one of the points in the ancient caravan route between Egypt and Syria. It is still used by Bedouins. Pharaohs, Persians, Arabs, even the French under Napoleon, have used that track. It is curious to see ships gliding slowly and silently past, as it were, over the sand. One hardly realizes that they are on a canal.

From Ismailia to Abou-Hammad is all sand. Tel-el-Kebir is in this stretch, and one can still see traces of the British trenches on the right-hand side of the line.

After Zagazig—a large railway and commercial centre—the country is really no more than a vast market garden; almost every yard is under cultivation. Benha, the junction for Alexandria, is the only town of importance after Zagazig; and half an hour after Benha the train enters the suburb of Choubra, and at last steams under the great single arch of Cairo station.—*Egypt and How to See It* (1910).

full of cockle-shells of quite modern pattern, and such as might be dredged up now from any of the lagoons at the mouths of the Nile. The impression produced upon our minds was that what is now the Isthmus of Suez has been at no very remote period a shallow sea, cutting off by its channel the continent of Africa, and making it an island. So perfectly modern were the shells that we suspect the Isthmus has emerged since the valley of the Nile has been occupied by man; that the process has been gradual; and that, even in the days of Moses, the width of the Isthmus was considerably narrower than now, and was still a chain of lagoons such as would account for the expression of Pharaoh with reference to the fugitive Hebrews: "They are entangled in the land."

The situation of several of them has been brought to light by the canal of Lesseps, which has refilled them. They are strung on the canal, like beads on a necklace, along its whole course, and some of these are extensive enough to have compelled a fugitive multitude, pressed by a pursuing army, to endeavour to ford them, rather than to expose their flank to attack. Moreover, the sea they crossed is not in the original Hebrew called the Red Sea, but the Sea of Weeds, a term applicable to a reedy lagoon, but not to the clear blue waters of the Gulf of Suez.

We were fortunate enough to reach Lake Timsah the same evening at sunset and it was a sunset worth remembering. The sinking orb, the western sky, and the whole

surface of the lake were of one uniform blood-red, of an intensity that cannot be exaggerated. The following afternoon we reached Suez. Next day we visited the bazaar, accompanied by a native dragoman in a gorgeous orange silk turban, who was greeted by the Suez *gamins* as "Magnificent George."

The Suez bazaar is very amusing, and as thoroughly Oriental as anything to be seen in the East. There are specimens of all the races from both sides of the Red Sea : Nubians, Egyptians, Arabs, Turks, etc., in every variety of Eastern costume, and in all the colours of the rainbow. The costumes would, most of them, do capitally for a calico ball ; the difficulty would be to match the complexions. The bazaars contained native silks and embroideries, carpets from Jeddah, and various stones, beads and baubles, brought by the pilgrims from Mecca. We had our monograms cut in Arabic characters on a native seal.

Suez is full of goats and sheep which had no visible means of subsistence, for Suez stands between the desert and the Red Sea. The climate is almost rainless, and there is not so much as a blade of grass to be seen in the neighbourhood. Our visit to the bazaar ended, "Magnificent George" was commanded to lead us to the shores of the Red Sea, which he did under protest,—an unwilling Moses. We wandered along its rippling edge gathering some very beautiful shells, corals and seaweed, and meditating on Pharaoh and the Israelites, whose emancipation was so disastrous to that monarch.

From Suez we took the railway to Cairo *via* Ismailia<sup>1</sup> and stayed over night at this desert city, which is thoroughly French. It is a curious combination. Around extends that wilderness which constitutes the border land between Asia and Africa; in front is the Lake of Crocodiles, whose name suggests a former connection with the Nile. It must have been once a fresh-water lake. These reptiles never inhabit salt water. Lake Timsah, in the centre of the Isthmus, was probably fed in ancient times by the Nile; hence it was a suitable haunt for crocodiles. Lake Menzaleh, and all the sheets of water between it and Timsah, communicated with the Mediterranean, and were brackish,

<sup>1</sup>FROM ISMAILIA TO SUEZ BY RAIL.—The journey takes about two hours, through desert land all the way. Bordering the line are stretches of marsh. To the right are the hills, red-brown; to the left the canal. One can only see the canal momentarily where it appears, blue as the curved blade of a Damascus sword. The only sign of the waterway is the mast or funnel of some ship gliding slowly from station to station.

The wind blows keen, clean, and increasing across the line. At last come fields, trees, houses, and then Suez (Suez Town)—a dusty old town, stretching in untidy detachments down to the sea.

The train passes through the town and comes out upon a long causeway leading to Suez Docks.

Round the docks is a small town in itself, and the cleanest, pleasantest part of Suez. Here are the Canal Company's and other offices, with the houses of the officials facing a shady boulevard. In front passes the ceaseless stream of shipping, entering and leaving the canal.

Look seaward. The anchorage is bounded on the right by the high red cliffs of Gebel Attakah; on either side the more distant hills tail off, gray-blue, towards the open sea, where runs the road to India and the Far East.

THE SUEZ CANAL: FROM SUEZ TO PORT SAID.—The canal by day is not profoundly exciting. The progress is slow, the scenery unvaried. One should start in the late afternoon, and take advantage of the

being largely diluted with Nile water; they were not too salt for the growth of reeds.

The Bitter Lakes, on the other hand, fed from the Red Sea and further concentrated by evaporation, were intensely salt. It may be that it was these that were christened by the Israelites the waters of Marah, for we are not told that Marah was a spring. In the midst of such ancient associations stands this brand-new French town, laid out in perfectly straight broad streets lined with handsome trees, and in the centre is a square full of beautiful flowers.

night-time. For the night reveals the one feature of the voyage at its best—the Bitter Lakes. After a slow and toilsome journey through the narrow passage, the ship emerges suddenly into the open. The search-light plays full, brilliant, on the depth of dark sky and water.

Myriad white shapes appear ahead, flitting, dipping, skimming, nearing the boat, then retreating, resting on the water, quitting it, with slow-flapping wings. When they are quite close, under full play of the light, you can see that they are pelicans, with their wide wings, long beak, and pouch beneath.

Here the ships do not stop to exchange courtesies, or combat precedence for tying up. A big P. and O., or a long lean German Lloyd sheers past almost at full speed, ablaze with light. The pilot boat hangs on for dear life, while the pilot ascends or descends the ladder like a trained acrobat. At length one's own boat makes the entrance, and from the Bitter Lakes the canal is placid, narrow and uneventful as far as Port Said.

## **CAIRO AND ITS PLEASURES**

**A. B. DE GUERVILLE**

**W**HAT changes in the space of a few years! One hears of the mushroom growth of American towns, but where before has one seen an ancient Eastern capital suddenly take a fresh lease of life, born again, as it were, to a new existence, as if touched by a magic wand? At first sight the traveller who revisits Cairo after a few years' interval will not notice any great difference. At the huge station there is the same hurly-burly, the same cries, the same native porters seizing your luggage. On leaving, the same smell of the East, of the towns innocent of drains, the same terrible dust. But all this is soon forgotten and one comes once more under the indefinable charm which enters into every traveller who finds himself in the midst of these new and strange scenes.

The principal street, Shariah-Kamel, and the Place de l'Opéra, have not greatly changed. This is still the liveliest corner of the town, where from morn to eve a huge and strange crowd presses and pushes its way along the pavements. It would be impossible, even in dreams, to picture anything more animated than this living panorama, where East meets West, and meeting seems to mix one in the other.

The eye is first struck by the thousands of little red spots on which hang tassels of black silk. It is the *tarbouche*, head-covering of so many different types that it seems as if all Africa had given rendezvous here. The majority are of the sterner sex, with nothing Oriental in their dress but the *tarbouche*; otherwise they are clothed as the ordinary European, whilst many of them attain to the last thing in elegance.

In this extraordinary crowd are negroes, Arabs in their flowing robes, Jews with shifty eyes, eunuchs, Egyptian soldiers, well set up; and, making their way amongst all these Orientals, tourists of every country and speaking every tongue, young foreign girls with a knowing look about them, *mondaines* and *demi-mondaines*, the latter with a smile indifferently for black or white. Here and there a native woman, hidden beneath her veil, passes rapidly, silently, mysteriously.

The terraces of the *cafés* are crowded, and here one drinks the eternal Turkish coffee whilst smoking the eternal Egyptian cigarette. But to talk is difficult, for the street-hawkers make an unholy din. They sell everything. Nothing comes amiss: lottery tickets, post-cards, wax vestas, dates, fruits, newspapers, honey, even fish and meat. Some exhibit trained monkeys; others, Italians, scrape an outrageous fiddle; an army of bootblacks swarms round; and also, as in front of the Grand Hotel in Paris, a crowd of guides, ready, for a few piastres, to show the stranger all the curiosities of Cairo. In the roadway also all is move-



CAIRO



Digitized by Google

ment. Victorias with smart pairs, the little carts serving as omnibuses to the natives, some crowded with men, others with women and children, bicyclists, occasional motors, a countless multitude of donkeys ridden by every kind of two-legged being, camels loaded to within the last proverbial straw,—all these cross and recross without end. With an ear-splitting clang of bells, the electric trams remind us that Cairo is now a modern town. These tramways belong to a Belgian Company, who, whilst making a very good thing out of them, simply ignore the comfort of the public. The cars are dirty and the conductors uncivil. There is a compartment reserved for “ladies of the harem,” but foreign ladies are not permitted to use them. To sit next a flea-bitten negro is anything but pleasant, and in Alexandria, where first- and second-class compartments are provided, things are much better.

In the Shariah-Kamel, the Place de l'Opéra, and the neighbouring streets there are magnificent shops. The shop windows of the jewellers are particularly fine; perfumery and chemists' shops abound, but more numerous still are the cake-shops. There you will find delicious nougat and “Turkish delight,” but to get them you will have to search far; the whole of the fronts of the shops are invaded by Swiss chocolates. Gala Peter and milk chocolates have conquered Egypt with her sweet tooth.

Amongst the shopkeepers, the palm undoubtedly must go to the chemist. Their name is legion, and they grow fat in robbing a patient public with a most charming

grace. Their cynicism surpasses belief, and their business in life may be summed up as stealing always and poisoning often. Last winter, when a native child happened to be run over by a carriage, the bystanders wished to carry the poor little creature into a chemist's shop; but the chemist, hard as it is to believe it possible, shut his door in their faces. The child died; if immediate help had been available he might have been saved, but—a native! What is that? And this chemist now continues happy and content to pocket his ill-gotten gains.

But if this corner of Cairo, so picturesque and lively, has not changed, it is not so with the rest of the town. The whole population seems to have been bitten with a mania for building. The streets are crowded with builders' carts, full of material, and on all sides, surrounded by scaffolding, are houses under construction. Huge flats, immense palaces, superb hotels, have arisen where, a year or two ago, nothing but gardens were to be seen.

Egypt, at this moment, is passing through a period of great prosperity. Every one is coining money, and as the value of land and property is increasing daily, all those who have capital, and they are many, hasten to build.

A short time ago Egyptians of the middle-class were either ignorant of, or indifferent to, comfort. Families of twenty or twenty-five lived together in a miserable dwelling of a few rooms, in unsanitary quarters. To-day all that is changed: families divide; the married children now wish a home of their own, choosing when they can the new parts

of the town, healthy and airy. Thousands of persons, who formerly slept on the floor of their rooms in the Turkish fashion, prefer now to have European beds, whilst knives and forks have replaced the more primitive instruments of thumb and forefinger.

The extraordinary growth of the town shows no sign of teasing, and it still advances even into the surrounding desert, to the conquest of which energetic capitalists have set their minds. Boghos Nubar Pacha, son of the celebrated statesman, is at the head of a syndicate which has recently acquired huge tracts of land in the desert, at the gates of Cairo, where they intend to build a new quarter, which will, in time, be a small town in itself.

Two things above all Cairo formerly lacked, water and drains. I do not know if the latter will ever exist, but the question of the former, thanks to Messrs. Suarès, the wealthy bankers, has already been solved.

In 1898, having obtained a concession for supplying water to the town of Tantah, they brought over from Switzerland an engineer, M. Abel, of Zurich. This gentleman one day announced that, following on the observations he had made, he was convinced that under the Nile, at a great depth, and following the same course, there was another river, a second Nile, not a Nile thick and muddy, but a Nile made clear and pure by the beds of sand and other formations through which it had passed. Capital was wanted to make sure of the correctness of these theories, and to ascertain the quantity of water available, in

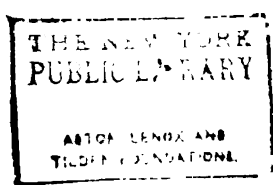
good and bad years, from this underground river. Messrs. Suarès did not hesitate to supply the necessary funds, and the works then undertaken by M. Abel soon proved that he had not been mistaken. The subterranean Nile was proved to exist, its water to be excellent, and its volume sufficient to furnish drinking water, if necessary, to the whole of Egypt.

After Tantah and Mansourah, Cairo is to-day supplied almost entirely by the new Water Company, and now, in nearly every house, the turning of a tap is sufficient to obtain a supply of pure water *ad libitum*. Messrs. Suarès had the satisfaction, besides the very pleasant one of making money, of learning from the statistics of the Sanitary Department that in each of the quarters where the new water supply had been introduced the death rate had decreased enormously. One shudders at the thought that only yesterday the inhabitants of Cairo, rich and poor alike, were dependent on the muddy water of the Nile, brought to their doors in goat-skins by the Sakkas.

During the few months which constitute the season, the hotels are the centre of the fashionable world, and for the time Cairo approaches nearer to a *ville d'eau* than a capital. One must also recognize that these hotels have an irresistible attraction. Large and beautifully furnished, they combine the comforts of the West with the luxury of the East. It is only a few years since Cairo possessed only one really good hotel, Shepherd's, built in the centre of the town, in the middle of gardens which at one time formed part of the



**WATER-SELLERS, CAIRO**



Palace of Princess Kiamil, daughter of Mohamed Ali. The place is historic, for the Princess, so it is said, was a modern Marguerite of Navarre, amorous, and lover of strong young men.

For many years Shepherd's was the meeting-place of all the best known people who passed through Cairo, and its name is a household word throughout the world. Its destinies are to-day in the hands of a man who knows his business well—M. Charles Baehler, who is the head and leading spirit of the Egyptian Hotel Company, Limited, which also own the Ghezireh Palace. This Palace! what memories cling around it! In a few weeks, at the command of Khedive Ismail, and as if by magic, it rose from the ground, in the centre of the magnificent Ghezireh Park on the banks of the Nile, a fitting dwelling for its guest, the Empress Eugénie, who had arrived in order to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal. It was there that those *fêtes*, the finest the world has ever seen, had their being. What a setting for a hotel! Shepherd's and the Ghezireh, these two alone might have sufficed for the glory of hotel life in Cairo, or even in a town of ten times the size. But one day there arrived on the scene a man with brains, and the courage to back them, who said to himself: "That is very fine, that is very beautiful, but there is room in Cairo for more great hotels." And he built the Savoy Hotel. This man was George Nungovich Bey, the Napoleon of the Egyptian hotel industry, and to-day one of the most influential and richest men in Cairo.



Besides the Savoy, M. Nungovich has in Cairo two other hotels, the Continental, in the Place de l'Opéra, and the Hôtel d'Angleterre, in a quieter situation, but quite up to date.

As a matter of fact the hotels hardly suffice to lodge the enormous crowd of Europeans and Americans who flock to Cairo for the winter. Last season they were hard pressed to find lodgings for all, and I have been told that at one time the old sleeping-cars were requisitioned and played the rôle of improvised hotels. The people who thus invade Egypt represent what the hotelkeepers call "*une clientèle de grand luxe.*" One must, in fact, have money and plenty of it to pass the winter in Egypt, and those who come from all the corners of the earth to enjoy the delicious climate have a long purse and spend with a free hand. Luxury and display, an uninterrupted succession of balls and *fêtes*, such is the life of Cairo in winter.

Besides the rich clique of the hotels, Cairo society has others of which the most important are the "Official," the "English," and the "Native." It is difficult to give to the last a suitable name. It is composed of all the foreign families, rich and hospitable, for the most part Greeks and Levantines, settled in Egypt for many years, and in whose hands are most of the large commercial and industrial concerns, as also, in a special degree, the financial. They possess magnificent houses, almost palaces, and live in the greatest luxury. There are in this group many charming women, very interesting and decidedly elegant, whilst the

men are remarkable for their intelligence. The origin of many of these fortunes, though not unknown or even forgotten, is wisely hidden by a thick veil, which old residents occasionally amuse themselves by lifting for the entertainment of curious persons like myself. Then it is that they tickle your ears with stories of which the heroes, bearers of names well known and respected, proud of their titles and decorations, strong in their relationships and friends, appear in the early stages of their careers as nothing more nor less than robbers, smugglers and coiners.

Charming, indeed, is the tale of the bad Egyptian coins of which millions, stamped in Europe, entered Egypt in the hollow legs of iron bedsteads. When the Government, unable longer to recognize its own money, decided to issue a new coinage, and when the coiners, in too great a hurry, put into circulation their imitations of the new money before the real coins had been issued by the Government, the Minister of Finance was obliged to declare that the new money issued was not his, and that he was quite unaware of where it had come from.

Then there is the story of the foreign Consul, poor as a church mouse, who one fine day locked up a whole family of his own compatriots, a family immensely wealthy, whose little crimes he had found out, but whom he released at dawn, one does not of course know quite why—but the poverty-stricken Consul sent in his resignation, and is to-day the proprietor of several of the finest villas in one of the most charming spots on the Adriatic. Nice little tale,

is it not? But after all, what does it matter? The elders, those who have struggled and succeeded at a time when every one robbed more or less, are to-day very old. Tomorrow they will have gone, and another generation, well brought up, highly educated, elegant, fashionable to the tips of their fingers, will not be responsible for the kind of money which their fathers used. Do not let us dig too deep. Out of a dunghill a rose may grow—and many another beautiful thing. And besides, as every one knows, money has no smell, and less even in Egypt than elsewhere.

The English set (I do not refer here to the official world), numerous and important, look down with contempt on the native families. In their eyes, Egyptians, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, all are niggers. I am not joking, and, extraordinary as it may seem, Englishmen, intelligent, educated and charming, will speak of a Greek as “that black man,” or “that nigger.” And there is no way of changing them.

Looked down upon in its turn by the official set, the English colony suffices unto itself and lives, as it were, cut off, enjoying all the sports on which it dotes. It drives, rides, sails, it has football, tennis, polo, and remains happy, contented and healthy.

The amusements of Cairo, numerous and varied, cater for every taste. I have already spoken of the balls and *fêtes* given by the hotels, each one endeavouring to outdo the other in lavishness and ingenuity.

The climate on the one hand, with its warm and sunny

days, and, on the other, the Anglo-American element keen on all manner of sports and very numerous, naturally lead to many out-of-door meetings. At tea-time, the terraces of the Ghezireh Palace are invaded by a fashionable and cosmopolitan crowd, who amuse themselves listening to the music and still more to scandal. The Palace is situated on the Island of Ghezireh, a park in itself, of which one part only belongs to it. A huge space is set aside for the Khedivial Sporting Club, to which any visitor to Cairo may belong. Here there are excellent tennis-courts and croquet lawns, a golf course, polo ground, and lastly a race-course. Matches of all sorts, besides races, are continually taking place, and attract a large crowd of players and pretty women. This is one of the most charming and popular spots in Cairo.

There are two excellent clubs, the Turf and the Khedivial. The first, although numbering amongst its members several Europeans and Americans, is essentially English; and, considering the contempt which they profess for the Oriental races, it goes without saying that its doors are closed to all Egyptians. The Khedivial, on the other hand, counts amongst its members, not only well-known foreigners, but numbers of Princes, Pashas, Egyptians and Turks. Play is high. When Lord Cromer consented to be a patron of the Turf Club it was, I am told, on one condition, and that was that there should be no gambling. The promise then made has no doubt been forgotten, for card-playing is now very much in vogue.

The Khedivial Theatre, much criticised but much frequented, has generally each winter a remarkably good programme. The season is divided into two parts, the one given up to Opera, the other to Comedy and Drama. The interior, of white and gold, very pretty, is surrounded with two tiers of boxes, let by subscription to the *élite* of Cairo society; and it must be admitted that when the feminine rank and fashion of the town are gathered within its walls, dressed in the latest mode, and flashing with superb jewels, real or otherwise, the sight is a magnificent one.

The Arab quarter and the bazaars are always interesting for strangers, but ladies ought never to go there alone, under pain of being handled by fingers more expert than clean. The mere fact of being in the bazaars is for a foreigner a curious sensation. The narrow streets, bordered with shops open to the air, filled with gaudy goods; the indescribable smells, mixture of attar of roses, fried fish, scented tobacco and filth; the strange swarming crowd of Orientals and Africans with skins tawny or black who invade the narrow pavements and the roadway, the drivers crying, shouting, cracking their whips to make a way through the midst of the indifferent mass, and with difficulty avoiding running them down, presents a striking and unforgettable picture of life, movement, colours and smells. The bazaars themselves are long alleys, passages where one has to watch one's feet, and on each side of which are the shops, where all the products of the East are exposed for sale, not to mention the German imitations, very cheap and very

nasty. Here are carpets, curtains, carved wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory, old weapons; there again perfumes, jewels, precious stones; whilst a little further on the eye is attracted by sandals of brilliant red leather and graceful form, cloths, Arab robes, fez; and lastly the vendors of objects in exquisitely carved bronze and copper. Here also are vases, lamps, huge trays, coffee services, flower-pots of varied and charming designs. At certain places the carvers, seated at the doors of their shops, are seen busy at their work.

The scene is intensely interesting, though the bazaars at Cairo are much inferior to those of Constantinople. It is also necessary to remark that it is not in the bazaars that the finest work of the East is to be found, but only the cheapest, and not even that if the buyer has not all his wits about him, for in no place in the world is there to be found a bigger thief and cleverer rascal than the bazaar merchant. Those who wish to purchase anything first-class will find it outside the bazaars. Opposite the Savoy Hotel, for instance, there is the shop of Spartali and Co., where the most exquisite rugs and carpets can be had. These, of course, are not manufactured in Egypt, but in Smyrna from where they are sent all over the world. It is safe to say, however, that some of the finest specimens of the modern, as well as of the ancient, art of carpet weaving are to be seen in Cairo.

To all those who are interested in Arabic art, so dainty and so exquisite, I should advise a visit to the "Musée

Arabe," and the Mosques, where they will find many treasures in the way of sculptures in stone, wood, and metal, paintings, and wonderful gilt work.

It goes without saying that in the country *par excellence* of excavations and discoveries archæological and historical, the Museum is intensely interesting. Once more M. Maspéro has taken up the work, and never has there been a head of a department more esteemed and better loved.

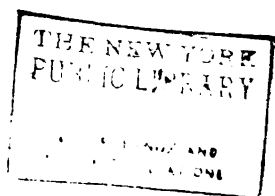
The Museum occupies to-day an immense building, admirably situated, and only recently finished. There are to be found the treasures without number which the picks of the *savants* have unearthed from their hiding-places, where for centuries they have rested in peace. Here can be seen in the crowded halls all the history of Egyptian civilization stretching back for thousands of years B. C. Her kings and queens, her princes and princesses, her soldiers and priests, warriors and conquests, her funerals and her feasts, all are there in the shape of mummies with golden masks, statues of stone, granite and bronze, of bas-reliefs wonderfully worked, of commemorative tablets, of animals, flowers, furnishing, and tools of every manner and kind.

There is, to my mind, no more delicious road in the world than the large and lovely avenue which leads from Cairo to the Pyramids of Ghizeh, constructed at the entrance to the Desert. Along its length of seven miles are superb and lofty trees. At all hours of the day it is full of life: in the morning, ladies and gentlemen out for a canter; mules, donkeys and strings of camels, going and coming



KASR-EL-NIL BRIDGE, CAIRO





from the market. In the afternoon, fashionable Cairo, walking, driving or motoring, and on the left the electric tramway with its note of modernity. This magnificent road was made in a few weeks at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal by the Khedive Ismail, in order that the Empress Eugénie might drive comfortably to the Pyramids. The Pyramids! what varied spectacles they have seen in the forty odd centuries before the exploits of Napoleon and since! Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Turks, French, English, all have come, one by one, to pitch their tents and unfurl their flags; whilst to-day, tourists of these and many other nations congregate in their thousands, fraternizing and happy, joining in a pilgrimage of curiosity and pleasure.

At the foot of the Pyramids, on the borders of the desert is one of the finest hotels in Egypt, Mena House. At the tea-hour its terraces are crowded with a gay and brilliant throng. The large and comfortable *salons*, the delicious Moorish dining-room, the excellent food, the open-air swimming bath, the golf course, the tennis-courts, the croquet lawns, all go to make a stay at Mena House one of the most pleasant incidents of a trip to Egypt. The stables are excellent, and the charges reasonable. Carriages, hacks, donkeys, camels, and *sand-carts*, the last small vehicles, with wide flattened wheels, enabling them to pass over the sand without sinking, and by their means many a pleasant excursion can be made into the Desert. There are often at Mena House sporting meetings, which are very popular. The camel races are particularly amusing. These animals

seem to understand perfectly what is going on, and are as keen on winning as their riders. Last winter a camel, furious at being passed, seized in his teeth the leg of the jockey of his more speedy rival, and bit it with fury.

It is by moonlight that a stroll in the Desert is so charming when the Sphinx and the Pyramids rise mysteriously from out the Desert. It is the lovers' hour, and after a good dinner at Mena House, couples arm-in-arm seek the solitude and the shadow of the huge monsters of stone who, for thousands of years, have served as a shelter for their kind. What a thousand pities that they cannot speak! or perhaps, it is just as well.

There is another charming and popular spot, within half an hour's rail from Cairo, also in the Desert, but in an opposite direction. This is Helouan, celebrated for its sulphur waters. The baths, as well as the Grand Hotel and the Hôtel des Bains, belong to the "Société des Hôtels Nungovich," and are perfect in every way. Here there is no dust, no noise, no dirt; the air is dry, bracing, and pure, and the calm ideal. There is another excellent hotel, the Tewfik Palace, besides numerous pensions.

Helouan lies at the foot of the mountains, on one of which a sanatorium, El Ayat, has recently been opened. In this wonderful situation, invalids and convalescents can find every comfort and convenience. There are, of course, the ubiquitous golf links, also a race-course, which, now and then, attracts the fashionable crowd from Cairo.

## **MOSQUES OF CAIRO**

*SIR I. GARDNER WILKINSON*

**C**AIRO is said to contain about four hundred mosques. The principal are the Touloun, the Ezher, the Hassanein, the Sharawee, Moulaiyad, and those of the Sultans Hassan, El Ghouri, and El Kaloön.

The first in point of antiquity is the mosque of Ahmed ebn e' Touloun. It is said to be built on the plan of the Kaaba, at Mecca. The centre is an extensive open court about one hundred paces square, surrounded by colonnades; those on three of the sides consisting of two rows of columns twenty-five paces deep, and that on the eastern end of five rows, all supporting pointed arches. Around the mosque is an outer wall, at each angle of which rose one of the minarets, that on the northwest corner being the one used for the call to prayer. This mosque is the oldest in Cairo, having been founded in the year 879 A. D., as is attested by two Cufic inscriptions on the walls of the court.

The wooden pulpit, and the dome over the front in the centre of the quadrangle bear the date of 696 of the Hegira in Arabic characters.

The minaret of the Touloun, which rises from the exterior wall of circuit, has a singular appearance, owing to the staircase winding round the outside. Its novel form is said

to have originated in the absent habits of the founder. His Wizeer had observed him rolling up a piece of parchment in a spiral form, and having remarked : " It was a pity his majesty had no better employment," the king replied, " So far from trifling, I have been thinking that a minaret erected on this principle would have many advantages ; I could even ride up it on horseback : and I wish that of my new mosque to be built of the same form."

From its summit is one of the finest views of the town ; and though inferior in extent, it possesses an advantage over that from the platform of Joseph's Hall, in having the citadel as one of its principal features.

The new mosque built by Mohammed Aly on the site of Joseph's Hall consists of an open square surrounded by a single row of columns, ten on the north and south, thirteen on the west and twelve on the east, where a door leads to the inner part, or house of prayer. The columns have a fancy capital supporting round arches, and the whole, with the exception of the outer walls, is of Oriental alabaster. But it has not the pure Oriental character of other works in Cairo ; and it excites admiration for the materials rather than for the style of its architecture. It was to make room for this mosque that Joseph's Hall, a lofty building supported on numerous handsome granite columns, was removed in 1829. But the carelessness, or want of skill, in taking down the columns, caused the destruction of the greater part of them.

From the platform is a grand and commanding view of



IBN-TOULOUN MOSQUE

100

the city and the surrounding country, taking in the arsenal immediately below, the Roomaylee, and the fine mosque of Sultan Hassan, just outside the gates of the citadel, the numerous minarets of Cairo, and, in the distance, the Pyramids, with the valley of the Nile.

The finest mosque in Cairo is unquestionably the *Jama-t-e' Soltan Hassam*, immediately below the Citadel, between the Roomaylee and the Soog e' Sullah. Its lofty and beautifully ornamented porch, the rich cornice of its towering walls, its minaret, and the arches of its spacious court must delight every admirer of architecture. And so impressed are the Cairenes with its superiority over other mosques that they believe the king ordered the hand of the architect to be cut off in order to prevent his building any other that should vie with it.

The interior is of a different form from the mosques of early times, consisting of an hypæthral court, with a square recess on each side, covered by a noble and majestic arch, that on the east being much more spacious than the other three, and measuring sixty-nine feet five inches in span. At the inner end of it are the niche of the *imam*, who prays before the congregation on Friday, and the *number* or pulpit; and two rows of handsome coloured glass vases of Syrian manufacture, bearing the name of the sultan, are suspended from the side walls. Behind, and forming the same part of the building is the tomb which bears the date of 764 of the Hegira (A. D. 1363). It is surmounted by a large dome of wood and plaster, on a base-

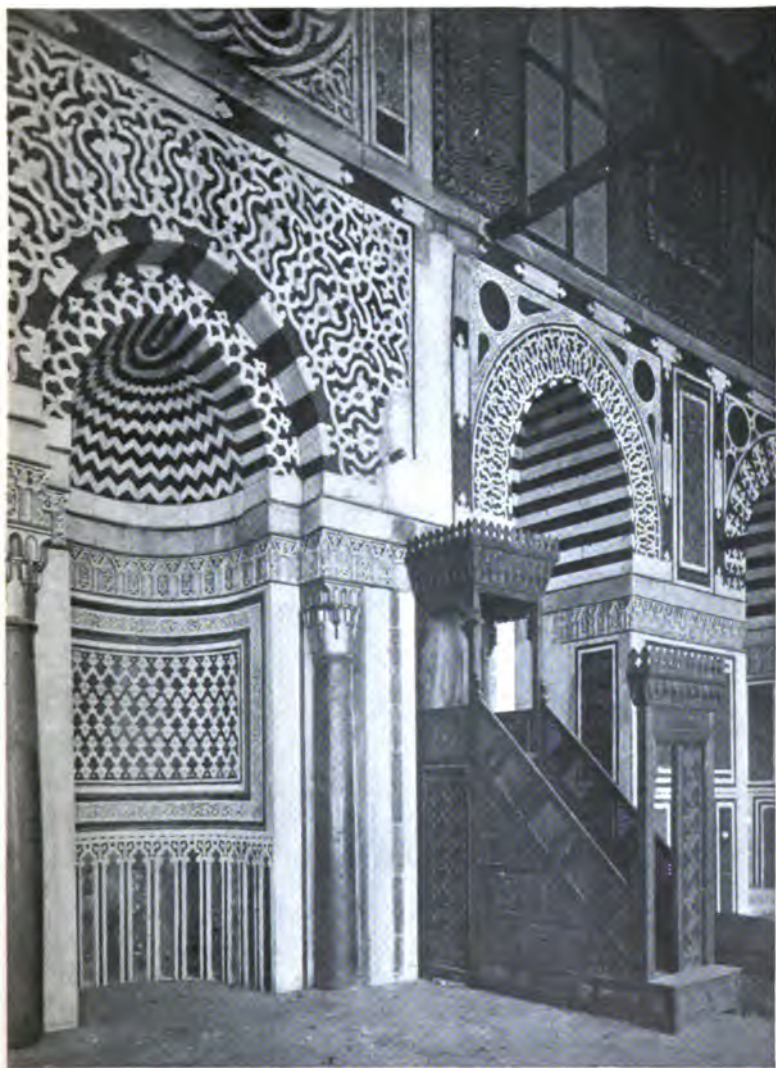


ment and walls of stone, and the ornamental details are of the same materials. On the tomb itself is a large copy of the Koran, written in beautiful, distinct characters, and over it are suspended three of the coloured lamps.

The blocks in the erection of this noble edifice were brought from the pyramids; and though we regret that one monument should have been defaced in order to supply materials for another, we must confess that few buildings could summon to their aid greater beauty to plead an excuse, while we regret that it is not likely to be as durable as those ancient structures. The mosque of El Ghouri, the Morostin, the citadel and other buildings were indebted for stone for the same monuments which were to them the same convenient quarry as the Coliseum to the palaces at Rome.

The Ezher, or "splendid" mosque, was originally founded by Goher el Kaed, the general of Moez about the year 970; but that which is now seen is of later date, having been subsequently rebuilt and considerably enlarged. It is of considerable size, and ornamented with numerous columns, which give a lightness and grace to the interior. It is the College of Cairo, and here the Koran is particularly studied.

Close to the southwest angle is another handsome mosque; and a little further to the north is the small but celebrated Hassanein, dedicated to the two sons of Ali, Hassan and Hussein, whose relics it contains. It is said that the head of Hussein and the hand of Hassan are pre-



**PULPIT AND SANCTUARY OF THE MOSQUE EL-MOULAIYAD**



served there. Like the Ezher, it was built or restored at different periods, the last addition dating 1762, but none of the earliest part is now visible. The *mooled* or birthday of the Hassanein is one of the principal *fêtes* of Cairo. The tomb on such occasions is always covered with the Kirweh or sacred envelope of embroidered cloth or velvet.

The Moulaiyad, founded between the years 1412 and 1420 A. D., is a handsome mosque with pointed arches, having slight traces of the horseshoe form, at the base of the archivolt, like many others of the pointed style at Cairo. It is close to the gate called Bab el-Zouileh; which, with the two elegant minarets that rise above it, is a noble specimen of Eastern architecture. This gate was formerly the entrance to the city on the south side, before the quarter now connecting it with the citadel was added.

The mosque of El Ghouri stands at the extremity of the bazaar, called after it El Ghouri; and, from its position, is one of the most picturesque buildings in Cairo. On approaching it by the Ghoreech, which is of more than ordinary breadth, you perceive the grand effect of its lofty walls; and the open space in which it stands, together with the variety of costumes in the groups that throng that spot, and the grand doorway of the tomb on the opposite side, offer a beautiful subject for the pencil of an artist.

## TOMBS

G. MASPÉRO

**T**HE historic Egyptians regarded man as composed of different entities, each having its separate life and functions. First, there was the body; then the *Ka*, or double, which was a less solid duplicate of the corporeal form—a coloured but ethereal projection of the individual, reproducing him feature for feature. The double of a child was as a child; the double of a woman was as a woman; the double of a man was as a man. After the Double (*Ka*) came the Soul (*Bi* or *Ba*), which was properly represented as a human headed bird; after the Soul came the "*Khû*," or "the Luminous," a spark from the divine fire. None of these elements were in their own natures imperishable. Left to themselves, they would hasten to dissolution, and the man would thus die a second time; that is to say, he would be annihilated. The piety of the survivors found means, however, to avert this catastrophe. By the process of embalmment, they could for ages suspend the decomposition of the body; while by means of prayer and offerings they saved the Double, the Soul, and the "Luminous" from the second death, and secured to them all that was necessary for the prolongation of their existence. The Double never left the

place where the mummy reposed; but the Soul and the "*Khú*" went forth to follow the gods. They, however, kept perpetually returning, like travellers who come home after an absence. The tomb was therefore a dwelling-house, the "Eternal House" of the dead, compared with which the houses of the living were but wayside inns; and these Eternal Houses were built after a plan which exactly corresponded to the Egyptian idea of the after-life. The Eternal House must always include the private rooms of the Soul, which were closed on the day of Burial, and which no living being could enter without being guilty of sacrilege. It must also contain the reception-rooms of the Double, where priests and friends brought their wishes or their offerings; the two being connected by a passage of more or less length. The arrangement of these three parts varied according to the period, the place, the nature of the ground and the caprice of each person. The rooms accessible to the living were frequently built above ground, and formed a separate edifice. Sometimes they were excavated in the mountainside, as well as the tomb itself. Sometimes, again, the vault where the mummy lay hidden, and the passages leading to that vault, were in one place, while the place of prayer and offering stood far off in the plains. But whatever variety there may be found as to detail and arrangement, the principle is always the same. The tomb is a dwelling, and it is constructed in such wise as may best promote the well-being, and ensure the preservation, of the dead.

The most ancient monumental tombs are found in the necropolis of Memphis, between Abû Roash and Dahshûr, and in that of Medûm; they belong to the mastaba type. The mastaba is a quadrangular building, which from a distance might be taken for a truncated pyramid. Many mastabas are from thirty to forty feet in height, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and eighty feet in width; while others do not exceed ten feet in height, or fifteen feet in length. The faces are symmetrically inclined and generally smooth, though sometimes the courses retreat like steps. The materials employed are stone or brick.

At Gizeh the mastabas are distributed according to a symmetrical plan and ranged in regular streets. At Sak-kara, at Abusîr, and at Dahshûr, they are scattered irregularly over the surface of the plateau crowded in some places and wide apart in others. The Mussulman cemetery at Assiut perpetuates the like arrangement, and enables us to this day to realize the aspect of the Memphite necropolis towards the close of the ancient empire.

The entrance faces to the eastward side. Occasionally it faces towards the north or south side, but never towards the west. In theory there should be two doors, one for the dead, the other for the living. In practice, the entrance for the dead was a mere niche, high and narrow, cut back in the east face near the northeast corner. The back of this niche is marked with vertical lines, framing in a closed space. Even this imitation of a door was sometimes omitted, and the soul was left to manage as best it might.

The door of the living was made more or less important, according to the greater or less development of the chamber to which it led. The chamber and door are in some cases represented by only a shallow recess decorated with a stela and a table of offerings.

The chapel was usually small, and lost in the mass of the building, but no precise rule determined its size. The chapel was the reception-room of the Double. It was there that the relations, friends and priests celebrated the funerary sacrifices on the days prescribed by law ; that is to say " at the feasts of the commencement of the seasons ; at the feast of Thoth on the first day of the year ; at the feast of Uaga ; at the great feast of Sothis ; on the day of the procession of the god Min ; at the feast of shew-bread ; at the feasts of the months and the half-months and the days of the week." Offerings were placed in the principal room, at the foot of the west wall, at the exact spot leading to the entrance of the " eternal home " of the dead.

An inscription, graven upon the lintel in large readable characters, commemorated the name and rank of the owner. His portrait, either sitting or standing, was carved upon the jambs ; and a scene, sculptured or painted on the space above the door, represented him seated before a small round table, stretching out his hand towards the repast placed upon it. A flat slab, or offering table, built into the floor between the two uprights of the doorway, received the votive meats and drinks.

The living having taken their departure, the Double was



supposed to come out of his house and feed. In principle, this ceremony was bound to be renewed year by year, till the end of time; but the Egyptians ere long discovered that this could not be. After two or three generations the dead of former days were neglected for the benefit of those more recently dead. Then, in order that the offerings consecrated on the day of burial might forever preserve their virtues, the survivors conceived the idea of drawing and describing them on the walls of the chapel. The painted or sculptured reproduction of persons and things ensured the reality of those persons and things for the benefit of the one on whose account they were executed. Thus the Double saw himself depicted upon the walls in the act of eating and drinking, and he ate and drank. This notion once accepted, the theologians and artists carried it out to the fullest extent.

Whether large or small, whether richly decorated or not decorated at all, the chapel is always the dining-room—or, rather, the larder—to which the dead man has access when he feels hungry.

On the other side of the wall was constructed a hiding-place in the form of either a high and narrow cell, or a passage without outlet. To this hiding-place archæologists have given the Arab name of *serdab*. Most mastabas contain but one; others contain three or four. These *serdabs* communicated neither with each other nor with the chapel; and are, as it were, buried in the masonry. If connected at all with the outer world, it is by means of an

aperture in the wall about as high up as a man's head and so small that the hand can with difficulty pass through it. To this orifice came the priests, with murmured prayers and perfumes of incense. Within lurked the Double, ready to profit by these memorial rites, or to accept them through the medium of his statues. The portrait statues walled up inside the *serdab* became, when consecrated, the stone, or wooden bodies of the defunct.

Generally the vault is reached by way of a vertical shaft constructed in the centre of the platform or, more rarely, in a corner of the chapel. The depth of this shaft varies from ten to one hundred feet. It is carried down through the masonry, it pierces the rock; and at the bottom a low passage, in which it is not possible to walk upright, leads in a southward direction to the vault. There sleeps the mummy in a massive sarcophagus of limestone, red granite, or basalt. The furniture of the vault is of the simplest character,—some alabaster perfume vases; a few cups into which the priest had poured drops of the various libation liquids offered to the dead; some large red pottery jars for water; a head-rest of wood or alabaster; a scribe's votive palette. Having laid the mummy in the sarcophagus and cemented the lid, the workmen strewed the floor of the vault with the quarters of oxen and gazelles which had just been sacrificed. They next carefully walled up the entrance into the passage and filled the shaft to the top with a mixture of sand, earth and stone chips. Being profusely watered, this mass solidified, and became an almost impene-

trable body of concrete. The corpse, left to itself, received no visits now, save from the Soul, which from time to time quitted the celestial regions, wherein it voyaged with the gods, and came down to reunite itself with the body. The sepulchral vault was the abode of the Soul, as the funerary chapel was the abode of the Double.

Two subsequent systems replaced the mastaba throughout Egypt. The first preserved the chapel constructed above ground, and combined the pyramid with the mastaba; the second excavated the whole tomb in the rock, including the chapel.

The necropolis quarter of Abydos in which were interred the earlier generations of the Theban Empire furnishes the most ancient examples of the first system. The tombs are built of large, black unbaked bricks, made without any mixture of straw or grit.

The earliest examples of the second kind are those found at Gizeh among the mastabas of the Fourth Dynasty, and these are neither large nor much ornamented. They begin to be carefully wrought about the time of the Sixth Dynasty and in certain distant places, as at Bersheh, Sheikh Saïd, Kasr es Sayad, Assouan, and Negadeh. The rock-cut tomb did not, however, attain its full development until the times of the last Memphite kings and the early kings of the Theban line.

In these rock-cut tombs we find all the various parts of the mastaba. The designer selected a prominent vein of limestone, high enough in the cliff side to risk nothing from



THE SPHINX, THEBES

THE  
LIBRARY OF THE  
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART  
1000 5th Avenue  
New York 17, N.Y.

the gradual rising of the soil, and yet low enough for the funeral procession to reach it without difficulty. The feudal lords of Minieh slept at Beni-Hassan; those of Khmûnû at Bersheh; those of Assiut and Elephantine at Assiut and in the cliff opposite Assouan. Sometimes, as at Assiut, Bersheh and Thebes, the tombs are excavated at various levels; sometimes as at Beni-Hassan they follow the line of the stratum, and are ranged in nearly horizontal terraces.

The chapel generally consists of a single chamber, either square or oblong, with a flat or a slightly vaulted ceiling. Light is admitted only through the doorway. Sometimes a few pillars left standing in the rock at the time of the excavation give this chamber the aspect of a little hypostyle hall.

The series of tableaux is, on the whole, much the same as of old, though with certain noteworthy additions. In former times, when first the rules of tomb decorations were formulated, the notion of future retribution either did not exist, or was but dimly conceived. The deeds which he had done here on earth in no wise influenced the fate which awaited the man after death. Whether good or bad, from the moment when the funeral rites were performed and the necessary prayers recited, he was rich and happy. But when once a belief in rewards and punishments to come had taken possession of men's minds, they bethought them of the advisability of giving to each dead man the benefit of his individual merits. With the beginning of the New

Empire, tableaux and inscriptions combine to immortalize the deeds of the owner of the tomb. Khnûmhotep of Beni-Hassan records in full the origin of his ancestors. Kheti displays upon his walls all the incidents of a military life—parades, war-dances, sieges, and sanguinary battle scenes.

When space permitted, the vault was excavated immediately below the chapel. In the great cemeteries, as for instance at Thebes and Memphis, the superposition of these three parts—the chapel, the shaft, and the vault—was not always possible. Under the Theban dynasties, as under the Memphite kings, the Soul dispensed with decorations; but whenever the walls of the vault are decorated, the figures and inscriptions are found to relate chiefly to the life of the Soul, and very slightly to the life of the Double.

At Thebes, as in Memphis, the royal tombs are those which it is most necessary to study, in order to estimate the high degree of perfection to which the decoration of passages and sepulchral chambers was now carried. The most ancient were situate either in the plain or on the southern slopes of the western mountain; and of these, no remains are extant. The mummies of Amenhotep I. and Thothmes III., of Sekenenra and Aahhotep have survived the dwellings of solid stone design for their protection. Towards the middle of the Eighteenth Dynasty, however, all the best places were taken up, and some unoccupied site in which to establish a new royal cemetery

had to be sought. At first they went to a considerable distance, namely, to the end of the valley (known as the Western Valley), which opens from near Drah Abû 'l Neggeh. Amenhotep III., Aï, and perhaps others were there buried. Somewhat later, they preferred to draw nearer to the city of the living. Behind the cliff which forms the northern boundary of the plain of Thebes, there lay a kind of rocky hollow closed in on every side and accessible from the outer world by only a few perilous paths. It divides into two branches which cross almost at right angles. One branch turns to the southeast, while the other, which again divides into secondary branches, turns to the southwest. Westward rises a mountain which recalls upon a gigantic scale the outline of the great step-pyramid of Sakkara. The Egyptian engineers of the time observed that this hollow was separated from the ravine of Amenhotep III. by a mere barrier some 500 cubits in thickness. In this there was nothing to dismay such practiced miners. They therefore cut a trench some fifty or sixty cubits deep through the solid rock, at the end of which a narrow passage opens like a gateway into the hidden valley beyond. Was it in the time of Horemheb, or during the reign of Rameses I., that this gigantic work was accomplished? Rameses I. is, at all events, the earliest king whose tomb has as yet been found in this spot. His son, Seti I., then his grandson, Rameses II., came hither to rest beside him. The Rameside Pharaohs followed one after the other. Herhor may perhaps have been the last of the series. These crowded



catacombs caused the place to be called "The Valley of the Tombs of the Kings,"—a name which it retains to this day.

These tombs are not complete. Each had its chapel; but those chapels stood far away in the plain, at Gurneh, at the Ramesseum, at Medinet Habû. The Theban rock, like the Memphite pyramid, contained only the passages and the sepulchral chamber. During the daytime the pure Soul was in no serious danger; but in the evening, when the eternal waters which flow along the vaulted heavens fall in cascades adown the west and are engulfed in the bowels of the earth, the Soul follows the bark of the Sun, and its escort of luminary gods into a lower world bristling with ambuscades and perils. For twelve hours, the divine squadron defiles through long and gloomy corridors, where numerous genii, some hostile, some friendly, now struggle to bar the way, and now aid in it in surmounting the difficulties of the journey. Great doors, each guarded by a gigantic serpent, were stationed at intervals, and led to an immense hall full of flame and fire, peopled by hideous monsters and executioners whose office it was to torture the damned. Then came more dark and narrow passages, more blind gropings in the gloom, more strife with malevolent genii, and again the joyful welcoming of the propitious gods. At midnight began the upward journey towards the eastern regions of the world; and in the morning, having reached the confines of the Land of Darkness, the sun emerged from the east to light another day. The tombs of

the kings were constructed upon the model of the world of night. They had their passages, their doors, their vaulted halls, which plunged down into the depths of the mountain. Nothing, however, could be more simple than the ordinary distribution of the parts. A square door, very sparingly ornamented, opened upon a passage leading to a chamber of more or less extent. From the further end of this chamber opened a second passage leading to a second chamber and thence sometimes to more chambers, the last of which contained the sarcophagus.

When the burial was over, the entrance was filled up with blocks of rock, and the natural slope of the mountain-side was restored as skillfully as might be.

The most complete type of this class of catacomb is that left to us by Seti I.; figures and hieroglyphs alike are models of pure design and elegant construction. The tomb of Rameses III. already points to decadence. It is for the most part roughly painted. Yellow is freely laid on, and the raw tones of the reds and blues are suggestive of the early daubs of our childhood. Mediocrity ere long reigned supreme, the outlines becoming more feeble, the colour more and more glaring till the latest tombs are but caricatures of those of Seti I. and Rameses III. The decoration is always the same and is based on the same principles as the decoration of the pyramids. At Thebes, as at Memphis, the intention was to secure to the Double the free enjoyment of his new abode, and to usher the Soul into the company of the gods of the solar cycle and the Osirian cycle as

well as to guide it through the labyrinth of the infernal regions.

Thus, lying in his sarcophagus, the dead man found his future destinies depicted thereon, and learned to understand the blessedness of the gods. The tombs of private persons were not often so elaborately decorated. Two tombs of the period of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty—that of Petamenoph at Thebes and that of Bakenrenf at Memphis—compete in this respect, however, with the royal catacombs. Their walls are not only sculptured with the text (more or less complete) of *The Book of the Dead*, but also with long extracts from *The Book of the Opening of the Mouth* and the religious formulæ found in the pyramids.

As every part of the tomb had its special decoration, so also it had its special furniture. Of the chapel furniture few traces have been preserved. The table of offerings, which was of stone, is generally all that remains. The objects placed in the *serdab*, in the passages, and in the sepulchral chamber, have suffered less from the ravages of time and the hand of man. During the Ancient Empire, the funerary portrait statues were always immured in the *serdab*. Under the Theban Dynasties the household goods of the dead were richer and more numerous. The Ka statues of his servants and family, which in former times were placed in the *serdab* with those of the master, were now consigned to the vault, and made on a smaller scale. As for the mummy it continued, as time went on, to be more and more enwrapped in *cartonnage*, and more liberally provided

with papyri and amulets; each amulet forming an essential part of its magic armour; and serving to protect its limbs and soul from destruction.

Theoretically, every Egyptian was entitled to an eternal dwelling constructed after the plan which I have here described with its successive modifications; but the poorer folk were fain to do without those things which were the necessities of the wealthier dead. They were buried wherever it was cheapest—in old tombs which had been ransacked and abandoned; in the natural clefts of the rock; or in common pits.

## THE PYRAMIDS

W. J. LOFTIE

THE word Pyramid has been a matter of considerable questioning among antiquaries. A great authority derives it from the ancient Egyptian form *Abumer*, a great tomb, of which the Greeks transposed the syllables, just as they turned *Hor-em-Khoo*, the title of the Sphinx, into *Armachis*, and *Sestura* into *Sesostris*. This is more plausible; but the name has also been derived from *Pi-Rama*, the mountain, and, as if to give Mr. Smyth the shadow of an excuse, from *puros*, wheat and *metron*, a measure. So, too, *pur*, fire, and *pyramis*, a pointed cake, have been suggested, and a hieroglyphic expression has been read or attempted to be read, as *br—br*. We cannot, so far, however, say for certain whether the Egyptians of the ancient Empire had any general name for such buildings, though every king's tomb had its own title, and in the picture-writing a triangle represented, as determinative, all kinds of royal burial places, whether, like the grave of Oonas, they were merely square flat forms, or, like the southernmost monument at Dahshûr were almost dome-shaped. Upwards of twenty of these titles are found in the printed list of Lieblein, the Norwegian antiquary. They all betray the unbounded admiration in which each



GREAT PYRAMID AND SPHINX



king held his own last resting-place, and illustrate remarkably the real nature of the Egyptian faith in a life, not beyond, so much as actually in, the grave.

This is amply proved by the following list which gives nearly all the names known. It was originally compiled by the indefatigable Lieblein, but has been increased in late years :

Ka-Kami, "the black bull," Vanephes	- - - - -	4th King, Dynasty	I.
Cha, "the crown," Seneferoo	- - - - -	8th "	III.
Chut, "the splendid," or "the lights," Shoofoo	- 2d	" "	IV.
Ur, "the great," Chafra	- - - - -	4th "	IV.
Har, "the upper," Menkaoora	- - - - -	5th "	IV.
Kebeh, "the fresh," or "the refreshing," Asseskaf	- 6th	" "	IV.
Ab-setoo, "the most pure place," Ooskaf	- - - 1st	" "	V.
Cha-ba, "the rising of the soul," Sahoora	- - - 2d	" "	V.
Ba, "the soul," Neferarkara	- - - - -	3d "	V.
Men-setoo, "the most enduring place," Raenuser,	4th	" "	V.
Neter-setoo, "the most holy place," Menkaoohor,	5th	" "	V.
Nefer, "the lovely," Tatcara	- - - - -	6th "	V.
Nefer-setoo, "the loveliest place," Oonas	- - - 7th	" "	V.
Tat-setoo, "the most abiding place," Teta	- - - 1st	" "	VI.
Baioo, "the souls," Ati	- - - - -	2d "	VI.
Mennefer, "the fair place," Papi	- - - - -	3d "	VI.
Cha-nefer, "the good rising," Merienra	- - - 4th	" "	VI.
Men-anch, "the place of life," Neferkara	- - - 5th	" "	VI.
Choo-setoo, "the most splendid place," Mentuhotep II.,		" "	XI.
Cherp, "the homage," Amenoo	- - - - -	" "	XI.
Ka-nefer, "the great and lovely," Amenemhat I	- 1st	" "	XII.
Cha, "the crown," Usertasen I.	- - - - -	2d "	XII.

The following have been identified : The Pyramid of Seneferoo at Meidoun, those of Shoofoo, Chafra, Menkaoora and Hentsen, a daughter of Shoofoo, at Gizeh ;



those of Sahoora and Raenuser at Abusîr; and the Mastabat-el-Faroon of Oonas; but it is known that the Pyramids of Vanephes and Menkaoohor were at Sakkara, while those of Usertasen, the founders of the Labyrinth, must be identified with the two Pyramids of Illahoon and Hawara.

Pyramids, or the remains of them, exist at or near a large number of villages which must nearly all be on some part of the site, or in the immediate suburbs, of Mennefer. The most northern are those of Aboo Roash, where one may be clearly made out. At Kafr are the so-called Pyramids of Gizeh, nine in number, possibly ten. At Zowyet there is one: at Rigga a mere heap; at Abusîr, four, and some nearly obliterated remains; at Sakkara, nine clearly distinguishable. There are five at Dahshûr, of which two are larger than the third Pyramid at Gizeh. There are two shapeless heaps, probably once Pyramids, at Lisht, and the brick Pyramids on the site of the Labyrinth are one at Illahoon, one at Hawara, and two at Biahmoo. Besides these there is the Mastabat-el-Faroon between Sakkara and Dahshûr, and the three-staged tomb of Seneferoo at Meidoun.

The following are the heights in feet of the principal Pyramids: Gizeh, Shoofoo, 460; Chafra, 447; Menkaoora, 203; Sakkara, Pyramid in steps, 190; Dahshûr, 326 and 321; and Meidoun, 122, above the mound which surrounds its base. The original heights have been estimated as follows: Shoofoo, 482 feet;

Chafra, 454; Dahshûr, 342 and 335; Menkaorea, 218; Sakkara, 200; and the now ruined Pyramid of Abusir, 228.

To resume : Seneferoo, it will be seen, called his Pyramid "the Crown"; that of Asseskef is "Refreshment"; that of Papi, the "Lovely Place," a name identical with the name of Memphis itself. Teta, perhaps playing on his own name, called his Pyramid *Tatsetoo*, "the Most Abiding of Places." Others are the "Rising of the Soul," the "Most Holy Place," the "Good Rising," the "Beautiful," the "Great and Fair," the "Pure Place," the "Place of Rest"; while the monument, already mentioned, of Oonas, which the Arabs call Mastabat-el-Faroon, is described as the "Best Place"; and the unidentified tomb of Neferkara as the "Abode of Life." Such are the evidences among others that to the men of that remote time—a time variously estimated as seven, six and five thousand years ago—death was not looked upon with the horror which in later ages invested the grave with ideas of gloom, and recorded rather the despair of mourners than the rest of the departed.

Near each Pyramid was the temple consecrated to the worship, or at least the honour, of the sleeping divinity of the Pharaoh. The foundations are still visible of such temples near the Pyramids of Chafra, Menkaorea and Raenuser. Even in the days of the Ptolemies the endowments which some of the oldest kings had conferred upon the priests of their shrines continued to enrich officials who,

after the lapse of some four thousand years, perhaps, enjoyed sinecures.

No writing or sculpture remains on any Pyramid. Herodotus tells us of the hieroglyphs on the Pyramid of Shoofoo. He curiously observes that they give the sum expended in supplying the workmen with onions and garlic; a statement on which I have ventured to hazard the conjecture, more than probable in itself, that the king's titles as lord of Upper and Lower Egypt were engraved with the lotus, the papyrus, and the bulbous plant, which in other places enter so largely into similar inscriptions.

Historically speaking, the Pyramids, apart from their antiquity, are of the highest interest. They represent a time of profound peace. They point to the existence of a dominant race and of a population which could be called on for unlimited labour. They tell us little of the finer arts, in sculpture and painting, which even then flourished, but much of skill in engineering, quarrying, building, as distinguished from architecture, and all that could be done by mere multitudes working together and bringing brute force to bear on stubborn materials. Whatever of higher art those early kings lavished on their "fair resting-places," whatever of portraiture and painting, of gold and jewels, of carving and ornament, of epitaphs and funeral odes they could command, were bestowed on the temple; the tomb itself was vast, solid, enduring, nor is it at all certain that the actual burial-place of Shoofoo or Chafra has been reached and rifled. Those who have spent most time in

searching through the labyrinths of the interior are of opinion that the two great Pyramids are still but half explored. It may be that these old kings still

“Lie in glory —

Cased in cedar and shut in a sacred gloom ;  
Swathed in linen and precious unguents old ;  
Painted with cinnabar, and rich with gold.  
Silent they rest, in solemn salvatory ;  
Sealed from the moth and the owl and the flitter-mouse —  
Each with his name on his brow.”

The coffin of Menkaoora is in the British Museum, and his name is on it, but there are doubts and difficulties with regard to the Third Pyramid, on which I have no intention of touching here. There is a possibility, at least, that it is not the coffin of Mycerinus, but that of another king—perhaps not a king, but a queen,

“The Rhodope, who built the Pyramid,”

who knows? And perhaps Menkaoora is yet sleeping quiet “in his own house.”

In the aftertime when the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty fought against the northern strangers, when Aahmes led his people against the Shepherds, when Seti I. subdued the Hittites and his grandson pursued Israel, when fortresses and treasure cities, Pi-Tum and Rameses, had to be built on the border, we no longer hear of such great cairns as the Pyramids. The Tombs in the Valley of the Kings at

Thebes, great as they are, required rather skilled labour than mere force. No vast multitude was needed to decorate them in beaten gold and glorious red. The peaceful artist and his staff worked quietly in the dark corridors, while the people whose ancestors had heaped up the tombs of the older Pharaohs, now followed the later Pharaohs to the battle-field.

## ***THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH***

***AMELIA B. EDWARDS***

**T**HE first glimpse that most travellers now get of the Pyramids is from the window of the railway carriage as they come from Alexandria; and it is not impressive. It does not take one's breath away, for instance, like a first sight of the Alps from the high level of the Neufchâtel line, or the outline of the Acropolis at Athens as one first recognizes it from the sea. The well-known triangular forms look small and shadowy, and are too familiar to be in any way startling. And the same, I think, is true of every distant view of them—that is of every view which is too distant to afford the means of scaling them against other objects. It is only in approaching them, and observing how they grow with every foot of the road, that one begins to feel that they are not so familiar after all.

But when at last the edge of the desert is reached, and the long sand-slope climbed and the rocky platform gained, and the Great Pyramid in all its unexpected bulk and majesty towers close above one's head, the effect is as sudden as it is overwhelming. It shuts out the sky and the horizon. It shuts out all the other Pyramids. It shuts out everything but the sense of awe and wonder.

We all know, and have known from childhood that it was stripped of its outer blocks some five hundred years ago to build Arab mosques and palaces; but the rugged, rock-like aspect of that giant staircase takes us by surprise, nevertheless. Nor does it look like a partial ruin, either. It looks as if it had been left unfinished, and as if the workmen might be coming back to-morrow morning.

The colour again is a surprise. Few persons can be aware beforehand of the rich tawny hue that Egyptian limestone assumes after ages of exposure to the blaze of an Egyptian sky. Seen in certain lights the Pyramids look like piles of massy gold.

We wished to give our whole attention and all the short time at our disposal to the Great Pyramid only. To gain some impression of the outer aspect and size of this enormous structure,—to steady our minds to something like an understanding of its age,—was enough, and more than enough for so brief a visit.

For it is no easy task to realize, however imperfectly, the duration of six or seven thousand years; and the Great Pyramid, which is supposed to have been some four thousand two hundred and odd years old at the time of the birth of Christ, is now in its seventh millenary.

More impressive by far than the weightiest array of figures or the most striking comparisons, was the shadow cast by the Great Pyramid as the sun went down. That mighty Shadow, sharp and distinct, stretched across the stony platform of the desert and over full three-quarters of



**CLIMBING THE GREAT PYRAMID**





a mile of the green plain below. It divided the sunlight where it fell just as its great original divided the sunlight in the upper air; and it darkened the space it covered like an eclipse. It was not without a thrill of something approaching to awe that one remembered how this selfsame Shadow had gone on registering, not only the height of the most stupendous gnomon ever set up by human hands, but the slow passage, day by day, of more than sixty centuries of the world's history.

The space on the top of the Great Pyramid<sup>1</sup> is said to be thirty feet square. It is not, as I had expected, a level

<sup>1</sup>There are three—the Great Pyramid of Cheops, the second Pyramid of Khephren, and the third, far smaller, of Mycerinus or Menkauru (also Menkara and Menkaouara). They are all attributed to the Fourth Dynasty.

The height of the Great Pyramid is 451 feet (formerly 482), its sides are 750 feet long at the base (formerly 768), and it covers an area of about thirteen acres. The second Pyramid is 447 feet high, and the third only 203 feet.

The Pyramids seem to have been commenced with a nucleus of rock around which were built huge stone steps which were finally filled in with smooth polished stones. The outer casing has been wholly removed at various periods, and only a fragment of it remains on the second Pyramid. The smooth surface was covered with sculptures and inscriptions.

The Great Pyramid was opened by Caliph El-Mamoun in A. D. 820 on the chance of finding treasure, but the entrance his men made is now blocked up. The present entrance is about forty feet from the base. A great vaulted gallery leads down to the subterranean chamber, ninety feet below the base and 347 feet from the entrance; it is eleven feet high and measures forty-six by twenty-seven feet. Mariette claimed that this was a false chamber, intended to divert the attention of any one entering from the real tomb. An upward passage leads towards the centre, and is the approach to the "Queen's Chamber" (eighteen feet by seventeen and

platform. Some blocks of the next tier remain, and two or three of the tier next above that; so making pleasant seats and shady corners. What struck us most on reaching the top was the startling nearness, to all appearance, of the Second Pyramid. It seemed to rise up beside us like a mountain; yet so close that I fancied I could almost touch it by putting out my hand. Every detail of the surface, every crack and parti-coloured stain in the shining stucco that yet clings about the apex, was distinctly visible.

The view from this place is immense. The country is so flat, the atmosphere so clear, the standpoint so isolated, that one really sees more and sees farther than from many a mountain summit of ten or twelve thousand feet. The ground lies, as it were, immediately under one; and the great Necropolis is seen as a ground plan. The effect

twenty feet high). Mariette considers that here also the passage to the great gallery was closed, so that those who reached this point might suppose they had seen all the Pyramid held. The great gallery is 151 feet long, seven feet wide, and twenty-eight feet high; it leads to the King's Chamber (thirty-four feet by seventeen and nineteen feet high), in which are the remains of a red granite sarcophagus.

There is much argument about these Pyramids: some even consider that they had some strange metrical and dimensional object. But however their dimensions may have been devised, the consensus of opinion is that they are tombs: for that matter the Pyramid may be a monument to the king's learning as well as a resting place for his body.

The smallest Pyramid, that of Mycerinus, is said, in one legend, to have been built by one of the princesses on doubtfully acquired resources; another myth assigns it to Rhodopis, but Mycerinus was the real builder. He it is to whom it was revealed by the gods that he had but six years to live, but it is said that he doubled the period by turning day into night.—*Egypt and How to See It* (1910).

must, I imagine, be exactly like the effect of a landscape seen from a balloon. Without ascending the Pyramid, it is certainly not possible to form a clear notion of the way in which this great burial-field is laid out. We see from this point how each royal pyramid is surrounded by its quadrangle of lesser tombs, some in the form of small pyramids, others partly rock-cut, partly built of massive slabs, like the roofing-stones of the Temples. We see how Khufu and Khafra and Menkara lay, each under his mountain of stone, with his family and his nobles around him. We see the great causeways which moved Herodotus to such wonder, and along which the giant stones were brought. Recognizing how clearly the place is a great cemetery, one marvels at the ingenious theories which turn the Pyramids into astronomical observatories and abstruse standards of measurement. They are the grandest graves in all the world—and they are nothing more.

A little way to the southward, from the midst of a sandy hollow, rises the head of the Sphinx. Older than the Pyramids, older than history, the monster lies couchant like a watch-dog, looking ever to the east, as if for some dawn that has not yet risen.<sup>1</sup> A depression in the sand close

<sup>1</sup> A long disputed question as to the meaning of the Sphinx has of late been finally solved. The Sphinx, as shown by M. J. de Rougé, according to an inscription at Edfou to represent a transformation of Horus, who in order to vanquish Set (Typhon) took the shape of a human-headed lion. It was under this form that Horus was adored in the Nome Leontopolites. In the above-mentioned Stela of Boulac, known as the stone of Cheops, the Great Sphinx is especially designated as the Sphinx of Hor-em-Khou, or Horus-on-the-Horizon. This is evidently in refer-

by marks the site of that strange monument miscalled the Temple of the Sphinx. Farther away to the west on the highest slope of this part of the desert platform, stands the Pyramid of Menkara (Mycerinus). It has lost but five feet of its original height, and from this distance it looks quite perfect.

Such—set in a waste of desert—are the main objects, and the nearest objects, on which our eyes first rest. As a whole, the view is more long than wide, being bounded to the westward by the Libyan range, and to the eastward by the Mokattam hills. At the foot of those yellow hills, divided from us by the cultivated plain across which we have just driven, lies Cairo, all glittering domes half seen through a sunlit haze. Overlooking the fairy city stands the Mosque of the Citadel, its mast-like minarets piercing the clearer atmosphere. Far to the northward, traversing reach after reach of shadowy palm-groves, the eye loses itself in the dim and fertile distances of the Delta. To the west and south, all is desert. It begins here at our feet—a rolling wilderness of valleys and slopes and rivers and seas of sand, broken here and there by abrupt ridges of rock, and mounds of ruined masonry and open graves. A

ence to the orientation of the figure. It has often been asked why the Sphinx is turned to the east. I presume the answer would be, Because Horus, avenger of Osiris, looks to the east, awaiting the return of his father from the lower world. As Horus was supposed to have reigned over Egypt, every Pharaoh took the title of Living Horus, Golden Hawk, etc., etc. Hence the features of the reigning King were always given to the Sphinx form when architecturally employed as at Karnak, Wady Sabooah, Tanis, etc., etc.

silver line skirts the edge of this dead world, and vanishes southward in the sun-mist that shimmers on the farthest horizon. To the left of that silver line we see the quarried cliffs of Turra, marble-white; opposite Turra, the plummy palms of Memphis. On the desert platform above, clear though faint, the Pyramids of Abusîr and Sakkara and Dahshûr. Every stage of the Pyramid of Ouenephes, banded in light and shade, is plain to see. So is the dome-like summit of the great Pyramid of Dahshûr. Even the brick ruin beside it which we took for a black rock as we went up the river, and which looks like a black rock still, is perfectly visible. Farthest of them all, showing pale and sharp amid the palpitating blaze of noon, stands, like an unfinished tower of Babel, the Pyramid of Meidoun. It is in this direction that our eyes turn oftenest—to the measureless desert in its mystery of light and silence; to the Nile where it gleams out again and again, till it melts at last into that faint far distance beyond which lie Thebes and Philæ and Abou Simbel.

## TEMPLES

G. MASPÉRO

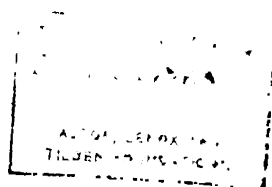
**M**OST of the famous sanctuaries—Dendera, Edfou, Abydos—were founded before Mena by the *Servants of Horus*. Becoming dilapidated or ruined in the course of ages, they have been restored, rebuilt, remodelled, one after the other, till nothing remains of the primitive design to show us what the first Egyptian architecture was like. The funerary temples built by the kings of the Fourth Dynasty have left some traces. That of the second pyramid of Gizeh was so far preserved at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century that Maillet saw four large pillars standing. It is now almost entirely destroyed; but this loss has been more than compensated by the discovery, in 1853, of a temple situate about fifty yards to the southward of the Sphinx. The façade is still hidden by the sand, and the inside is but partly uncovered. The core masonry is of fine Tûrah limestone. The casing, pillars, architraves and roof were constructed with immense blocks of alabaster of red granite.

Without any main door, without windows and entered through a passage too long to admit the light of day, the building could only have received light and air through slanting air-slits in the roofing, of which traces are yet vis-



**PORTICO, DENDERA**





ible on the tops of the walls on each side of the main hall. Inscriptions, bas-reliefs, paintings, such as we are accustomed to find everywhere in Egypt, are all wanting; and yet these bare walls produce as great an impression upon the spectator as the most richly decorated temples of Thebes. Not only grandeur but sublimity has been achieved in the mere juxtaposition of blocks of granite and alabaster, by means of purity of line and exactness of proportion.

Some few scattered ruins in Nubia, the Fayoum and Sinai, do not suffice to prove whether the temples of the Twelfth Dynasty merited the praises lavished on them in contemporary inscriptions or not. Those of the Theban Kings, of the Ptolemies, and of the Cæsars which are yet standing are in some cases nearly perfect, while almost all are easy of restoration to those who conscientiously study them upon the spot. At first sight, they seem to present an infinite variety of arrangement; but on a closer view they are found to conform to a single type. We will begin with the sanctuary. This is a low, small, obscure, rectangular chamber, inaccessible to all save Pharaoh and the priests. As a rule, it contained neither statue nor emblem, but only the sacred bark, or a tabernacle of painted wood placed upon a pedestal. A niche in the wall, or an isolated shrine formed of a single block of stone, received on certain days the statue, or inanimate symbol of the local god or the living animal, or the image of the animal sacred to the god. A temple must necessarily contain this one chamber; and

if it contained but this one chamber, it would be no less a temple than the most complex buildings. Around the sanctuary, or "divine house," was grouped a series of chambers in which sacrificial and ceremonial objects were stored, as flowers, perfumes, stuffs and precious vessels. In advance of this block of buildings were next built one or more halls supported on columns; and in advance of these came a courtyard, where the priests and devotees assembled. This courtyard was surrounded by a colonnade to which the public had access, and was entered through a gateway flanked by two towers, in front of which were placed statues or obelisks; the whole being surrounded by an inclosure wall of brickwork, and approached through an avenue of sphinxes. Every Pharaoh was free to erect a hall still more sumptuous in front of those which his predecessors had built; and what he did, others might do after him. Thus, successive series of chambers and courts, of pylons and porticoes, were added reign after reign to the original nucleus; and—vanity or piety prompting the work—the temple continued to increase in every direction, till space or means had failed.

The temple which the Pharaohs of the Twentieth Dynasty erected to the south of Karnak, in honour of the God Khonsû, one is tempted to accept as the type of an Egyptian temple, in preference to others more elegant or majestic. On analysis it resolves itself into two parts, separated by a thick wall. In the centre of the lesser division is the Holy of Holies, open at both ends and isolated from the rest of the

building by a surrounding passage ten feet in width. To the right and left of this sanctuary are small dark chambers and behind it is a hall of four columns, from which open seven other chambers. Such was the house of the god, having no communication with the adjoining parts, except by two doors in the southern wall. These opened into a wide and shallow hypostyle hall divided into nave and aisles. The nave is supported by four lotus-flower columns, twenty-three feet in height; the aisles each contain two lotus-bud columns, eighteen feet high. The roof of the nave is, therefore, five feet higher than that of the sides. This elevation was made use of for lighting purposes, the clerestory being fitted with stone gratings, which admitted the daylight. The court was square and surrounded by a double colonnade entered by way of four side-gates and a great central gateway flanked by two quadrangular towers with sloping fronts. This pylon measures one hundred and five feet in length, thirty-three feet in width and sixty feet in height. It contains no chambers, but only a narrow staircase, which leads to the top of the gate, and thence up to the towers. Four long grooves in the façade, reaching to a third of its height, correspond to four quadrangular openings cut through the whole thickness of the masonry. Here were fixed four great wooden masts, formed of joined beams and held in place by a wooden framework fixed in the four openings above mentioned. From these masts floated long streamers of various colours. Such was the temple of Khonsû, and such, in their main features, were

the majority of the greater temples of Theban and Ptolemaic times, as Luxor, the Ramesseum, Medinet-Habu, Edfou and Dendera. Though for the most part half in ruins, they affect one with a strange and disquieting sense of oppression. As mystery was a favourite attribute of the Egyptian gods, even so the plan of their temples is in such wise devised as to lead gradually from the full sunshine of the outer world to the obscurity of their retreats. At the entrance we find large open spaces where air and light stream freely in. The hypostyle hall is pervaded by a sober twilight; the sanctuary is more than half lost in a vague darkness; and at the end of the building, in the farthest of the chambers, night all but reigns completely. The effect of distance, which was produced by this gradual diminution of light, was still further heightened by various structural artifices. The parts, for instance, are not on the same level. The ground rises from the entrance, and there are always a few steps to mount in passing from one part to another.

If enlargement was needed, the sanctuary and surrounding chambers were generally left untouched, and only the ceremonial parts of the building, as the hypostyle halls, the courts, or pylons, were attacked. The procedure of the Egyptians under these circumstances is best illustrated by the history of the great temple of Karnak. Founded by Usertesen I., probably on the site of a still earlier temple, it was but a small building, constructed of limestone and sandstone, with granite doorways. The inside was deco-

rated with sixteen-sided pillars. The second and third Amenemhats added some work to it, and the princes of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Dynasties adorned it with statues and tables of offerings. It was still unaltered when, in the Eighteenth Century B. C., Thothmes I., enriched with booty of war, resolved to enlarge it. In advance of what already stood there, he erected two chambers, preceded by a court and flanked by two isolated chapels. In advance of these again he erected three successive pylons, one behind the other. The whole presented the appearance of a vast rectangle placed crosswise at the end of another rectangle. Thothmes II. and Hatshepsût covered the walls erected by their father with bas-relief sculptures, but added no more buildings. Hatshepsût, however, in order to bring in her obelisks between the pylons of Thothmes I., opened a breach in the south wall, and overthrew sixteen of the columns which stood in that spot. Thothmes III., probably finding certain parts of the structure unworthy of the god, rebuilt the first pylon, and also the double sanctuary, which he renewed in the red granite of Syene. To the eastward he rebuilt some old chambers, the most important among them being the processional hall, used for the starting-point and halting-place of ceremonial processions, and these he surrounded with a stone wall. He also made the lake whereon the sacred boats were launched on festival days; and, with a sharp change of axis, he built two pylons facing towards the south, thus violating the true relative proportion which had till then subsisted between the body and the front

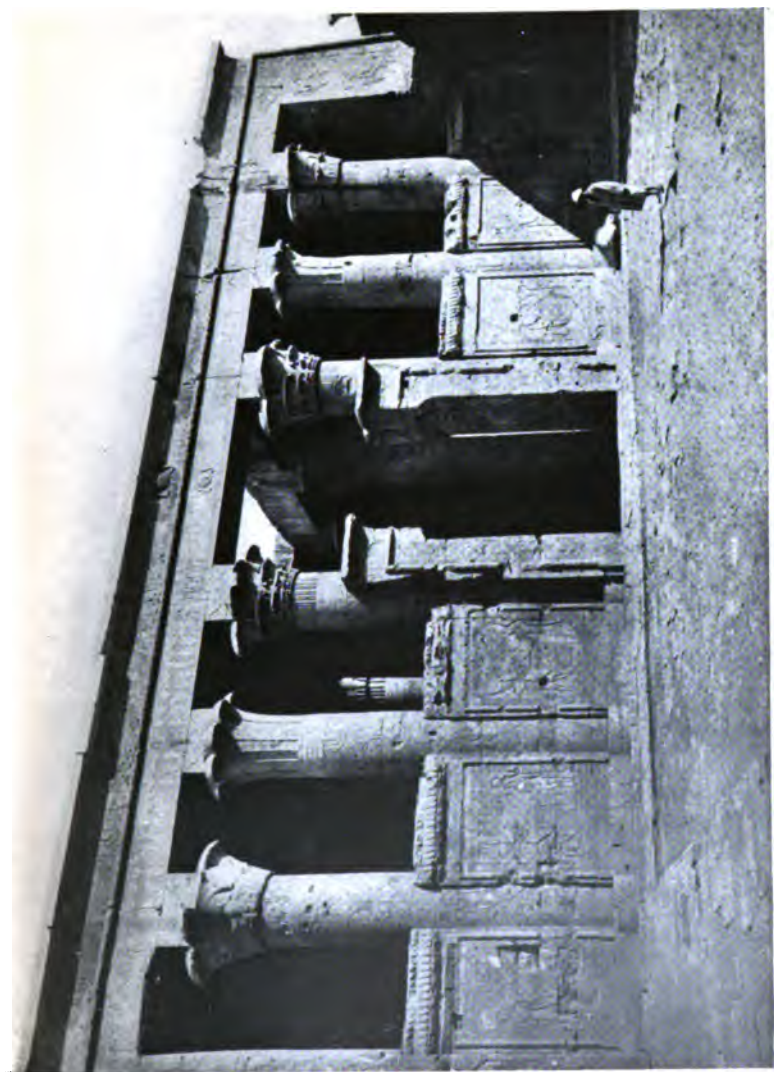
of the general mass of the building. The outer enclosure was now too large for the earlier pylons, and did not properly accord with the later ones. Amenhotep III. corrected this defect. He erected a sixth and yet more massive pylon, which was, therefore, better suited for the façade. As it now stood, the temple surpassed even the boldest architectural enterprises hitherto attempted; but the Pharaohs of the Nineteenth Dynasty succeeded in achieving still more. They added only a hypostyle hall and a pylon; but the hypostyle hall measured 170 feet in length by 329 in breadth. Down the centre they carried a main avenue of twelve columns, with lotus-flower capitals, being the loftiest ever erected in the interior of a building; while in the aisles, ranged in seven rows on either side, they planted 122 columns with lotus-bud capitals. The roof of the great nave rose to a height of seventy-five feet above the level of the ground, and the pylon stood some fifty feet higher still. During a whole century, three kings laboured to perfect this hypostyle hall. Rameses I. conceived the idea; Seti I. finished the bulk of the work; and Rameses II. wrought nearly the whole of the decoration. The Pharaohs of the next following dynasties vied with each other for such blank spaces as might be found wherein to engrave their names upon the columns, and so to share the glory of the three founders; but farther they did not venture. Left thus, however, the monument was still incomplete. It still needed one last pylon and a colonnaded court. Nearly three centuries elapsed before the task was again taken

in hand. At last the Bubastite kings decided to begin the colonnades, but their work was as feeble as their resources were limited. Taharkah, the Ethiopian, imagined for a moment that he was capable of rivalling the great Theban Pharaohs, and planned a hypostyle hall even larger than the first; but he made a false start. The columns of the great nave, which were all that he had time to erect, were placed too wide apart to admit of being roofed over; so they never supported anything, but remained as memorials of his failure. Finally, the Ptolemies, faithful to the traditions of the native monarchy, threw themselves into the work; but their labours were interrupted by revolts at Thebes, and the earthquake of the year 27 B. C. destroyed part of the temple, so that the pylon remained forever unfinished. The history of Karnak is identical with that of all the great Egyptian temples. When closely studied, the reason why they are for the most part so irregular becomes evident. The general plan is practically the same, and the progress of the building was carried forward in the same way; but the architects could not always foresee the future importance of their work, and the site was not always favourable to the development of the building. At Luxor, the progress went on methodically enough under Amenhotep III. and Seti I., but when Rameses II. desired to add to the work of his predecessors, a bend in the river compelled him to turn eastwards. His pylon is not parallel to that of Amenhotep III., and his colonnades make a distinct angle with the general axis of the earlier work. At Philæ the deviation is still

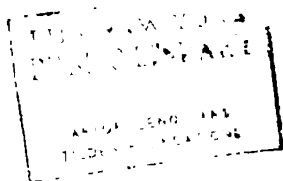


greater. Such difficulties were, in fact, a frequent source of inspiration; and Philæ shows with what skill the Egyptians extracted every element of beauty and picturesqueness from enforced disorder.

The idea of the rock-cut temple must have occurred to the Egyptians at an early period. They carved the houses of the dead in the mountainside; why, therefore, should they not in like manner carve the houses of the gods? Yet the earliest known *Speos*-sanctuaries date from only the beginning of the Eighteenth Dynasty. They are generally found in those parts of the valley where the cultivable land is narrowest, as near Beni-Hassan, at Gebel Silsileh, and in Nubia. All varieties of the constructed temple are found in the rock-cut temple, though more or less modified by local conditions. At Abou Simbel (Ibsambûl), the two temples are excavated entirely in the cliff. The front of the great *Speos* imitates a sloping pylon crowned with a cornice, and guarded as usual by four seated colossi flanked by smaller statues. These colossi are sixty-six feet high. The doorway passed, there comes a first hall measuring one hundred and thirty feet in length by sixty feet in width, which corresponds to the usual peristyle. Eight Osiride statues backed by as many square pillars seem to bear the mountain on their heads. Beyond this come a (1) hypostyle hall; (2) a transverse gallery, isolating the sanctuary, and (3) the sanctuary itself between two smaller chambers. Eight crypts, sunk at a somewhat lower level than that of the main excavation,



PORTICO, EDFOU



are unequally distributed to the right and left of the peristyle. The whole excavation measures one hundred and eighty feet from the doorway to the end of the sanctuary. The small Speos of Hathor, about a hundred paces to the northward, is of smaller dimensions. The façade is adorned with six standing colossi, four representing Rameses II., and two his wife Nefertari.

The most celebrated and original hemi-speos is that built by Queen Hatshepsût, at Deir-el-Bahari, in the Theban necropolis. The sanctuary and chapels which, as usual, accompany it, were cut about one hundred feet above the level of the valley. In order to arrive at that height, slopes were made and terraces laid out according to a plan which was not understood until the site was thoroughly excavated.

Between the hemi-speos and the isolated temple, the Egyptians created yet another variety, namely the built temple backed by, but not carried into the cliff. The Temple of the Sphinx at Gizeh and the Temple of Seti I. at Abydos may be cited as two good examples.

Most temples, even the smallest, should be surrounded by a square enclosure or temenos. At Medinet-Habu, this enclosure wall is of sandstone—low, and embattled. The innovation is due to a whim of Rameses III., who in giving to his monument the outward appearance of a fortress, sought to commemorate his Syrian victories. As at Karnak, avenues of sphinxes and series of pylons led up to the various gates and formed triumphal approaches.

The rest of the ground was in part occupied by stables, cellarage, granaries and private houses. Just as in Europe during the Middle Ages the population crowded most densely round about the churches and abbeys, so in Egypt they swarmed around the temples, profiting by that security which the terror of his name and the solidity of his ramparts secured to the local deity. A clear space was at first reserved round the pylons and the walls; but in course of time the houses encroached upon this ground, and even were built up against the boundary wall. Destroyed and rebuilt century after century upon the selfsame spot, the *débris* of these surrounding dwellings so raised the level of the soil, that the temples ended for the most part by being gradually buried in a hollow formed by the artificial elevation of the surrounding city. Herodotus noticed this at Bubastis, and on examination it is seen to have been the same in many other localities. At Ombos, at Edfou, at Dendera, the whole city nestled inside the precincts of the divine dwelling. At Memphis and at Thebes, there were as many keeps as there were great temples, and these sacred fortresses, each at first standing alone in the midst of houses, were, from the time of the Eighteenth Dynasty, connected each with each by avenues of sphinxes. These were commonly andro-sphinxes, combining the head of a man with the body of a lion; but we also find crio-sphinxes, which united a ram's head with a lion's body. Elsewhere, in places where the local worship admitted of such substitution, a couchant ram, holding a statuette of

the royal founder between his bent forelegs, takes the place of the conventional sphinx. The avenue leading from Luxor to Karnak was composed of these diverse elements. It was one mile and a quarter in length, and there were many bends in it.

Ancient tradition affirmed that the earliest Egyptian temples contained neither sculptured images, inscriptions, nor symbols; and, in point of fact, the Temple of the Sphinx is bare. But this is a unique example. The fragments of architraves and masonry bearing the name of Khafra, which were used for building material in the modern pyramid of Lisht, show that this primitive simplicity had already been abandoned by the time of the Fourth Dynasty. During the Theban period all smooth surfaces, all pylons, wall-faces and shafts of columns were covered with figure-groups and inscriptions. Under the Ptolemies and Cæsars, figures and hieroglyphs became so crowded that the stones on which they are sculptured seem to be lost under the masses of ornament with which it is charged. We recognize at a glance that these scenes are not placed at random. They follow in sequence, are interlinked and form, as it were, a great mystic book in which the official relations between gods and men, as well as between men and gods, are clearly set forth for such as are skilled to read them.

The temple is built in the likeness of the world, as the world was known to the Egyptians. The earth was a flat and shallow plane, longer than its width. The sky, ac-

according to some, extended overhead like an immense iron ceiling, and, according to others, like a huge shallow vault. As it could not remain suspended in space without some support, they imagined it to be held in place by four immense props or pillars. The floor of the temple naturally represented the earth. The columns stood for these pillars. The roof, vaulted at Abydos, flat elsewhere, corresponded exactly with the Egyptian idea of the sky. Each of these parts was decorated in consonance with its meaning. Those next to the ground were clothed with vegetation. The bases of the columns were surrounded by leaves, and the lower parts of the walls were adorned with long stems of lotus or papyrus, in the midst of which animals were occasionally depicted. Bouquets of water-plants emerging from the water enlivened the bottom of the wall-space in certain chambers. Elsewhere, we find full-blown flowers interspersed with buds, or tied together with cords; or those emblematic plants which symbolize the union of Upper and Lower Egypt under the rule of a single Pharaoh; or birds with human hands and arms, perched in an attitude of adoration on the sign which represents a solemn festival; or kneeling prisoners tied to the stake in couples, each couple consisting of an Asiatic and negro. Male and female Niles, laden with flowers and fruits, either kneel or advance in majestic procession, along the ground level. These are the nomes, lakes and districts of Egypt, bringing offerings of their products to the god. In one instance, at Karnak, Thothmes III. caused the

fruits, flowers and animals indigenous to the foreign lands which he had conquered to be sculptured on the lower courses of his walls. The ceilings were painted blue and sprinkled with five pointed stars painted yellow, occasionally interspersed with the cartouches of the royal founder. The monotony of this Egyptian heaven was also relieved by long bands of hieroglyphic inscriptions. The vultures of Nekheb and Ôati, the goddesses of the south and north, crowned and armed with divine emblems, hovered above the nave of the side of the lintels of the great doors, above the head of hypostyle halls and the king as he passed on his way to the sanctuary. At the Ramesseum, at Edfou, at Philæ, at Dendera, at Ombos, at Esneh, the depths of the firmament seemed to open to the eyes of the faithful, revealing the dwellers therein. There the celestial ocean poured forth its floods navigated by the sun and moon with their attendant escorts of planets, constellations and decani ; and there also the genii of the months and days marched in long procession. In the Ptolemaic age, Zodiacs fashioned after Greek models were sculptured side by side with astronomical tables of purely native origin.

These scenes illustrate the official relations which subsisted between Egypt and the gods. The people had no right of direct intercourse with the deities. They needed a mediator, who partaking of both human and divine nature was qualified to communicate with both. The king alone, Son of the Sun, was of sufficiently high descent to contemplate the god in his temple, to serve him, and speak with



him face to face. Sacrifices could be offered only by him or through him, and in his name. Even the customary offerings to the dead were supposed to pass through his hands, and the family availed themselves of his name in the formula *Sûten ta bosep* to forward them to the other world. The king is seen, therefore, in all parts of the temple, standing, seated, kneeling, slaying the victim, presenting the parts, pouring out the wine, the milk and the oil, and burning the incense. All humankind acts through him, and through him performs its duty to the gods. When the ceremonies to be performed required the assistance of many persons, then mortal subordinates (consisting, as much as possible, of his own family) appear by his side.

Observing the variety of subjects treated on the walls of any one temple, one might at first be tempted to think that the decoration does not form a connected whole, and that, although many series of scenes must undoubtedly contain the development of an historic idea or a religious dogma, yet that others are merely strung together without any necessary link. At Luxor, and again at the Ramesseum, each face of the pylon is a battle-field on which may be studied almost day for day, the campaign of Rameses II. against the Kheta, which took place in the fifth year of his reign. There we see the Egyptian camp attacked by night; the king's body-guard surprised during the march; the defeat of the enemy; their flight; the garrison of Kadesh sallying forth to the relief of the vanquished; and the disasters which befell the prince of the Kheta and his gen-

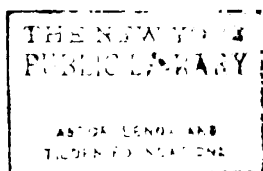
erals. Elsewhere it is not the war which is represented, but the human sacrifices which anciently celebrated the close of each campaign. The king is seen in the act of seizing his prostrate prisoners by the hair of their heads, and uplifting his mace as if about to shatter their heads at a single blow. At Karnak, along the whole length of the outer wall, Seti I. pursues the Bedawin of Sinai. At Medinet-Habu Rameses III. destroys the fleet of the peoples of the great sea, or receives the cut-off hands of the Libyans, which his soldiers bring to him as trophies. In the next scene, all is peace; and we behold Pharaoh pouring out a libation of perfumed water to his father Amen. It would seem as if no link could be established between these subjects, and yet the one is the necessary consequence of the others. If the god had not granted victory to the king, the king in his turn would not have performed these ceremonies in the temple. The sculptor has recorded the events in their order,—first the victory, then the sacrifice. The favour of the god precedes the thank-offering of the king. Thus, on closer examination, we find this multitude of episodes forming the several links of one continuous chain, while every scene, including such as seem at first sight to be wholly unexplained, represents one stage in the development of a single action, which begins at the door, is carried through the various halls and penetrates to the farthest recesses of the sanctuary.

Nor was this all. Each part of the temple had its accessory decoration and its furniture. The outer faces of the

pylons were ornamented, not only with the masts and streamers before mentioned, but with statues and obelisks. The statues, four or six in number, were of limestone, granite or sandstone. They invariably represented the royal founder, and were sometimes of prodigious size. The two Memnons seated at the entrance of the temple of Amenhotep III., at Thebes, measured about fifty feet in height. The colossal Rameses II. of the Ramesseum measured fifty-seven feet and that of Tanis at least seventy feet. The greater number, however, did not exceed twenty feet. They mounted guard before the temple, facing outwards, as if confronting an approaching enemy. The obelisks of Karnak are mostly hidden amid the central courts; and those of Queen Hatshepsût were imbedded for seventeen feet of their height in masses of masonry which concealed their bases. These are accidental circumstances and easy of explanation. Each of the pylons before which they are stationed had in its turn been the entrance to the temple, and was thrown into the rear by the works of succeeding Pharaohs. The true place of all obelisks was in front of the colossi, on each side of the main entrance. They are always in pairs, but often of unequal height. Some have professed to see in them the emblem of Amen, the Generator; or a finger of the God; or a ray of the sun. In sober truth, they are a more shapely form of the standing stone or menhir, which is raised by semi-civilized peoples in commemoration of their gods or their dead. Small obelisks, about three feet in height, are found in tombs as



PYLON OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS, PHILÆ



early as the Fourth Dynasty. They are placed to right and left of the Stela ; that is to say, on either side of the door which leads to the dwelling of the dead. Erected before the pylon-gates of temples, they are made of granite, and their dimensions are considerable. The obelisk of Heliopolis measures sixty-eight feet in the shaft, and the obelisks of Luxor stand seventy-seven and seventy-five and a half feet high respectively. The loftiest known is the obelisk of Queen Hatshepsût at Karnak, which rises to a height of 109 feet. To convey such masses and to place them in equilibrium was a sufficiently difficult task, and one is at a loss to understand how the Egyptians succeeded in erecting them with no other appliances than ropes and sacks of sand. Queen Hatshepsût boasts that her obelisks were quarried, shaped, transported and erected in seven months ; and we have no reason to doubt the truth of her statement.

Such was the accessory decoration of the pylon. The inner courts and hypostyle hall of the temple contained more colossi. Some placed with their backs against the outer sides of pillars or walls were half engaged in the masonry and built up in courses. At Luxor under the peristyle and at Karnak between each column of the great nave, were also placed statues of Pharaoh ; but these were statues of Pharaoh the victor clad in his robes of state.

The sanctuary and the surrounding chambers contained the objects used in the ceremonial of worship. The shrines are little chapels of wood or stone in which the spirit of the

## SAKKARA AND MEMPHIS

AMELIA B. EDWARDS

**T**HE village <sup>1</sup> being left behind, we ride on through one long palm grove after another ; now skirting the borders of a large sheet of tranquil back-water ; now catching a glimpse of the far-off pyramids of Gizeh, now passing between the huge irregular mounds of crumbled clay which mark the site of Memphis. Next beyond these we come out upon a high embanked road some twenty feet above the plain, which here spreads out like a wide lake and spends its last dark-brown alluvial wave against the yellow rocks which define the edge of the desert. High on this barren plateau, seen for the first time in one unbroken panoramic line, there stands a solemn company of pyramids ; those of Sakkara straight before us, those of Dahshûr to the left, those of Abusîr to the right, and the great Pyramids of Gizeh always in the remote distance.

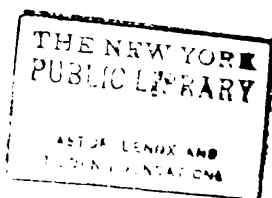
It might be thought there would be some monotony in such a scene, and but little beauty. On the contrary, however, there is beauty of a most subtle and exquisite kind—transcendent beauty of colour, and atmosphere and sentiment ; and no monotony either in the landscape or in the forms of the pyramids. One of these which we are

<sup>1</sup> Bedreshein.



**BEDRESHEIN**





now approaching is built in a succession of pyramids gradually decreasing towards the top. Another down yonder at Dahshûr curves outward at the angles, half dome, half pyramid, like the roof of the Palais de Justice in Paris. No two are of precisely the same size, or built at precisely the same angle; and each cluster differs somehow in the grouping.

Then again the colouring!—colouring not to be matched with any pigments yet invented. The Libyan rocks, like rusty gold—the paler hue of the driven sand-slopes—the warm maize of the nearer Pyramids which, seen from a distance, take a tender tint of rose like the red bloom on an apricot—the delicate tone of these objects against the sky, soft and pearly towards the horizon, blue and burning towards the zenith—the opalescent shadows pale blue, and violet and greenish-gray, that nestle in the hollows of the rock and the curves of the sand-drifts—all this is beautiful in a way impossible to describe, and alas! impossible to copy. Nor does the lake-like plain with its palm-groves and corn-flats form too tame a foreground. It is exactly what is wanted to relieve that glowing distance.

It is a long and shelterless ride from the palms to the desert; but we come to the end of it at last, mounting just such another sand-slope as that which leads up from the Gizeh road to the foot of the Great Pyramid. The edge of the plateau here rises abruptly from the plain in one long range of low perpendicular cliffs pierced with dark mouths of rock-cut sepulchres, while the sand-slope by

which we are climbing pours down through a breach in the rock, as an Alpine snow-drift flows through a mountain gap from the ice-level above.

Notwithstanding that I had first seen the Pyramids of Gizeh, the size of the Sakkara group—especially of the Pyramid in platforms—took me by surprise. They are all smaller than the Pyramids of Khufu and Khafra, and would no doubt look sufficiently insignificant if seen with them in close juxtaposition; but taken by themselves they are quite vast enough for grandeur. As for the pyramid in platforms (which is the largest at Sakkara, and the next largest to the Pyramid of Khafra) its position is so fine, its architectural style so exceptional, its age so immense, that one altogether loses sight of these questions of relative magnitude. If Egyptologists are right in ascribing the royal title hieroglyphed on the inner door of this pyramid to Ouenephes, the fourth king of the First Dynasty, then it is the most ancient building in the world. It had been standing from five to seven hundred years when King Khufu began his Great Pyramid at Gizeh. It was over two thousand years old when Abraham was born. It is now about six thousand eight hundred years old according to Manetho and Mariette, or about four thousand eight hundred according to the computation of Bunsen. One's imagination recoils upon the brink of such a gulf of time.

The door of this pyramid was carried off, with other precious spoils, by Lepsius, and is now in the museum at Berlin. The evidence that identifies the inscription is

tolerably direct. According to Manetho, an Egyptian historian who wrote in Greek and lived in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King Ouenephes built for himself a pyramid at a place called Kokhome. Now a tablet discovered in the Serapeum by Mariette gives the name of Ka-kem to the necropolis of Sakkara; and as the pyramid in stages is not only the largest on this platform, but is also the only one in which a royal cartouche has been found, the conclusion seems obvious.

When a building has already stood for five or six thousand years in a climate where mosses and lichens, and all those natural signs of age to which we are accustomed in Europe are unknown, it is not to be supposed that a few centuries more or less can tell upon its outward appearance; yet to my thinking the pyramid of Ouenephes looks older than those of Gizeh. If this be only fancy, it gives one, at all events, the impression of belonging structurally to a ruder architectural period. The idea of a monument composed of diminishing platforms is in its nature more primitive than that of a smooth four-sided pyramid. We remarked that the masonry on one side—I think on the side facing eastwards—was in a much more perfect condition than on either of the others.

Wilkinson describes the interior as “a hollow dome supported here and there by wooden rafters,” and states that the sepulchral chamber was lined with blue porcelain tiles.

Making up now for lost time, we rode on as far as the house built in 1850 for Mariette’s accommodation during

the excavation of the Serapeum—a labour which extended over a period of more than four years.

The Serapeum, it need hardly be said, is the famous and long-lost sepulchral temple of the sacred bulls. These bulls (honoured by the Egyptians as successive incarnations of Osiris) inhabited the temple of Apis at Memphis while they lived; and being mummied after death, were buried in catacombs prepared for them in the desert. In 1850, Mariette, travelling in the interests of the French Government, discovered both the temple and the catacombs, being, according to his own narrative, indebted for the clue to a certain passage in Strabo, which describes the Temple of Serapis as being situate in a district where the sand was so drifted by the wind that the approach to it was in danger of being overwhelmed; while the sphinxes on either side of the great avenue were already more or less buried, some having only their heads above the surface. "If Strabo had not written this passage," says Mariette, "it is probable that the Serapeum would still be lost under the sands of the necropolis of Sakkara. One day, however (in 1850), being attracted to Sakkara by my Egyptological studies, I perceived the head of a sphinx showing above the surface. It evidently occupied its original position. Close by lay a libation table on which was engraved a hieroglyphic inscription to Apis-Osiris. Then that passage in Strabo came to my memory, and I knew that beneath my feet lay the avenue leading to the long and vainly sought Serapeum. Without saying a word to any one I got some workmen

together and we began excavating. The beginning was difficult; but soon the lions, the peacocks, the Greek statues of the Dromos, the inscribed tablets of the Temple of Nectambo<sup>1</sup> rose up from the sands. Thus was the Serapeum discovered."

The labour was immense, and the difficulties were innumerable. The ground had to be contested inch by inch. "In certain places," says Mariette, "the sand was fluid, so to speak, and baffled us like water continually driven back and seeking to regain its level."

If, however, the toil was great, so also was the reward. A main avenue terminated by the semicircular platform, around which stood statues of famous Greek philosophers and poets; a second avenue at right angles to the first; the remains of the great Temple of the Serapeum; three smaller temples; and three distinct groups of Apis catacombs were brought to light. A descending passage opening from a chamber in the great Temple led to the catacombs—vast labyrinths of vaults and passages hewn out of the solid rock on which the Temples were built. These three groups of excavations represent three epochs of Egyptian history. The first and most ancient series consists of isolated vaults dating from the Eighteenth to the Twenty-second Dynasty; that is to say, from about B. C. 1703 to B. C. 980. The second group, which dates from the reign of Sheshonk I. (Twenty-second Dynasty, B. C.

<sup>1</sup> Nectambo I. and Nectambo II. were the last native Pharaohs of Ancient Egypt and flourished between B. C. 378 and B. C. 340.

980) to that of Tirhakah, the last king of the Twenty-fifth Dynasty, is more systematically planned, and consists of one long tunnel bordered on each side by a row of funereal chambers. The third belongs to the Greek period, beginning with Psammetichus I. (Twenty-sixth Dynasty, B. C. 665) and ending with the latest Ptolemies. Of these, the first are again choked with sand; the second are considered unsafe; and the third only is accessible to travellers.

After a short but toilsome walk and some delay outside a prison-like door at the bottom of a steep descent, we were admitted by the guardian—a gaunt old Arab with a lantern in his hand. It was not an inviting looking place within. The outer daylight fell upon a rough step or two, beyond which all was dark. We went in. A hot, heavy atmosphere met us on the threshold; the door fell to with a dull clang, the echoes of which went wandering away as if into the central recesses of the earth; the Arab chattered and gesticulated. He was telling us that we were now in the great vestibule, and that it measured ever so many feet in this and that direction; but we could see nothing—neither the vaulted roof overhead, nor the walls on any side, nor even the ground beneath our feet. It was like the darkness of infinite space.

A lighted candle was given to each person, and the Arab led the way. He went dreadfully fast, and it seemed at every step as if one were on the brink of some frightful chasm. Gradually, however, our eyes became accustomed to the gloom and we found that we had passed out of the

vestibule into the first great corridor. All was vague, mysterious, shadowy. A dim perspective loomed out of the darkness. The lights twinkled and flitted, like wandering sparks of stars. The Arab held his lantern to the walls here and there, and showed us some votive tablets inscribed with records of pious visits paid by devout Egyptians to the sacred tombs. Of these they found five hundred, when the catacombs were first opened; but Mariette sent nearly all to the Louvre.

A few steps farther and we came to the tombs—a succession of great vaulted chambers hewn out at irregular distances along both sides of the central corridor, and sunk some six or eight feet below the surface. In the middle of each chamber stood an enormous sarcophagus of polished granite. The Arab, flitting on ahead like a black ghost, paused a moment before each cavernous opening, flashed the light of his lantern on the sarcophagus, and sped away again, leaving us to follow as we could.

Having gone on thus for a distance of nearly two hundred yards, we came to a chamber containing the first hieroglyphed sarcophagus we had yet seen; all the rest being polished, but plain. Here the Arab paused; and finding access provided by means of a flight of wooden steps, we went down into the chamber, walked round the sarcophagus, peeped inside by the help of a ladder, and examined the hieroglyphs with which it is covered. Enormous as they look from above, one can form no idea of the bulk of these huge monolithic masses except from the level



on which they stand. This sarcophagus, which dates from the reign of Amasis of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty, measured fourteen feet in length by eleven in height, and consisted of a single block of highly-wrought black granite. Four persons might sit in it round a small card-table, and play a rubber comfortably.

From this point the corridor branches off for another two hundred yards or so, leading always to more chambers and more sarcophagi of which last there are altogether twenty-four. Three only are inscribed; none measure less than from thirteen to fourteen feet in length and all are empty. The lids in every instance have been pushed back a little way, and some are fractured; but the spoilers have been unable wholly to remove them. According to Mariette, the place was pillaged by the early Christians, who, besides carrying off whatever they could find in the way of gold and jewels, seem to have destroyed the mummies of the bulls and razed the great Temple nearly to the ground.

Far more startling, however, than the discovery of either Apis or jewels, was the sight beheld by Mariette on first entering that long-closed sepulchral chamber. The mine being sprung and the opening cleared, he went in alone; and there, on the thin layer of sand that covered the floor, he found the footprints of the workmen who, 3,700 years before, had laid that shapeless mummy in its tomb and closed the doors upon it, as they believed, forever.

And now—for the afternoon is already waning fast—the

donkeys are brought round and we are told that it is time to move on. We have the site of Memphis and the famous prostrate colossus yet to see, and the long road lies all before us. So back we go across the desolate sands; and with a last, long, wistful glance at the pyramid in platforms, go down from the territory of the dead into the land of the living.

There is a wonderful fascination about this pyramid. One is never weary of looking at it—of repeating to one's self that it is indeed the oldest building on the face of the whole earth. The king who created it came to the throne, according to Manetho, about eighty years after the death of Mena, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy. All we have of him is his pyramid; all we know of him is his name. And these belong, as it were, to the infancy of the human race. In dealing with Egyptian dates, one is apt to think lightly of periods that count only by centuries; but it is a habit of mind which leads to error, and it should be combated. The present writer found it useful to be constantly comparing relative chronological eras; as, for instance, in realizing the immense antiquity of the Sakkara pyramid, it is some help to remember that from the time when it was built by King Ouenephes to the time when King Khufu erected the great Pyramid of Gizeh, there probably lies a space of years equivalent to that which, in the history of England, extends from the date of the Conquest to the accession of George the Second. And yet Khufu himself—the Cheops of the Greek historians—is but a

shadowy figure hovering upon the threshold of Egyptian history.

And now the desert is left behind, and we are nearing the palms that lead to Memphis. We have, of course, been dipping into Herodotus—every one takes Herodotus up the Nile—and our heads are full of the ancient glories of this famous city. We know that Mena turned the course of the river in order to build it on this very spot, and that all the most illustrious Pharaohs adorned it with temples, palaces, pylons and precious sculptures. We had read of the great Temple of Ptah that Rameses the Great enriched with colossi of himself; and of the sanctuary where Apis lived in state, taking his exercise in a pillared courtyard where every column was a statue; and of the artificial lake, and the sacred groves and the obelisks, and all the wonders of a city which even in its later days was one of the most populous in Egypt.

From the Serapeum, buried and ruined as it is, one cannot but come away with a profound impression of the splendour and power of a religion which could command for its myths such faith, such homage and such public works.

And now we are once more in the midst of the palm-woods, threading our way among the same mounds that we passed in the morning. Presently those in front strike away from the beaten road across a grassy flat to the right; and the next moment we are all gathered round the brink of a muddy pool in the midst of which lies a shapeless block of

blackened and corroded limestone. This, it seems, is the famous prostrate colossus of Rameses the Great, face downwards, visible only when the pools left by the inundation have evaporated and all the muddy hollows are dried up. It is one of two which stood at the entrance to the great Temple of Ptah.<sup>1</sup> Where is the Temple itself? Where are the pylons, the obelisks, the avenues of sphinxes? Where, in short, is Memphis?

The dragoman shrugs his shoulders and points to the barren mounds among the palms.

They look like gigantic dust-heaps, and stand from thirty to forty feet above the plain. Nothing grows upon them save here and there a tuft of stunted palm; and their substance seems to consist chiefly of crumbled brick, broken potsherds and fragments of limestone. Some few traces of brick foundations, and an occasional block or two of shaped stone are to be seen in places low down against the foot of one or two of the mounds; but one looks in vain for any sign which might indicate the outline of a boundary wall or the position of a great public building.

And is this all?

No—not quite all. There are some mud-huts yonder, in among the trees; and in front of one of these we find a

<sup>1</sup> The first objects of interest after leaving the station are the Colossi of Rameses II.: these formerly marked the entrance to a temple. The first, made of granite, lies prostrate; its length with the crown, which has fallen off, is over thirty feet. The second colossus is of limestone, forty-two feet high; it stands on an enclosure. The foundations of the Temple of Ptah can be seen a little to the north.—*Egypt and How to See It* (1911).

number of sculptured fragments—battered sphinxes, torsos without legs, sitting figures without heads—in green, black and red granite. Ranged in an irregular semicircle on the sward, they seem to sit in forlorn conclave, half solemn, half ludicrous, with the goats browsing round, and the little Arab children hiding behind them.

And this is all that remains of Memphis, eldest of cities—a few huge rubbish-heaps, a dozen or so of broken statues, and a name? One looks round and tries in vain to realize the lost splendours of the place. Where is the Memphis that King Mena came from Thinis to found—the Memphis of Ouenephes and Khufu, and Khafra, and all the early kings who built their pyramid-tombs in the adjacent desert? Where is the Memphis of Herodotus, of Strabo, of 'Abd-el-Latif? Where are those stately ruins which, even in the Middle Ages, extended over a space estimated at "half a day's journey in every direction"? One can hardly believe that a great city ever flourished on this spot, or understand how it should have been effaced so utterly. Yet here it stood—here where the grass is green, and the palms are growing, and the Arabs build their hovels on the verge of the inundation. The great colossus marks the site of the main entrance to the Temple of Ptah. It lies where it fell, and no man has moved it. That tranquil sheet of palm-fringed back-water, beyond which we see the village of Mitrâhîneh and catch a distant glimpse of the pyramids of Gizeh, occupies the basin of a vast artificial lake excavated by Mena. The very name of Memphis

survives in the dialect of the fellah, who calls the place of the mounds Tell Monf—just as Sakkara fossilizes the name of Sokari, one of the special denominations of the Memphite Osiris.

No capital in the world dates so far back as this, or kept its place in history so long. Founded four thousand years before our era, it beheld the rise and fall of thirty-one dynasties; it survived the rule of the Persian, the Greek and the Roman; it was, even in its decadence, second only to Alexandria in population and extent; and it continued to be inhabited up to the time of the Arab invasion. It then became the quarry from which Fostât (Old Cairo) was built; and as the new city rose on the eastern bank, the people of Memphis quickly abandoned their ancient capital to desolation and decay.

Still a vast field of ruins remained. 'Abd-el-Latif, writing at the commencement of the Thirteenth Century, speaks with enthusiasm of the colossal statues and lions, the enormous pedestals, the archways formed of only three stones, the bas-reliefs and other wonders that were yet to be seen upon the spot. Marco Polo, if his wandering tastes had led him to the Nile, might have found some of the palaces and temples of Memphis still standing; and Sandys, who in A. D. 1610 went at least as far south of Cairo as Kafr-el-Iyat, says that "up the river for twenty miles' space there was nothing but ruins." Since then, however, the very "ruines" have vanished; the palms have had time to grow; and modern Cairo has doubtless absorbed

all the building material that remained from the Middle Ages.

Memphis is a place to read about and think about, and remember ; but it is a disappointing place to see. To miss it, however, would be to miss the first link in the whole chain of monumental history which unites Egypt of antiquity with the world of to-day. Those melancholy mounds and that heron-haunted lake must be seen, if only that they may take their due place in the picture-gallery of one's memory.

## THE FAYOUM

LAURENCE OLIPHANT

**A**BOUT seventy miles to the southwest of Cairo, and twenty-five miles from the Nile, in a depression of the Libyan desert, lies a region celebrated above all others in Egypt for the luxuriance of its vegetation and the variety of its products. Known in modern days as the Fayoum,<sup>1</sup> it was called by the Greeks the Arsinoite Nome, and by the early Egyptians Phiom, or "the district of the marsh"; and a tradition still exists among the country people that this marsh was reclaimed by Joseph the son of Jacob. Whether it derived another and equally ancient appellation of Ta-She, or "Land of the Lake," from the Birket-el-Kurûn (Lake of the Horn)—a large sheet of water on its western margin—or from the once celebrated Lake Moëris, the dikes of which still remain to indicate its

<sup>1</sup> The province of Fayoum lies to the west of the Nile Valley about fifty miles south of Cairo. It is an artificial province created from the Bahr-el-Yussuf (River of Joseph) about four thousand years ago. This river flows westward from the Nile and is divided into many small canals that water the country. Roses, figs, apricots, grapes, olives, corn and cotton grow with remarkable luxuriance. On the north, east and south hills separate the Fayoum from the Libyan Desert. On the northwest is Lake Karoun. The capital is Medinet-el-Fayoum through which the Bahr-el-Yussuf flows. Arsinoë lies to the north and north of it the town of Senourès.



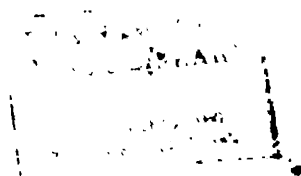
former site, is not possible to determine; but its wealth of water in all ages was calculated to invest it with a peculiar charm in a country dependent, not upon the rainfall, but upon natural conditions, for its supply of that commodity. Herodotus, Strabo, and Pliny have all written in terms of enthusiasm of this oasis, while modern travellers have bestowed comparatively little attention upon it.

At the station of Wasta, fifty miles from Cairo, the road branches off to the Fayoum.

We now emerge from the desert, and the road gradually ascends for a few miles to a summit-level of about a hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea—as great an altitude probably as that attained by any railway in the country. On our left is a range of sand-hills, and beyond it we can distinctly observe the depression which was once filled by the waters of Lake Mœris, and a portion of which is now a sandy desert; its southern extremity is marked by the Pyramid of Illahoon (Lahoun), also clearly visible. A little further on we cross the Bahr Bela Ma, a broad *wady* with precipitous sides, down the centre of which winds a narrow sluggish stream; and near it we observe the remains of some of the old embankments of the lake. In a few minutes more we are cheered by the sight of a grove of date-trees, and our short trajet of fifteen miles of desert is at an end. We are at El Edwa, the first village of the Fayoum; and a run of five miles more through richly cultivated country lands us at Medinet-el-Fayoum, the capital of the province, and practically the



MEDINET-EL-FAYOUM



terminus of the railway, so far as ordinary travel is concerned.

I was lulled to sleep by the wailing and sighing of the numerous water-wheels or *sakkyas*, which are a special characteristic of the Fayoum. They differ from those of other parts of Egypt, inasmuch as the motive power does not consist of oxen or buffaloes, but of the water itself,—the natural incline of the country giving the canals a sufficient current to enable them to turn these huge under-shot wheels, which are made of date-fibre, and on which are fixed alternately earthen jars and wooden paddles; as they revolve, they groan and strain under the pressure, as though some mortal injury was being inflicted upon them. It is not the harsh creaking of wood, but the plaintive moan of overstretched fibre; and as the whole province resounds with their lamentations, one almost feels inclined to pity it as the victim of some serious nervous disorder. There was something very weird in the sound that first night, as with mournful cadence it rose and fell in the still air, now sinking almost to a sigh, now rising to a harsh scream; and my first impulse in the morning was to go and inspect the primitive mechanism which thus fertilizes the whole country with its never-ending day and night rotation. As Medinet-el-Fayoum is the great centre of water distribution for the province, there are probably a greater number of these water-wheels collected here than elsewhere, and the place is surrounded by a network of canals and rivulets which encompass it at all seasons with

a setting of the richest verdure, and have made its orchards and gardens the theme of the traveller and historian from the earliest times. All this is due to the Bahr-el-Yussuf, or "river of Joseph," which is, in fact, a branch of the Nile, diverted from that river at Assiout, and which, after a tortuous course of upwards of two hundred miles along the base of the Libyan hills and parallel with the Nile, takes advantage of a depression in the chain, and is conducted by sluices at Illahoon (Lahoun) into the province—flowing through the town of Medinet in a broad deep stream until it reaches its northern end, when it is dammed across and diverted into seven channels and ceases to be navigable. Before this occurs, however, numerous minor canals and *sakkyas* keep robbing it of its water; and just outside our place of abode, which was at the entry to the town, three considerable streams, all turning water-wheels, diverged from it into the country. Many traditions connect Joseph in the popular mind with this river and city; but nothing definite upon the subject has been discovered. A Copt told me that the Fayoum was the creation of Joseph when Pharaoh gave him *pleins pouvoirs* to deal with the famine. That he then conceived the idea of diverting the waters of the Nile into this natural depression, and turned what had formerly been a marsh into a most fertile province; and a further tradition exists that he was buried here, and that it was from this neighbourhood that his body was removed by the Jews at the time of the exodus.

There can be no doubt that in ancient days the culti-

vable area of the oasis was much greater than it is at present, as the indications of a town and irrigation works near the ruins of Kasr Kharoon at the southwestern extremity of the Birket-el-Karoun,<sup>1</sup> where it is now a desert, abundantly testify. At the present day it measures twenty-three miles north and south, and twenty-eight miles east and west. The town of Medinet-el-Fayoum is situated on a plateau which it about the same level as the Nile. From here the country trends rapidly to the Birket-el-Karoun, which is, according to Linant, ninety-four feet below the level of the Mediterranean, thus falling about one hundred and seventy feet in fifteen miles. The Birket-el-Karoun is a lake of brackish water about thirty-five miles long and seven broad; and into this drain fall the waters of the Bahr-el-Yussuf, after they have fertilized the whole area of the province. The result is that the country is intersected by numerous more or less swiftly-running streams, which, cutting through the soft soil, often form little gorges of great beauty and luxuriance, as at the village of Fidimin, where they overflow their dams in cascades—a scenic feature unknown in any other part of Egypt. Where these dams exist there are often little lakes, embowered in palm-groves and gardens, thus giving the Fayoum a pre-eminence, so far as beauty of landscape is concerned, over every other part of the country.

A profitable occupation was to wander over the ruins of the ancient city of Crocodilopolis Arsinoë; and this was a

<sup>1</sup> Lake Moëris.

never ending source of interest and amusement. The high mounds of *débris*, which cover an immense area of ground, were scarcely a mile from our abode, and consist of an enormous accumulation of potsherds, bones, bricks, rags, fibre and dust. The highest mound is fifty feet above the level of the plain, and its summit commands a panoramic view of the whole of the province.

It is impossible to describe the rich and glowing beauty of the sunsets I have seen from this spot. The extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere brought out with the utmost distinctness the most distant outline. In the far east one could see the forms of the desert ranges beyond the Nile, faintly blushing in the last rays of the sun. Nearer still are the sand-hills of the desert on this side of the river, with the Pyramids of Hawara and Lahoun standing out conspicuously; then succeeds a carpet of cultivation, to the brilliant green of which the more sombre hues of the palm-groves furnish a fitting contrast; amidst all this luxuriance water is sparkling and winding everywhere. In the extreme western distance we catch glimpses of the "Lake of the Horn," lying in the shadow of the Libyan hills; while in the immediate foreground the quaint cemetery and mud-houses of Medinet-el-Fayoum which crown the high banks of the Bahr-el-Yussuf, so uncouth and barbarous looking at other times, are now all melted into a confused haze, as the sun setting behind the town throws it into a bluish-purple shadow, from which shoot here and there a minaret or a palm-tree.

The Egyptian monarch whose name is most intimately associated with this province, and to whom it probably owed, in the first instance, its development into a region of exceptional fertility, was Amenemhat the Third, who reigned in Egypt about 3,000 years before Christ, and 600 years, therefore, before the arrival of Joseph in the country. In those days Egypt was called "the Land of Khemi" the "Ham" of the Bible, or "the Black Country"—a name derived from the blackness of the soil. Amenemhat seems to have had a great talent for engineering, and for irrigating this black soil in the most effectual manner. It is almost beyond a doubt that he it was who led the Bahr-el-Yussuf through the Libyan hills, and formed the vast reservoir of Lake Mœris; for the Greeks called him Ameris, believing that the Lake Mœris, which they regarded as a marvel of engineering skill, was called after him. The word *meri*, however, is Egyptian for lake. On its margin was situated the famous labyrinth; and here blocks of stone have been found bearing the name of Amenemhat. This lake extended to the city, which in those days was called Shat, or Pi-Sebek, "the abode of Sebek"; it was the headquarters of the worship of the sacred crocodile kept in Lake Mœris,—hence the name by which this city was afterwards known, of Crocodilopolis. Sebek is the name of the Egyptian god, who is always represented with the head of a crocodile; and that reptile was held especially sacred to him in the Arsinoite and several other nomes. He was by no means generally worshipped, however; indeed a certain



Typhonic or infernal character was attributed to him. And this was specially the case in the adjoining Heracléopolitan nome, where the inhabitants worshipped the ichneumon, the greatest enemy of the crocodile; and it was their hatred which finally caused the destruction of the Labyrinth.

The oasis is next mentioned in the days of Osorkon the First, of the Twenty-second Dynasty, when Crocodilopolis was so embellished and extended by that monarch that it was called "the city of Osorkon" in the celebrated *stele* of Piankhi. This Osorkon was the Zerah of the Bible, who invaded Palestine with an army of a million of men, and was defeated by Asa. He lived about 950 years before Christ. Seven hundred years after this, Crocodilopolis lost its uncouth name, and Ptolemy Philadelphus bestowed upon it the more euphonious appellation of Arsinoë, after his wife, and the "Land of the Lake" became "the Arsinoite Nome." One of the modern names for Medinet-el-Fayoum is Medinet-el-Faris, or the "City of the Horseman or Knight"; and these ruins, after having been called successively Pi-Sebek, Crocodilopolis and Arsinoë, are known in the present day to the natives as Kom Faris. The most perfect relics of the magnificence of this once rich and populous city are to be found in the Mosque of Kait Bey, which spans the Bahr-el-Yussuf, at the point where it finally emerges from the town, and which is itself a most picturesque ruin, about 400 years old. It has long since lost its roof, and from its centre, by the side of a well with

an old stone basin, rise two tall date-trees ; but the marble and granite columns, with their Corinthian capitals, which are all still standing, came from Arsinoë. There are two small fluted marble columns near the pulpit, which are particularly delicate and beautiful. The pulpit itself is an elaborate work of arabesque, inlaid with ivory. On the bridge in front of this mosque are the remains of an old wall ; and the view of the Bahr-el-Yussuf seen through the crumbling arches, as it winds away under the date-trees which fringe its banks, when the women are filling their water-jars, is one of the most striking in the town, and equalled only, perhaps, by one a little further on, where there is another old mosque, also roofless, and also ornamented with columns plundered from Arsinoë, that stands on the brink of the river, and is irresistible in its situation and picturesque decay, from an artistic point of view.

## **THE LABYRINTH AND LAKE MOERIS**

**LAURENCE OLIPHANT**

**T**HE first view of the Labyrinth was eminently disappointing and consisted of nothing but mounds of ruins. However, in the midst of these we came upon the traces of what probably was once a temple of some magnificence, though all that now remains of it are some large blocks of granite and limestone, and the shaft and capital of a papyrus column with traces of sculpture. Some blocks here have been disinterred, which are now covered with sand, bearing the name of Amenemhat III. Traversing this waste of ruin, we reached the base of the Pyramid of Hawara, and found a cool spot in its shade in which to lunch, prior to a more minute examination of the surrounding objects. We began already to feel, however, that our imaginations had been unduly excited by the descriptions of the writers of antiquity by whom they had been visited.

Herodotus writes : " I have seen this monument ; and I believe that if one were to unite all the buildings and all the works of the Greeks, they would yet be inferior to this edifice, both in labour and expense, although the temples of Ephesus and Samos are justly celebrated. Even the Pyramids are certainly monuments which surpass their expecta-

tion, and each one of them may be compared with the greatest productions of the Greeks. Nevertheless, the Labyrinth is greater still. We find in its interior twelve roofed *aulæ*, the doors of which are alternately opposite each other. Six of these *aulæ* face to the north, and six to the south; they are contiguous to one another, and encircled by an *enceinte*, formed by an exterior wall. The chambers that the buildings of the Labyrinth contain are all double, one underground and the other built above it. They number 3,000, 1,500 in each level. We traversed those that are above ground, and we speak of what we have seen; but for those which are below, we can only say what we were told, for on no account whatever would the guardians consent to show them to us. They say that they contain the tombs of the kings who in ancient times built the Labyrinth, and those of the sacred crocodiles, so that we can only report on these chambers what we have heard. As to those of the upper story, we have seen nothing greater among the works of man. The infinite variety of the corridors and the galleries which communicate with one another, and which one traverses before arriving at the *aulæ*, overwhelm with surprise those who visit these places, and who pass now from one of the *aulæ* into the chambers which surround it, now from one of these chambers into the porticoes, or again from the porticoes into the other *aulæ*. The ceilings are everywhere of stone, like the walls, and these walls are covered with numberless figures engraved in the stone. Each one of these *aulæ* is ornamented

with a peristyle executed in white stone, perfectly fitted. At the angle where the Labyrinth terminates there is a pyramid 240 feet in height, decorated with large figures sculptured in relief. There is an underground passage of communication with this pyramid."

Strabo, who visited the Labyrinth hundreds of years later, was no less struck with the magnificence and design of this wonderful structure.

Our first proceeding after luncheon was to scramble to the top of the Pyramid so as to get a bird's-eye view of the ruins. Strabo apparently overestimated its dimensions. When perfect the base was fifty feet less each way than he gives it; and Herodotus, who puts the height at 240 feet, was more nearly right than Strabo, who estimates it at 400. It is by no means an imposing structure, and is one of four built of crude brick mixed with straw, one being at Lahoun and two at Sakkara. If it was built as Strabo tells us by Ismandes, who is identical with Semempses, the fifth king of the First Dynasty, then it is the oldest pyramid existing in Egypt. It has been suggested that it was built by Asychis, the fourth king of the Third Dynasty; but even in that case it must rank immediately below Meidoun and Dahshûr, which become the oldest. The ground for this hypothesis is, that Herodotus tells us that, according to the priests, a king named Asychis, desirous of eclipsing all his predecessors, left a pyramid of brick as a monument of his reign, with the following inscription engraved on the stone :

“Despise me not in comparison with the stone pyramids, for I surpass them all, as much as Zeus surpasses the other gods. A pole was plunged into the lake and the mud which clave thereto was gathered, and bricks were made of the mud, and so I was formed.”

It appears to have been originally built in stages, and from its summit we could obtain an idea of the shape of the Labyrinth, which was of a horseshoe form, and of the position and size of the temple, the remains of which were mapped out at our feet. On the opposite side of the Bahr-es-Sherki we overlooked a congeries of crude brick-built chambers, all roofless. To the north was a long line of small chambers with the crumbling walls of others scattered here and there. The form of Lake Mœris, on the margin of which this pyramid was built, might also be detected by the aid of a strong imagination; and, about eight miles off, the Pyramid of Lahoun stood out sharply against the distant line of the hills beyond the Nile. To the southward a long grove of date-trees marked the limit of the oasis; and to the westward the town of Medinet, surrounded by gardens and palm-trees, formed an attractive feature in the landscape. To the eastward, all was desert, bounded by sand-hills. A closer inspection of the ruins, after we had descended from the Pyramid, on the left bank of the Bahr-es-Sherki, disclosed little of interest beyond a curious sort of double underground passage, formed by flags of limestone. The upper passage seemed to have been roofed in on a level with the surface of the soil, and below

this again there was a second one, which, however, was so choked with sand that it was impossible to follow it.

There can be no doubt that we owe the modern word labyrinth to the strange accumulation of chambers and tortuous passages which once existed on the shores of Lake Mœris. According to Manethon, the Labyrinth derived its name from King Labarys, its founder, also known as Amenemhat III.; but another derivation has been suggested which possesses the combined merit of extreme antiquity and originality. It seems that the old Egyptian word for the mouth of a reservoir, which Lake Mœris undoubtedly was, is *ra-hunt* or *la-hunt*. Hence one of the names of the lake was "Hunt."

In allusion to Lake Mœris, over which we were now looking, Herodotus says: "Wonderful as is the Labyrinth the work called the Lake of Mœris, which is close by the Labyrinth, is still more astonishing." Strabo says of it: "Owing to its size and depth, it is capable of receiving the superabundance of water during the inundation without overflowing the habitations and crops; but later, when the water subsides, and after the lake has given up its excess through one of its two mouths, both it and the canal retain water enough for purposes of irrigation. This is accomplished by natural means, but at both ends of the canal there are also lock-gates by means of which the engineers can regulate the influx and efflux of the water."

According to the estimate of Linant Bey, to whom is due the discovery of the site of the Labyrinth and the position

## THE LABYRINTH AND LAKE MÆRIS 219

of Lake Mœris, this sheet of water must have been about sixty miles in circumference and with an average depth of twenty feet. Pomponius Mela says that it was navigated by large vessels, which conveyed the produce of the Fayoum to other parts of Egypt.

The Pyramid and Labyrinth were situated at the point where the river entered it, and the vast expanse of green over which the eye wanders between the Pyramid and Medinet was formerly covered by its waters. Wherever the natural formation of the country did not restrain them, immense dikes were built, which must have been in some places thirty feet high, and which, to judge from the traces that exist on the north and west sides, must have been about thirty miles long, with an average breadth of one hundred and fifty feet—a work on a scale which would have appalled engineers not accustomed to build pyramids. Linant Bey calculates that this reservoir must have irrigated a superficies of 600,000 acres, as, besides feeding the Fayoum, he believes that its waters were carried down into the province of Gizeh, and so ultimately into the old Canopic branch of the Nile at Mariout. Nor can one wonder that an artificial lake of such great extent should have seemed a prodigy of engineering skill to the ancients. In addition to its great utility as a fertilizing agent, it was invested with a character of sanctity which gave it a wide celebrity. The sacred crocodile, which was carefully tended and petted in its waters, was an object of the deepest veneration to the inhabitants of the Arsinoite Nome,



who treated it with the most marked respect, and kept it at considerable expense, while a most elaborate *cuisine* provided it with dainties. "Geese, fish, and various fresh meats," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "were dressed purposely for it; they ornamented its head with earrings, its feet with bracelets, and its neck with necklaces of gold and artificial stones; it was rendered perfectly tame by kind treatment; and after death its body was embalmed in a most sumptuous manner."

It was rather unfortunate for the crocodile and his worshippers that the inhabitants of the adjoining Heracleopolitan Nome worshipped the ichneumon, the bitter enemy of the crocodile, which, it is reported, waged war upon him by the original device of crawling down his throat when he was asleep, and feeding upon his intestines. The antipathy between the crocodile and the ichneumon, in consequence of this unfair mode of proceeding, seems to have extended to the worshippers of the two animals which led, during the reign of the Romans, to disputes that terminated in bloodshed, and made the contending parties forget the respect due to the sacred monuments of their adversaries to such an extent that the destruction of the Labyrinth by the Heracleopolitans was the final result.

Altogether the vestiges of these ruins conveyed as much the idea of a necropolis as of an assemblage of council chambers, and it is not unlikely that its primitive design was simply to serve as a vast sepulchre like that at Sakkara. There can be little doubt that pyramids invariably form the

centres of such burial places—indeed Herodotus tells us he was informed by his guides that the lower chambers were used for funeral purposes and Amenemhat may have selected this spot on the shores of the lake he had created, as his own resting-place and that of the chief men of his reign. From the records upon the inscriptions where his name has been found, it is almost beyond a doubt that he is buried here, although not within the Pyramid; and the mode of sepulture among the ancient Egyptians renders it in the opinion of some Egyptologists extremely likely that this vast congeries of apartments, which at a later period were converted into council-halls, were originally mortuary chambers, but upon a scale of such magnificence and vastness that the subsequent dynasties considered them available for other purposes. Indeed we have no record of the Labyrinth being used for great imperial assemblies until the period immediately preceding the Psamtikides of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty, or about nineteen hundred years after the time of Amenemhat, its constructor. At the same time, it is not impossible that the Labyrinth was used for other purposes as well as those of sepulture, even from the earliest period; for the assemblage of twelve palaces or *aulæ*, as described by Herodotus, must have had some reference to the twelve nomes into which Egypt was divided before the number was increased by Rameses II. to thirty-six. And we may be safe in saying that if we carry our imaginations back 3,500 years, or even more, the spot upon which we were now standing

presented an aspect of scenic beauty, or architectural magnificence, and was invested with a character of political and religious importance, unrivalled in the world, which it retained for nearly two thousand years. It was evidently selected, from its central position on the boundary-line that divided Upper from Lower Egypt, for the great regal, political and sacerdotal rites which were celebrated here. Standing on the shores of a beautiful lake, the waters of which reflected the magnificent city of Crocodilopolis Arsinoë immediately opposite, and which was navigated by numberless craft, and surrounded by palm-groves and those gardens of fruits and flowers for which the province was celebrated, the Labyrinth occupied a position of great scenic beauty and political significance. It was the great council-hall of Egypt. Hither flocked the representatives of the different nomes to the great assembly of the nation; here congregated the high priests to celebrate those great religious ceremonies which demanded the united homage of the people. Here probably kings were crowned, laws were made, great public works decided upon, questions of war or peace settled,—in a word, in this congeries of palaces, under the shadow of the Pyramid, on the banks of this vast artificial lake, that had been adorned and beautified by the taste and resources of successive centuries, all the highest interests of the nation were discussed in assemblies composed of the great powers of the State—the king, the priesthood and the army. It is difficult to associate in one's mind the crude brick rooms which are still standing, or even the dis-

coveries of Lepsius, now covered with sand, with all this splendour and magnificence, of which more important vestiges must still remain to reward the labours of the explorer.

## THE TOMBS OF BENI-HASSAN

W. J. LOFTIE

**M**ANY travellers neglect to visit the grottoes on the way up the river, hoping on the way down to have more time, yet in truth, when you are within a few days' sail of Cairo, after perhaps three months' absence, you are very unwilling to stop even to see these wonderful tombs.<sup>1</sup>

It is most important to remember their date. The Twelfth Dynasty reigned during a period of comparative—nay, absolute,—civilization, between two long periods of confusion and barbarism. It was under them that the family of Nomarch of Sah made these tombs. They were all made by the one family—though there are some thirty-five of them. The first is that of Amenemhat, who died in the thirty-fourth year of Osirtasen I. The second is

<sup>1</sup> The journey from Abou-Kerkas station to the rock tombs takes about two hours. The river, which is crossed in the usual Nile ferry-boat, is about half an hour away, and after leaving the modern Beni-Hassan village, one passes along the edge of the desert striking sharply up-hill and arriving at length at a rocky terrace. Cut into the hillside can be seen the entrances to the thirty-nine tombs, a long line of doorways facing the river. These are in varying degrees of preservation. They were probably excavated in the time of the Usertsens of the Twelfth Dynasty, and they are covered with wall-paintings that give, with vivid accuracy, the life of 4,500 years ago.—*Egypt and How to See It* (London, 1910).

that of his grandson Nehera, whose father, Noom Hotep, had married Bekt, the daughter of Amenemhat. This lady seems to have been of an energetic character, for she went to court and obtained from Amenemhat II., then in the nineteenth year of his reign, the governorship of the province her father had enjoyed. All this, and more of the same sort, is inscribed in the rapidly perishing characters on the walls of Nehera's tomb; and though he honours his mother by narrating what she did for him with the king, he adds a line recording his veneration for his father, and his satisfaction at having been able to render his name illustrious.

In these tombs we find the names of more gods than in the tombs of the earlier dynasties, but as yet no representations of them. Amenemhat dedicates the north post of his door to Osiris of Abood; the south, to Anubis of Ssoot; and within, mention is made of Noom or Chnum of Ha-ver, and of Tater and Hor of Heben-nu. Thus we see that every god was more or less to be described as a local fetish.

The three figures seated at the back of the tomb are not gods, but represent Amenemhat and his two wives. His life is written on the inner side of the door. The name of the tomb itself was "As."

The greatest interest, of course, is excited by those tombs which have pillars closely resembling what was known some thousands of years later as Doric. The first caves you come to show the best examples of a style of which a contemporary example will be seen again at

Karnak. Here they are cut out of the rock, and form entrances to deep chambers of which the tomb of Amenemhat is the finest. This gentleman—for evidently he was a gentleman by birth, position, education, tastes and attainments—made the most elaborate preparations for his own sepulchre; and could we but feel sure that he was ever buried in his rock-cut monument, or that he was never dug up again by some *anteeka*-seeking Arab, it would, perhaps, increase the pleasure with which we contemplate the decorations he has spent on wall and roof; and the delicate eye for form as well as for colour, which enabled him in the reign of Osirtasen I. to anticipate the design, which should, two thousand six hundred years at least later, be adopted for the chief feature of the most perfect building in the world. The two sixteen-sided columns which support the roof of the porch and the four within the chamber, have all the characteristics of the Doric. They resemble almost exactly, in fact, the well-known columns of the temples at Pæstum, near Naples; they have their flutings and their abacus; the height is sixteen feet and the diameter five; the pillar duly tapers towards the top, and it grows out of the floor below without a base. There are people who assert that the Greek column was devised without any reference to these Egyptian prototypes, which would be harder to believe were it not that a little further on in another tomb we find a column which is, if possible, more beautiful than the Doric, and which was never imitated anywhere, although it also occurs at

Karnak. The shafts are formed of slender reeds coupled at intervals, and expanding a little above a fillet near the top, to contract once more just as the roof is touched. It is possible that the Egyptians made these graceful columns from actual examples in their own houses of caves supporting a wooden roof, while the others imitated timber pillars, and that in Greece, where the reed is shaken by the wind, only the pillar which represented stability found favour.

After all, the columns are only a part, and a small one of the show at Beni-Hassan. The pictures on the walls have been often described. They form the staple subject of illustrations in all the books on Egypt. They have one great advantage, too, over what the traveller afterwards visits at Thebes; they may be seen in broad daylight, without any trouble in lighting candles, or aluminum wire, and without any crawling on all fours through dark passages infested with Arabs and Arab parasites.



## ABYDOS

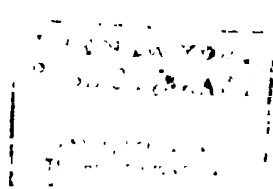
AUGUSTE MARIETTE BEY

**A**T Abydos are to be seen the Temple of Seti, the Temple of Rameses, the Tomb of Osiris and the Necropolis.

The temple of Seti is the first temple which is visited in Upper Egypt. The king who founded the temple is in the presence of one or more divinities : such is, nine times out of ten, the *motif* of each one of the pictures which form the decoration of the temple. The temple of Seti is the Memnonium of Strabo, deservedly famous for the magnificence of its sculptures. It was founded by Seti I., the father of Rameses II. All that bears the name of this prince is remarkable for the artistic manner of its treatment ; while on the contrary the sculptures of Rameses are poor, and too often of a most indifferent workmanship. The temple of Seti, moreover, is one of the edifices of Egypt the purport and meaning of which are most difficult to grasp. Properly speaking, it is composed of seven naves or bays, leading into seven sanctuaries, as if dedicated to seven different deities. The southernmost aisle, which is joined on in such an irregular manner to the principal building, constitutes another problem difficult of solution. Then again, both its founders, the kings Seti and Rameses, are represented in company one with the other in such a



· TEMPLE OF SETI, ABYDOS



fashion that we must inevitably conclude that these two kings reigned conjointly; or, in other terms, that the temple was in course of construction when the father associated his son with him on the throne. By way of information, we may add that it was in the temple of Seti that we discovered a chronological table of kings, more complete and in a better state of preservation than that which has enriched the collection of the British Museum. Seti as king, and Rameses still as a prince, are there represented standing; the one offering the sacrifice of fire, the other reciting the sacred hymn. Before them, as a sort of synoptical diagram, are the cartouches of the seventy-six kings (Seti has included himself among the number) to whom this homage is paid, and it is not without a certain emotion that one reads at the head of the proud list the name of Menes, the ancient and venerable founder of the Egyptian monarchy.

A little to the north of the temple of Seti is that of Rameses II. Of the latter, however, nothing remains but the walls to a height of scarcely five feet; nor have the excavations that have been carried on here enabled us to draw out a complete plan of this temple, from which the "Tablet of Abydos" at the British Museum was carried away—a mutilated copy of the table we found entire in the temple of Seti. It is easily understood that a temple so completely devastated as the one we are at present contemplating should throw but little light on the question of mythology. But the question of origin is by no means

so obscure, and we know for certain that the temple of Rameses II. is contemporary with the Paris obelisk, that is to say, it was begun by Rameses II. when he was associated with his father on the throne, and was completed by him after he had become sole monarch.

Still proceeding towards the north, we come upon a large encircling wall of crude brick. This is the ancient site of Thinis, the cradle of the Egyptian monarchy; here also stood the tomb of the Osiris of Abydos, which was to the inhabitants of Egypt what the Holy Sepulchre is to the Christians. Unfortunately there now remains absolutely nothing of Egypt's most ancient and most venerated sanctuary, nor is there the faintest hope that even the foundations will ever be brought to light by any fresh excavations. Close by, however, and also comprised within the *enceinte*, is a tumulus, from which one is justified in expecting great results. This is the *Kom-es-Sultan*. This is not a natural mound; it is the result of the constant accumulation of tombs which have thus been heaped up one over the other, through successive generations. According to Plutarch, the wealthy inhabitants were brought from all parts of Egypt to be interred at Abydos, in order that they might repose close to Osiris. In all probability, the tombs of *Kom-es-Sultan* belong to the personages of whom Plutarch speaks. The only interest that this tumulus possesses is that there can be no doubt that the famous tomb of Osiris is not far off, and certain indications would lead one to believe that it is hollowed out

of the selfsame rock which serves as the basis of this mound, so that the personages interred there repose as near as possible to the last resting-place of their beloved Osiris.

The excavations at *Kom-es-Sultan* have therefore a double interest: they may furnish us with valuable tombs which become more and more ancient the further we penetrate into the sides of the mountain, so that it is not unreasonable to hope that in time we may come upon some belonging even to the First Dynasty. In the second place, they may any day lead us to the discovery of the still unknown entrance of the divine tomb, if indeed it were ever a subterranean vault. As for the necropolis itself, however much interest it may have afforded during our excavations (and it furnished the greater part of the valuable collection of stelæ which is to be seen at the Boulac Museum, its appearance has been so entirely changed by those excavations, that it has lost much of its attraction for the ordinary traveller. Let us state, in conclusion, that the tombs of the acropolis of Abydos belong principally to the Sixth Dynasty (3700 B. C.), to the Twelfth Dynasty (3000 B. C.), and to the Thirteenth Dynasty (2800 B. C.). We may further notice that the greater number of the tombs of the Thirteenth Dynasty consist of pyramids economically built of crude bricks, the interior being hollowed out in the form of a cupola; and again, that it is not at all unusual, among the tombs of this period, as also of the Sixth Dynasty, to find vaulted roofs which take the form of a pointed arch, and where, moreover, the bricks of the ogive are wedge-shaped.

## THEBES AND KARNAK

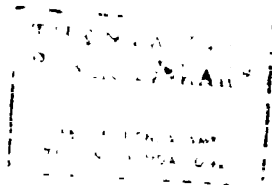
AMELIA B. EDWARDS

**T**HEBES, I need scarcely say, was built like London on both sides of the river. The original extent must have been very great ; but its public buildings, its quays, its thousands of private dwellings are gone and have left few traces. The secular city which was built of crude brick, is represented by a few insignificant mounds ; while of the sacred edifices, five large groups of limestone ruins—three on the western bank and two on the eastern, together with the remains of several small temples and a vast multitude of tombs—are all that remain in permanent evidence of its ancient splendour. Luxor is a modern Arab village, occupying the site of one of the oldest of these five ruins. It stands on the eastern bank, close against the river, about two miles south of Karnak and nearly opposite the famous sitting Colossi of the western plains. On the opposite bank lie Gournah, the Ramesseum and Medinet-Habu. A glance at the map will do more than pages of explanation to show the relative position of these ruins. The Temple of Gournah, it will be seen, is almost *vis-à-vis* of Karnak. The Ramesseum faces about half-way between Karnak and Luxor. Medinet-Habu is placed farther to the south than any building on the eastern side of the river. Behind these



LANDING-PLACE, LUXOR





three western groups, reaching far and wide along the edge of the Libyan range, lies the great Theban Necropolis; while farther back still, in the radiating valleys on the other side of the mountains, are found the Tombs of the Kings. The distance between Karnak and Luxor is a little less than two miles; while from Medinet-Habu to the Temple of Gournah may be roughly guessed at something under four. We have here, therefore, some indication of the extent, though not of the limits of the ancient city.

Luxor is a large village, inhabited by a mixed population of Copts and Arabs, and doing a smart trade in antiquities. The temple has here formed the nucleus of the village, the older part of which has grown up in and about the ruins. The grand entrance faces north, looking down towards Karnak. The twin towers of the great propylon, dilapidated as they are, stripped of their cornices, encumbered with *débris*, are magnificent still. In front of them, one on each side of the central gateway, sit two helmeted Colossi, battered and featureless, and buried to the chin, like two of the Proud in the doleful Fifth Circle. A few yards in front of these again stands a solitary obelisk, also half buried. The Colossi are of black granite; the obelisk is of red, highly polished, and covered on all four sides with superb hieroglyphs in three vertical columns. These hieroglyphs are engraved with the precision of the finest gem. They are cut to a depth of about two inches in the outer columns and five inches in the central column of the inscription. The true height of this wonderful monolith is

over seventy feet, between thirty and forty of which are hidden under the accumulated soil of many centuries. Its companion obelisk, already scaling away by imperceptible degrees under the skyey influences of an alien climate, looks down with melancholy indifference upon the petty revolutions and counter-revolutions of the Place de la Concorde. On a line with the two black Colossi, but some fifty feet or so farther to the west, rises a third and somewhat smaller head of chert or limestone, the fellow to which is doubtless hidden among the huts that encroach half-way across the face of the eastern tower. The whole outer surface of these towers is covered with elaborate sculptures of gods and men, horses and chariots, the pageantry of triumph and the carnage of war. The King in his chariot draws his terrible bow, or slays his enemies on foot, or sits enthroned receiving the homage of his court. Whole regiments armed with lance and shield march across the scene. The foe flies in disorder. The King, attended by his fan-bearers, returns in state, and the priests burn incense before him.

The King is Rameses the Second, called Sesostris and Osymandias by ancient writers, and best known to history as Rameses the Great. His actual names and titles as they stand upon the monuments are Ra-user-ma Sotp-en-Ra Ra-messu Mer-Amen; that is to say, "Ra strong in Truth, Approved of Ra, Son of Ra, Beloved of Amen."

The mutilated Colossi are portrait statues of the conqueror.<sup>x</sup> The obelisk, in the pompous style of Egyptian

dedications, proclaims that "The Lord of the World, Guardian-Sun of Truth, approved of Ra, has built this edifice in honour of his Father, Amen-Ra, and has erected to him these two great obelisks of stone in face of the house of Rameses in the city of Ammon."

So stately was the approach made by Rameses the Great to the temple founded about a hundred and fifty years before his time by Amenhotep III. He also built the courtyard upon which this pylon opened, joining it to the older part of the building in such wise that the original first court became now the second court, while next in order came the portico, the hall of assembly and the sanctuary. By and by, when the long line of Rameses had passed away, other and later kings put their hands to the work. The names of Shabaka (Sabaco), of Ptolemy Philopater, and of Alexander the younger, appear among the later inscriptions; while those of Amenhotep IV. (Khu-en-Aten), Horemheb and Seti, the father of Rameses the Great, are found in the earlier parts of the building. It was in this way that an Egyptian temple grew from age to age, owing a colonnade to this king and a pylon to that, till it came in time to represent the styles of many periods.

If the whole building could be transported bodily to some point between Memphis and Siût, where the river is bare of ruins, it would be enthusiastically visited. Here it is eclipsed by the wonders of Karnak and the western bank, and is undeservedly neglected.

In the afternoon we took donkeys and rode out to

Karnak across a wide plain, barren and hillocky in some parts ; overgrown in others with coarse halfeh grass ; and dotted here and there with clumps of palms. At every rise in the ground we saw the huge propylons towering higher above the palms. Once, but only for a few moments, there came into sight a confused and wide-spread mass of ruins as extensive apparently as the ruins of a large town. Then our way dipped into a sandy groove bordered by mud-walls and plantations of dwarf-palms. All at once this groove widened, became a stately avenue guarded by a double file of shattered sphinxes, and led towards a lofty pylon standing up alone against the sky.

Close beside this grand gateway, as if growing there on purpose, rose a thicket of sycamores and palms ; while beyond it were seen the twin pylons of a Temple. The sphinxes were colossal, and measured about ten feet in length. One or two were ram-headed. Of the rest—some forty or fifty in number—all were headless, some split asunder, some overturned, others so mutilated that they looked like torrent-worn boulders. This avenue once reached from Luxor to Karnak. Taking into account the distance (which is just two miles from Temple to Temple) and the short intervals at which the sphinxes are placed, there cannot originally have been fewer than five hundred of them ; that is to say two hundred and fifty on each side of the road.

Dismounting for a few minutes we went into the Temple ; glanced round the open courtyard with its colonnade of

pillars ; peeped hurriedly into some ruinous side-chambers ; and then rode on. Our books told us that we had seen the small Temple of Rameses the Third. It would have been called large anywhere but at Karnak.

Leaving the small Temple, we turned towards the river, skirted the mud-walls of the native village and approached the Great Temple by way of its main entrance. Here we entered upon what had once been another great avenue of sphinxes, ram-headed, couchant on plinths deep cut with hieroglyphic legends, and leading up from some great landing-place beside the Nile.

And now the towers that we had first seen as we sailed by in the glittering of the sun, and relieved in creamy light against blue depths of sky. One was nearly perfect ; the other, shattered as if by the shock of an earthquake, was still so loftly that an Arab clambering from block to block midway of its vast height looked no bigger than a squirrel.

On the threshold of this tremendous portal we again dismounted. Shapeless crude brick mounds, marking the limits of the ancient wall of circuit, reached far away on either side. An immense perspective of pillars and pylons leading up to a very distant obelisk opened out before us. We went in, the great walls towering up like cliffs above our heads, and entered the First Court. Here, in the midst of a large quadrangle open to the sky, stands a solitary column, the last of a central avenue of twelve, some of which, disjointed by the shock, lie just as they fell, like skeletons of vetebrate monsters left stranded by the Flood.

Crossing the Court in the glowing sunlight, we came to a mighty doorway between two more propylons—the doorway splendid with coloured bas-reliefs; the propylons mere cataracts of fallen blocks, piled up to the right and left in grand confusion. The cornice of the doorway is gone. Only a jutting fragment of the lintel-stone remains. That stone, when perfect, measured forty feet and ten inches across. The doorway must have been full a hundred feet in height.

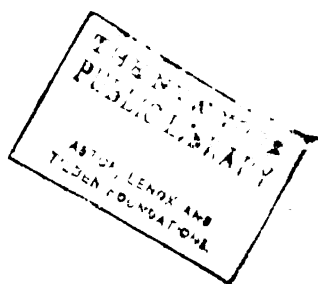
We went on. Leaving to the right a mutilated colossus engraven on arm and breast with the cartouche of Rameses II., we crossed the shade upon the threshold, and passed into the famous Hypostyle Hall of Seti the First.

The Great Hall of Karnak is photographed in some dark corner of my brain as long as I have memory. I shut my eyes, and see it as if I were there—not all at once, as in a picture; but bit by bit, as the eye takes note of large objects and travels over an extended field of vision. I stand once more among those mighty columns, which radiate into avenues from whatsoever point one takes them. I see them swathed in coiled shadows and broad bands of light. I see them sculptured and painted with shapes of Gods and Kings, with blazonings of royal names, with sacrificial altars, and forms of sacred beasts and emblems of wisdom and truth. The shafts of these columns are enormous. I stand at the foot of one—or what seems to be the foot; for the original pavement lies buried seven feet below. Six men standing with extended arms, finger-tip to finger-tip,



KARNAK





could barely span it round. It casts a shadow twelve feet in breadth—such a shadow as might be cast by a tower. The capital that juts out so high above my head looks as if it might have been placed there to support the heavens. It is carved in the semblance of a full-grown lotus, and glows with undying colours—colours that are still fresh, though laid on by hands that have been dust these three thousand years and more. It would take not six men, but a dozen to measure round the curved lip of that stupendous lily.

Such are the twelve central columns. The rest (one hundred and twenty-two in number) are gigantic, too ; but smaller. Of the roof they once supported, only the beams remain. Those beams are stones—huge monoliths, carved and painted bridging the space from pillar to pillar, and patterning the trodden soil with bands of shadow.

Looking up and down the central avenue, we see at the one end a flame-like obelisk ; at the other, a solitary palm against a background of glowing mountain. To right, to left, showing transversely through long files of columns, we catch glimpses of colossal bas-reliefs lining the roofless walls in every direction. The King, as usual, figures in every group and performs the customary acts of worship. The Gods receive and approve him. Half in light, half in shadow, these slender fantastic forms stand out sharp and clear and colourless ; each figure some eighteen or twenty feet in height. They could scarcely have looked more weird when the great roof was in its place and perpetual twilight reigned. But it is difficult to imagine the roof on,

and the sky shut out. It all looks right as it is ; and one feels, somehow, that such columns should have nothing between them and the infinite blue depths of heaven.

How often has it been written, and how often must it be repeated that the Great Hall of Karnak is the noblest architectural work ever designed and executed by human hands ? One writer tells us that it covers four times the area occupied by the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. Another measures it against St. Peter. All admit their inability to describe it ; yet all attempt the description. There is, in truth, no building in the wide world to compare with it. The Pyramids are more stupendous. The Colosseum covers more ground. The Parthenon is more beautiful. Yet in nobility of conception, in vastness of detail, in majesty of the highest order, the Hall of Pillars exceeds them, every one. This doorway, these columns, are the wonder of the world. How was that lintel-stone raised ? How were these capitals lifted ? Entering among those mighty pillars, says a recent observer, " you feel that you have shrunk to the dimensions and feebleness of a fly." But I think you feel more than that. You are stupefied by the thought of the mighty men who made them. You say to yourself : " There were indeed giants in those days."

## ***MEMNONIUM OR RAMESSEUM***

*SIR I. GARDNER WILKINSON*

**F**OR symmetry of architecture and elegance of sculpture the Memnonium may vie with any other Egyptian monument. No traces are visible of the dromos that probably existed before the pyramidal towers which form the façade of its first area—a court whose breadth of 180 feet, exceeding the length by nearly thirteen yards, was reduced to a more just proportion by the introduction of a double avenue of columns on either side extending from the towers to the north wall. In this area, on the right of a flight of steps leading to the next court was a stupendous Syenite statue of the king seated on a throne, in the usual attitude of Egyptian figures, the hands resting on the knees, indicative of that tranquillity which he had returned to enjoy in Egypt after the fatigues of victory. But the hand of the destroyer has levelled this monument of Egyptian grandeur, whose colossal fragments lie scattered round the pedestal; and its shivered throne evinces the force used for its destruction. To say that this is the largest statue in Egypt will convey no idea of the gigantic size or enormous weight of a mass which exceeded when

entire nearly three times the solid contents of the great obelisk of Karnak and weighed about 887 tons.

The second area is about 140 feet by 170, having on the south and north sides a row of Osiride pillars connected with each other by two lateral corridors of circular columns. Three flights of steps lead to the northern corridor behind the Osiride pillars, the centre one having on each side a black granite statue of Rameses II., the base of whose throne is cut to fit the talus of the ascent.

Behind the columns of the northern corridor, and on either side of the central door of the great hall, is a limestone pedestal, which, to judge from the space left in the sculptures, must have once supported the sitting figure of a lion, or perhaps a statue of the king. Three entrances open into the grand hall, each with a sculptured doorway of black granite; and, between the first two columns of the central avenue, two pedestals supported (one on either side) two other statues of the king. Twelve massive columns, thirty-two feet six inches high without the abacus, and twenty-one feet three inches in circumference, form a double line along the centre of this hall, and eighteen of smaller dimensions (seventeen feet eight inches in circumference) to the right and left complete the total of the forty-eight, which supported its solid roof studded with stars on an azure ground. To the hall, which measures one hundred feet by one hundred and thirty-three, succeeded three central and six lateral chambers, indicating by a small flight of steps the gradual ascent of the rock on which the edifice

is constructed. Of nine, two only of the central apartments now remain, each supported by four columns and each measuring about thirty feet by fifty-five; but the vestiges of their walls, and the appearance of the rock, which has been levelled to form an area around the exterior of the building, point out their original extent. The sculptures much more interesting than the architectural details, have suffered much more from the hand of the destroyer; and of the many curious battle scenes which adorned its walls, four only now remain; though the traces of another may be perceived behind the granite colossus on the north face of the wall.

On the north face of the eastern pyramidal tower or propylon is represented the capture of several towns from an Asiatic enemy, whose chiefs are led in bonds by the victorious Egyptians towards their camp. Several of these towns are introduced into the picture, each bearing its name in hieroglyphic characters, which state them to have been taken in the fourth year of King Rameses II.

In the scene before us, an insolent soldier pulls the beard of his helpless captive, while others wantonly beat a suppliant; and the display is the more striking as the Egyptians on other occasions have recorded their humane treatment of an enemy in distress.

Beyond these is a corps of infantry in close array, flanked by a strong body of chariots; and a camp, indicated by a rampart of Egyptian shields, with a wicker gateway, guarded by four companies of sentries, who are on duty on the inner

side, forms the most interesting object in the picture. Here the booty taken from the enemy is collected : oxen, chariots, plaustra, horses, asses, sacks of gold, represent the confusion incident after a battle. Below this a body of infantry marches homewards ; and beyond them the king, attended by his fan-bearers, holds forth his hand to receive the homage of the priests and principal persons, who approach his throne to congratulate his return. His charioteer is also in attendance, and the high-spirited horses of his car are with difficulty restrained by three grooms who hold them. Two captives below this are doomed to be beaten by four Egyptian soldiers ; while they in vain with outstretched hands implore the clemency of their heedless conqueror.

The sculptures on the gateway refer to the panegyrics, or assemblies, of the king, to whom different divinities are said to "give life and power." Over this gate passes a staircase, leading to the top of the building, whose entrance lies on the exterior of the east side.

Upon the west tower is represented a battle in which the king discharges his arrows on the broken lines and flying chariots of the enemy ; and his figure and car are again introduced on the upper part over the smaller sculptures. In a small compartment beyond these, which is formed by the end of the corridor of the area, he stands armed with a battle-axe about to slay the captives. In the next compartment, attended by his fan-bearers and still wearing his helmet, he approaches the temple.

On the north face of the southeast wall of the next area

is another historical subject representing Rameses II. pursuing an enemy, whose numerous chariots, flying over the plain, endeavour to regain the river and seek shelter under the fortified walls of their city.

Above this battle scene is a procession of priests, bearing the figures of the *Theban* ancestors of Rameses II. The first of these is Menes; then Manmoph; and, after him, those of the Eighteenth Dynasty. The remaining subjects are similar to those in the coronation of the king at Medinet-Habu.

Beyond the west staircase of the north corridor, the king kneels before Amunre, Maut, and Khons. Thoth notes on his palm-branch the years of the panegyrics; and the gods Mandoo and Atmoo introduce Rameses into the presence of the triad of deities.

On the other side, forming the south wall of the great hall, is a small but interesting battle, where the use of the ladder and of the testudo throws considerable light on the mode of warfare of that early period.

One of the architraves presents a long inscription purporting that Amunmai Rameses has made the sculptures for his father Amunre, king of the gods. At the upper end of the hall, on the northwest wall, the king receives the falchion and sceptres from Amunre, who is attended by the goddess Maut; and in the hieroglyphics mention is made of this palace of Rameses, of which the deity is said to be the guardian. We also learn from them that the king is to smite the heads of his foreign enemies with the former, and



with the latter to defend or rule his country, Egypt. On the corresponding wall, he receives the emblems of life and power from Amunre, attended by Khons, in the presence of the lion-headed goddess. Below these compartments on either wall, is a procession of the twenty-three sons of the king ; and on the west corner are three of his daughters, but without their names.

On the ceiling of the next chamber is an astronomical subject. On the walls are sculptured sacred arks, borne in procession by the priests ; and at the base of the door leading to the next apartment is an inscription purporting that the king had dedicated it to Amun, and mention seems to be made of its being beautiful with gold and precious ornaments. The door itself was of two folds, turning on bronze pins, which moved in circular grooves of the same metal, since removed from the stones in which they were fixed. On the north wall of the next and last room that now remains, the king is making offerings and burning incense, on one side to Ptah and the lion-headed goddess ; on the other to Re (the sun) whose figure is gone. Large tablets before him mention the offerings he has made to different deities.

## THE TWO COLOSSI

SIR I. GARDNER WILKINSON

**T**HE easternmost of the two sitting colossi was once the wonder of the ancients. It has also been a subject of controversy among modern writers; some of whom notwithstanding the numerous inscriptions which decide it to have been the vocal Memnon of the Romans have thought fit to doubt its being the very statue said by ancient authors to utter a sound at the rising of the sun.

Strabo, who visited it with Ælius Gallus, the governor of Egypt, confesses that he heard the sound but could "not affirm whether it proceeded from the pedestal or from the statue itself, or even from some of those who stood near its base;" and it appears, from his not mentioning the name of Memnon, that it was not yet supposed to be the statue of that doubtful personage. But it was not long before the Roman visitors ascribed it to the "Son of Tithonius," and a multitude of inscriptions testified his miraculous powers, and the credulity of the writers.

Previous to Strabo's time, the "upper part of this statue, above the throne, had been broken and hurled down," as he was told "by the shock of an earthquake"; nor do the repairs afterwards made to it appear to date prior to the

time of Juvenal, since the poet thus refers to its fractured condition :

*Dimidio, magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.*

But from the account in the Apollonius Thyaneus of Philostratus we might conclude that the statue had been already repaired as early as the age of Juvenal, who was also a cotemporary of the emperor Domitian ; since Damis, the companion of the philosopher, asserts that the " sound was uttered when the sun touched its *lips*." But the license of poetry and the fictions of Damis render both authorities of little weight in deciding this point. It has been conjectured that it was thrown down by the earthquake of B. C. 27, as Eusebius attributes to that cause the destruction of the monuments of Thebes.

The foot was also broken and repaired, but if at the same time as the upper part, the epoch of its restoration must date after the time of Adrian, or at the close of his reign, as the inscription on the left foot has been cut through to admit the cramp which united the restored part.

Pliny, following the opinion then in vogue, calls it the statue of Memnon, and adds that it was erected before the temple of Serapis—a mistake, sufficiently proved by the fact of the temple having been dedicated to Amun ; which will not permit us to suppose that he had substituted the name of Serapis for Osiris.

The nature of the stone, which was also supposed to offer some difficulty, is a coarse hard gritstone, " spotted,"



**COLOSSI OF MEMNON, THEBES**

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATION

according to Tzetzes' expression, with numerous chalcidies, and here and there covered with black and red oxide of iron. The height of either Colossus is forty-seven feet, or fifty-three above the plain with the pedestal, which, now buried from six feet ten inches to seven feet below the surface, completes, to its base, a total of sixty. The repairs of the vocal statue are of blocks of sandstone, placed horizontally, in five layers, and forming the body, head, and upper part of the arms; but the line of hieroglyphics at the back has not been completed, nor is there any inscription to announce the era or name of its restorer. The researches of Pococke and Hamilton have long since satisfactorily proved this to be the Memnon of the ancients; who, we learn by an inscription on the left foot, was supposed also to bear the name of Phamenoth (Amunothph). The destruction of the upper part has been attributed to Cambyses by some ancient authors.

The sound it uttered was said to resemble the breaking of a harp string, or, according to the preferable authority of a witness, to be a metallic ring; and the memory of its daily performance, about the first or second hour after sunrise, is still retained in the traditional appellation of *Salamât*, "Salutations," by the modern inhabitants of Thebes.

In the lap of the statue is a stone, which, on being struck, emits a metallic sound that might still be made use of to deceive a visitor who was predisposed to believe its powers; and from its position, and the squared space cut in the block behind, as if to admit a person who might thus

lie concealed from the most scrutinous observer in the plain below, it seems to have been used after the restoration of the statue.

The proportions of the colossi are about the same as of the granite statue of Rameses II.; but they are inferior in the weight and hardness of their materials. They measure about eighteen feet three inches across the shoulders; sixteen feet six inches from the top of the shoulder to the elbow; ten feet six inches from the top of the head to the shoulder; seventeen feet nine inches from the elbow to the finger's end; and nineteen feet eight inches from the knee to the plant of the foot. The thrones are ornamented with figures of the god Nilus, who holding the stalks of two plants peculiar to the river is engaged in binding up a pedestal or table surmounted by the name of the Egyptian monarch—a symbolical group, indicating his dominion over the upper and lower countries. A line of hieroglyphics extends perpendicularly down the back, from the shoulder to the pedestal, containing the name of the Pharaoh they represent.

## *THE TWO COLOSSI*

*DEAN STANLEY*

**N**O written account has given me an adequate impression of the effect, past and present, of the colossal figures of the kings. What spires are to a modern city, what the towers of a cathedral are to its nave and choir, that the statues of the Pharaohs were to the streets and temples of Thebes. The ground is strewn with their fragments; there were avenues of them towering high above plain and houses. Three of gigantic size still remain. One was the granite statue of Rameses himself, who sat on the right side of the entrance to his palace. By some extraordinary catastrophe, the statue has been thrown down, and the Arabs have scooped their millstones out of his face, but you can still see what he was—the largest statue in the world. Far and wide that enormous head must have been seen, eyes, mouth and ears. Far and wide you must have seen his vast hands resting on his elephantine knees. You sit on his breast and look at the Osiride statues which support the portico of the temple, and which anywhere else would put to shame even the statues of the cherubs in St. Peter's—and they seem pigmies before him. His arm is thicker than their whole bodies. The only part of the temple or palace at all in



proportion to him must have been the gateway, which rose in pyramidal towers, now broken down, and rolling in a wild ruin down to the plain.

Nothing which now exists in the world can give any notion of what the effect must have been when he was erect. Nero towering above the Colosseum may have been something like it ; but he was of bronze and Rameses was of solid granite. Nero was standing without any object ; Rameses was resting in awful majesty after the conquest of the then known world. No one who entered that building, whether it were temple or palace, could have thought of anything else but that stupendous being who thus had raised himself up above the whole world of gods and men.

And when from the statue you descend to the palace, the same impression is kept up. It is the earliest instance of the enshrinement in Art of the historical glories of a nation, such as Versailles. Everywhere the King is conquering, worshipping, ruling. The Palace is the Temple—the King is Priest. But everywhere the same colossal proportions are preserved. He and his horses are ten times the size of the rest of the army. Alike in battle and in worship, he is of the same stature as the gods themselves. Most striking is the familiar gentleness with which—one on each side—they take him by the hand, as one of their own order, and then in the next compartment introduce him to Ammon, and the lion-headed goddess. Every distinction, except of degree, between divinity and royalty, is entirely levelled, and the royal majesty is always represented by making the

king, not like Saul or Agamemnon, from the head and shoulders, but from the foot and ankle upwards, higher than the rest of the people.

The sun was setting ; the African range glowed red behind them ; the green plain was dyed with a deeper green beneath them ; and the shades of evening veiled the vast rents and fissures in their aged frames. They, too, sit hands on knees, and they too are sixty feet high. As I looked back at them in the sunset, and they rose up in front of the background of the mountain, they seemed, indeed, as if they were part of it,—as if they belonged to some natural creation rather than to any work of art. And yet, as I have said, when anywhere in their neighbourhood, the human character is never lost. Their faces are dreadfully mutilated ; indeed, the largest has no face at all, but is from the waist upwards a mass of stones or rocks piled together in the form of a human head or body. Still, especially in that dim light, and from their lofty throne, they seem to have faces, only of hideous and grinning ugliness.

It carries one back to the days when “there were giants on the earth.” It shows how the king was the visible God upon earth. The only thing like it that has since been seen is the deification of the Roman emperors.

And now let us pass on to the two others. They are the only statues remaining of an avenue of eighteen similar, or nearly similar statues, some of whose remnants lie in the field behind them which led to the palace of Amenophis III., every one of the statues being Amenophis himself, thus

giving in multiplication what Rameses gained in solitary elevation. He lived some reigns earlier than Rameses, and the statues are of ruder workmanship and coarser stone. To me they were much more striking close at hand when their human forms were distinctly visible, than at a distance, when they looked only like two towers or landmarks.

And now, who was it that strewed the plain with their countless fragments? Who had power to throw down the Colossus of Rameses? Who broke the statue of Amenophis from the middle upwards? From the time of the Roman travellers, who have carved their names in verses innumerable on the foot of Amenophis, there has been but one answer—Cambyzes. He was, in the traditions of that time, the Cromwell of Egypt. It is possible that Rameses and Amenophis were shattered by earthquakes. But the recollection of Cambyzes shows the feeling he had left while here as the great Iconoclast. What an effort this implies of fanatical or religious zeal! What an impression it gives of that Persian hatred of idols which is described in the Bible, only here carried to excess against these majestic kings: “Bel boweth down and Nebo stoopeth.” Well might the idols of Babylon tremble before Cyrus, if such was the fate of the Egyptian Pharaohs before Cambyzes.

## DEIR-EL-BAHARI

AUGUSTE MARIETTE-BEY

THE temple of Deir-el-Bahari <sup>1</sup> occupies the centre of the semicircle which encloses El-Assassif. It lies close against some fine perpendicular rocks, which, on the opposite or northwestern side, run down into the valley of Bab-el-Moulouk. There can be little doubt as to the origin of this temple. Deir-el-Bahari was raised to the glory of Queen Hatasou just as Medinet-Habu was raised to the glory of Rameses III. The site of these commemorative temples was chosen from religious motives peculiar to Egypt, to which there is no need again to allude. The walls of Deir-el-Bahari are covered with cartouches which at first sight are calculated to cause a certain confusion in the visitor's mind. The fact is Hatasou took to herself different names according as she either shared the throne with her two brothers Thothmes II. and Thothmes III., or as she subsequently governed with the title of Regent in the name of the latter of these two princes, or

<sup>1</sup> This, one of the most extraordinary of all Egyptian temples, was never finished. The Egyptians called it *Zoserzossru* (most splendid of all), and the Arabs, *Deir-el-Bahari* (Northern Convent) to describe a community of Christian monks who made the temple their headquarters. Mariette made some explorations here; and in 1894-1896 the whole temple was exhumed by the Egypt Exploration Fund.

again, as she eventually reigned alone in her own name. Science has not yet, we think, said its last word on the subject of these different names, and perhaps the solution of the problem may be found in some inscriptions lately brought to light in the temple we are now examining.

Deir-el-Bahari was constructed on a singular plan, and even from a distance it bears no resemblance to any of the other temples of Egypt. It was preceded by a long alley of sphinxes, now utterly destroyed, and by two obelisks of which nothing at present remains but the base. Beyond these, it stretched out in terraces as far as the mountain, one court leading up to another by easy ascents. It was built of a fine white limestone, and one might well wonder that a single block of wall should remain standing, if one did not remember that El-Assassif, by the abundance of its materials and its proximity to the plain, offered to the enterprising plunderer much greater facilities of spoil than could be obtained at Deir-el-Bahari. Moreover, it is probable that this temple was soon abandoned. Even as early as the Twenty-second Dynasty it was already used as a cemetery, and in one of its chambers were found, piled up one above the other almost to the ceiling, mummies of the Grecian period, lying over rows of other mummies, of which the most ancient probably belonged to the Twenty-sixth Dynasty.

History is not forgotten at Deir-el-Bahari any more than at the Ramesseum and at Medinet-Habu. But it is no easy matter to determine whether the fragments of pictures

one meets with scattered here and there form part of any one common theme. Reaching the temple from the east, that is nearly at its lowest part, we come upon the first of these bas-reliefs. Troops are marching, preceded by trumpets and officers; the soldiers are fully equipped, some carrying in their hands branches of palm trees; their standards are surmounted by the cartouches of Hatasou. Evidently we have before our eyes the triumphal entry of troops returning from a campaign. Further on, almost at the extremity of the temple, and only a few steps from the granite gateway which forms so conspicuous an object from all parts of the surrounding plain, is another picture somewhat more distinct; but unfortunately only the final portion remains. Hatasou had sent her troops on a campaign into Arabia, a country celebrated for its perfumes, its spice-bearing and odoriferous trees, its gold, its ebony, and its wrought fabrics of every sort. This expedition was to lay in a stock of such treasures as it could collect together, and to bring them back to Thebes to be stored in the temple of Ammon. No obstacle, it would seem, checked the progress of the detachment sent for this purpose to the shores of the Red Sea. The principal inhabitants of the country embarked more or less willingly on the Egyptian fleet to lay at the feet of the magnificent Regent substantial proofs of their submission. Such are the principal episodes of that campaign as described in the bas-reliefs of Deir-el-Bahari. The scene is laid on the seashore, the transparency of the water naïvely allowing

the fishes to be perceived. Some Egyptian soldiers are drawn up on the coast. The inhabitants of the Punt country quit their dwellings, whose white roofs have the form of a cupola, and bring the produce of the soil and of their industry. Some are piling up the scented gum into enormous heaps, others bring entire trees, the roots of which are tied up in *couffes* or frail baskets. The clothing of these individuals, their weapons and the colour of their skins deserve especial study. The Egyptian fleet is drawn up close by, and the loading of the ships is being proceeded with. Bales of goods, earthen jars, live animals, trees—everything is carefully arranged in its appointed place. The ships are propelled both by sail and by oars. Thebes at last is reached, and the different items are enumerated. There is quite a procession of cynocephalous monkeys, panthers, giraffes, and short-horned oxen; while collars, chains, bracelets, daggers and hatchets are all being classed in order. Ammon is witness of the scene, and addresses his congratulations to the Queen Regent. In a side chamber to the south, another subject is presented. We have now no longer the green waters of the Red Sea, but the blue waters of the Nile. In the lowest compartment of the picture, more troops are seen marching. But interesting as they are, one cannot be sure whether these episodes refer to the same campaign which has been so minutely described on the walls of the principal chamber. Close by, a fine doorway, with many ruins heaped up before it, leads into a chamber, the colours of which have

retained all their vividness. On each side of the passage leading to this chamber, an admirable sculpture represents a royal personage, who quenches his thirst with the milk of Hathor under the form of the most beautiful cow that Egyptian bas-reliefs can show us.



## ***TOMBS OF THE KINGS***

***DEAN STANLEY***

**T**HE western barrier of the Theban plain is a mass of high limestone cliffs, with two deep gorges : one running up behind the plain, and into the very heart of the hills, entirely shut in by them ; the other running up from the plain, so as to be enclosed within the hills, but having its face open to the city. The former is the valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the Westminster Abbey of Thebes ; the latter, of the Tombs of the Priests and Princes, its Canterbury Cathedral.

Ascend, therefore, the first of these two gorges. It is the very ideal of desolation. Bare rocks, without a particle of vegetation, overhanging and enclosing in a still narrower and narrower embrace, a valley as rocky and bare as themselves, with no human habitation visible, the whole stir of the city wholly excluded ; such is, such always must have been the awful resting-place of the Theban kings.

Nothing that has ever been said about them had prepared me for their extraordinary grandeur. You enter a sepulchral portal in the face of these wild cliffs, and find yourself in a long and lofty gallery, opening or narrowing, as the case may be, into successive halls and chambers, all of which are

covered with a white stucco, and this white stucco brilliant with colours, fresh as they were thousands of years ago, but on a scale, and with a splendour, that I can only compare to the frescoes of the Vatican Library.

Some of course are more magnificent than the others; but of the chief seven all are of this character. They are, in fact, gorgeous palaces; hewn out of the rock, and painted with all the decorations that could have been seen in palaces. No modern galleries or halls could be more completely ornamented. But, splendid as they would be even as palaces, their interest is enhanced tenfold by being what they are. There lie "all the kings in glory; each one in his own house" (Isa. xiv. 18). Every Egyptian potentate, but especially every Egyptian king, seems to have begun his reign by preparing his sepulchre. It was so in the case of the Pyramids, where each successive layer marked the successive years of the reign. It was so equally in these Theban tombs, where the longer or shorter reign can be traced by the extent of the chambers, or the completeness of their finish. In one or two instances, you pass at once from the most brilliant decorations to rough unhewn rock. The king had died, and the grave closed over his imperfect work. At the entrance of each tomb, he stands making offerings to the Sun, who, with his hawk's head, wishes him a long life to complete his labours.

Two ideas seem to reign through the various sculptures.

First, the endeavour to reproduce, as far as possible, the life of man, so that the mummy of the dead king, whether

in his long sleep, or on his awakening, might still be encompassed by the old familiar objects. Egypt, with all its peculiarities, was to be perpetuated in the depths of the grave; and truly they have succeeded. Not the collections of Pompeii at Naples give more knowledge of Greek or Roman life than these do of Egyptian. The kitchen, the dinners, the boating, the dancing, the trades, all are there—all fresh from the hands of the painters of the primeval world.

The other idea is that of conducting the king to the world of death.

The further you advance into the tomb, the deeper you become involved in endless processions of jackal-headed gods, and monstrous forms of genii, good and evil; and the Goddess of Justice, with her single ostrich feather; and barges carrying mummies, raised aloft over the sacred lake, and mummies themselves; and, more than all, everlasting convolutions of serpents in every possible form and attitude; human-legged, human-headed, crowned, entwining mummies—enwreathing or embraced by processions—extending down whole galleries, so that meeting the head of the serpent at the top of the staircase, you have to descend to its very end before you reach his tail. At last you arrive at the close of all—the vaulted hall, in the centre of which lies the immense granite sarcophagus which ought to contain the body of the King. Here the processions, above, below, and around, reach their highest pitch—meandering round and round—white and black, and red and blue—legs,

and arms, and wings spreading in enormous forms over the ceiling ; and below lies, as I have said, the coffin itself.

It seems certain that all this gorgeous decoration was, on the burial of the King, immediately closed, and meant to be closed forever ; so that what we now see was intended never to be seen by any mortal eyes except those of the King himself when he awoke from his slumbers. Not only was the entrance closed, but in some cases—chiefly in that of the great sepulchre of Osirei—the passages were cut in the most devious directions, the approaches to them so walled up as to give the appearance of a termination long before you arrived at the actual chamber, lest by any chance the body of the King might be disturbed. And yet in spite of all these precautions, when these gigantic fortresses have been broken through, in no instance has the mummy been discovered.

Amongst the inscriptions of early travellers is one of peculiar interest. It is the “torch-bearer of the Eleusinian mysteries,” who records that he visited these tombs “many years after the divine Plato”—thanks “to the gods and the most pious Emperor Constantine who afforded him this favour.” It is written in the vacant space over the figure of a wicked soul returning from the presence of Osiris in the form of a pig, which probably arrested the attention of the Athenian, by reminding him of his own mysteries. Such a confluence of religions—of various religious associations—could hardly be elsewhere found ; a Greek priest-philosopher recording his admiration of the Egyptian worship in the

time of Constantine, on the eve of the abolition of both Greek and Egyptian religion by Christianity.

It was on the evening of our last day that we climbed the steep side of that grand and mysterious valley, and from the top of the ridge had the last view of the valley itself, as we looked back upon it, and of the glorious plain of Thebes as we looked forward over it.

No distant prospect of the ruins can ever do them justice; but it was a noble point from which to see once more the dim masses of stone rising here and there out of the rich green, and to know that *this* was Karnak with its gateways, and *that* Luxor with its long colonnade, and those nearer fragments the Ramesseum and Medinet-Habu; and further, the wide green depression of the soil, once the funereal lake.

Immediately below lay the Valley of Assassif, where, in a deep recess under towering crags, like those of Delphi, lay the tombs of the priests and princes. The largest of them, in extent the largest of any, is that of Petumenap, Chief Priest in the reign of Pharaoh Neco. Its winding galleries are covered with hieroglyphics, as if hung with tapestry. The only figures which it contains are those which appear again and again in those priestly tombs, the touching effigies of himself and his wife—the best image that can be carried away of Joseph and Asenath—sitting side by side, their arms affectionately and solemnly entwined round each other's necks. To have seen the Tombs of Thebes is to have seen the Egyptians as they lived and moved before the



**PORTICO, LUXOR**

THE  
THE  
THE

eyes of Moses—is to have seen the utmost display of funereal grandeur which has ever possessed the human mind. To have seen the Royal Tombs is more than this—it is to have seen the whole religion of Egypt unfolded as it appeared to the greatest powers of Egypt, at the most solemn moments of their lives. And this can be explored only on the spot.



## ROYAL MUMMIES

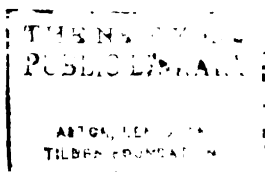
A. B. DE GUERVILLE

**A**CCORDING to Diodorus, Thebes was the most ancient city of the Nile Valley, and is believed to have been founded, like Memphis, by Menes, B. C. 4400. Homer has sung its praises, and described to us its greatness and its glory, its 100 gates and 20,000 chariots of war. This celebrated town stretched not only on the right side of the Nile, where to-day we find Luxor and the ruins of Karnak, but also on the left bank, where, in the midst of the fertile fields, superb ruins are still to be seen.

The Ramesseum, an immense temple built by Rameses II., the Colossi of Memnon, two extraordinary statues whose heads seem to threaten heaven itself, the famous temple of Medinet-Habu, all these are still standing, and are of the greatest interest. Formerly, when Thebes flourished, the Necropolis was on this side of the Nile as well as the houses of the priests, the embalmers, the craftsmen and workmen engaged on the tombs, the buildings containing the sacred animals, the schools and libraries. At the foot of the valley rose the Libyan mountains, whose sides are honeycombed with tombs. On the left, in a small valley, are the tombs of the Queens, whilst on the right, in another valley, bare and narrow, lie those of the Kings. These are to my mind the most interesting and marvellous



THE NILE AT BOULAC



sights in all Egypt, and I shall never forget the impression left on me by my visit.

Accompanied by Mr. Quibell, a Scotsman, Inspector-General of Antiquities, and a charming companion, I set off early one morning from the *Rameses*. The day was sunny and the air delicious. Crossing the Nile by sailing-boats we mounted the donkeys which awaited us, and, for nearly an hour, galloped across the fertile country until we reached the entrance to the Valley of the Kings, narrow and hemmed in by barren yellow rocks. The contrast between the land which we had just left, teeming with life, changed in a moment to this road to Death, where not a bird, not an insect, not the shadow of a living creature could be seen, was most striking. This was truly the Gate of Death, the Valley of Nothingness, at the end of which lay the gaping tombs of once powerful Kings who, wishing to pass in peace their last long sleep, had hollowed out, above and below in the side of the barren rock, marvellous caves, carved, painted and chiselled, where their mortal remains might at last rest.

“Oh, Kings! Vanity, vanity, all is vanity! Ye who had ordained to be buried here with thy jewels and precious stones, thine ivories and gilded furnishings; ye did not understand that the day would come when thy priests who defended the entrance to thy tombs should vanish away, and thy people be destroyed, that thieves should break through to steal, should burst the doors and break down the walls, should pierce even the shell itself, and carry

away with them from the sacred precincts of the grave thy royal remains ! ”

But so it came to pass. According to M. Maspéro, some 966 years B. C., robbers had become so powerful, and could so easily defy the Government, that they had desecrated several of the royal tombs, until Aauputh, son of Shashank, decided to have all the caves opened, and the coffins with their remains removed to one vast cavern, where, some thirty centuries later, they were destined to be once more brought to light in a strange manner.

It seems that in 1871 an Arab, named Abd er Rasul Ahmad, found by chance the entrance to this cave, and understanding the rich find which it contained determined to profit by it. He announced his discovery to his two brothers and his son, and for several years he and his accomplices sold to tourists objects of great value but small size, which they could easily carry from their hiding-place to their homes. At last, in 1881, the Egyptologists wakened up, and M. Maspéro, at that time Director of the Museum at Cairo, came to Luxor to make inquiries. After difficulties without number, and too long to recount here, the hiding-place was discovered, and the royal mummies took the road to Cairo, where they finally made their appearance at the Museum under glass cases. Two years later the mummy of Queen Mes-Hent Themebu began to emit an odour which was far from being agreeable, and it was found necessary to unswathe her. Soon it was the turn of Queen Nefartari, who after being unrolled completely

putrified, and had to be buried. It was then decided to undo all the mummies and air them, and a beginning was made with Rameses II. He was the first of the Egyptian Sovereigns whose form was revealed to the world, 3,200 years after his mummification.

Though emptied of their mortal remains, of the furniture and utensils with which they were adorned, the tombs of the Kings are still of extraordinary interest. The sculptures and the bas-reliefs are admirably preserved, and a number of the paintings, even after so many centuries, are of incredible freshness and vividness.

Of the fifty and odd royal tombs mentioned by historians, forty-three have, I believe, been discovered, and are to-day open to the public. All are hewn out of the solid rock, and are composed of long passages leading to vast chambers, of which the last, containing the sepulchre, is situated some 300 to 500 feet from the entrance.

To the ancient Egyptians their tomb was not simply a coffin laid in a grave, but a huge apartment, beautifully ornamented and decorated by the greatest painters and sculptors of the time, and in which the dead could walk at his ease and enjoy all the comforts to which he had been accustomed. Thus we find on the walls and on the pillars scenes, wonderfully depicted, of the life which he had led, and the future life as he imagined it to be.

Mr. Quibell conducted me first of all to the tomb of Meremphah discovered only a few months ago, and which had not yet been opened to the public. The passages and

ante-chambers were lighted by electricity, which enabled one to admire all the details ; but the sepulchre itself, the sanctuary, was, when we entered, in complete darkness. Suddenly the sombre cave was filled with light, and, under the brilliant glare of the electric lamps, I saw before me an immense and beautiful granite figure of tender gray colour, lying on its back, with hands crossed on its breast. The effect produced by this wonderful carving of the dead, cut on the cover of his coffin, is unforgettable.

For me, however, of all the tombs which I saw, that which impressed me most was of Amenhotep, probably because it was the only one in which the mummy still remained. In the middle of the sanctuary is a superb and enormous coffin of red marble, the covering of which has been removed, and in which rests the corpse. A part of the bands which enwound it has been undone, and the head, the neck and the shoulders appear black and dry. It is impossible to describe the effect of the sight of this once powerful monarch, who, 3,500 years after his death, reposes, so small, so withered, under the rays of the Edison lamps. Mockery of human desires ! After piercing the very bowels of the mountain, where he believed that, inaccessible and still, he would sleep his eternal sleep, he is to-day exposed to the gaze of thousands of curious tourists.

A short time after my leaving Luxor, another royal tomb was discovered by Mr. Theodore Davis, an American, who is also a distinguished Egyptologist, and who passes his winters in archæological research. One can

easily imagine his joy when, after his long, difficult and costly researches, he at last saw his efforts crowned with success, and a royal tomb lay open before him.

If I was unlucky to leave Luxor before this new discovery I had, at least, the good fortune to hear, a short time after, the lecture given on the subject by M. Maspéro. With the greatest simplicity, in a clear and easy style, with a soft and winning voice, the Director of the Museum explained to us that this was the tomb of Queen Tia, wife of Amenhotep III., who lived B. C. 1500. M. Maspéro rendered well-merited praise to the rich foreigners who, like Mr. Davis, with their time and their money, lend aid to his Department, then he continued :

“ The excavations made by Mr. Davis took place in a corner of the Valley of the Kings, where the majority of Egyptologists did not consider that anything interesting would be found. Destiny decreed that just there Mr. Davis should make one of the most interesting and important discoveries of our time. The tomb of Queen Tia was in fact intact, although at the time of the Roman period it had evidently been visited by robbers. But these contented themselves with taking the jewels, and left the rest untouched. We were so keen to see this tomb without altering anything that we penetrated by a little hole just large enough to admit a child, a thief . . . or an archæologist.

“ Near the entrance we found a superb scarabee, and some elaborate vases evidently lost *en route* by the thieves, a bad sign, which showed us that the tomb had been opened.



Great was our joy therefore when we discovered that the sanctuary was intact, and full of a thousand objects which recalled the past. On the brick wall which had until to-day separated it from the world, we could still see the marks of muddy hands—hands of men, now for centuries dead, who had sealed it up, as they thought, for eternity. The dead centuries rose up before us as though alive. On the middle of the coffin a pink cushion lay carelessly thrown; at the side was a chair of modern appearance, rather in the Empire style, yet with I know not what of Egyptian. Further away was a gilded armchair with straight legs, which recalled the style of Louis XVI., and, facing it, yet another quite Egyptian. Here too was a chariot, covered with leaf-gold, complete with its wheels, pole and yoke. Here also a complete suite of furniture, large chests of black wood, and seventy-two jars containing offerings and provisions, ducks, haunches of venison, meat dried or mummified, bread, wheat, and in others traces of the wine and perfumes which they had contained. One large vase was overturned by accident, and from it came a thick yellowish matter, honey, and strange to say, at that very moment, we saw, alighting on it, a bee which had entered from without. At the side were objects of gold, ivory, silver, not to mention an enormous bunch of onions!"

Then M. Maspéro proceeded to give us some charming details of the life led by these ancient Egyptians in general, and Queen Tia in particular, who, it would seem, was a remarkable woman.

## ***THE DAHABEAH***

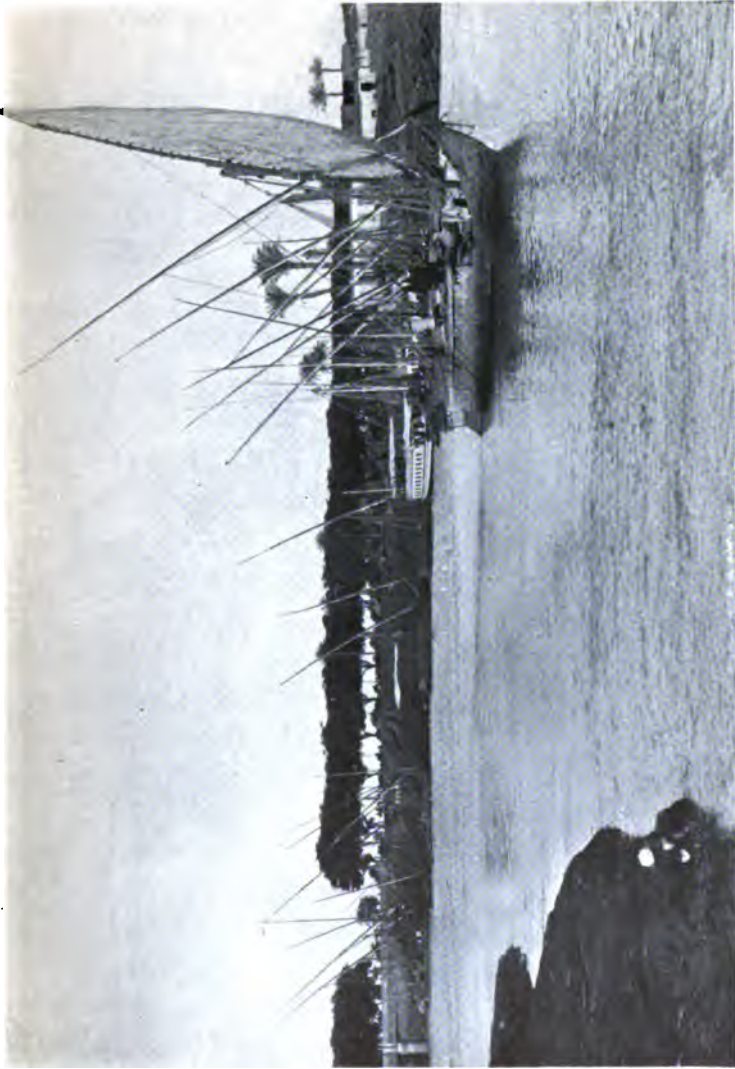
***FREDERIC EDEN***

**A** DAHABEAH has generally fine lines and a very handsome shape ; she is built of wood as a rule, but not rarely of iron. Her sides are low, her beam is great, and her draught light. In one respect her form is peculiar, for the bow is much deeper in the water than the stern. The older boats have a considerable sheer, the stern especially cocking up high out of the water, but the newer ones are flatter.

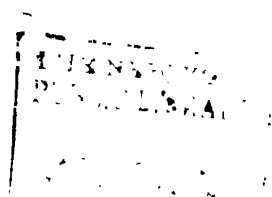
She is furnished with four means of progression, viz., sails, punting-poles, tow-rope and oars. The first three are used almost exclusively on the voyage up, and the oars on the voyage down. Her sails, two in number, are lateen. The trinkeet, or forward sail, is of great size, the yard on which it is laced being as long, and sometimes longer, than the hull of the boat itself. The ballakoon, or after sail, is small, bearing to the foresail much the same proportion as the dandy of a yawl has to its mainsail. Into the after part of the dahabeah is built a wooden house, which sometimes fills nearly half the boat ; and the size of a distant dahabeah may be easily told by the number, six or eight, nine or ten of the Venetian blinded windows with which the sides of the house are pierced. Inside are the cabins ;

outside, on the roof, the deck where the Nile travellers' time is almost spent. Two or three steps from the cabin's floor, which is in fact the floor of the boat itself, lead up on to the main deck, and from this a staircase, or in large boats two, one on each side, gives access to the deck above. Three-fourths of the main deck are made of movable bars or planks that are taken up when the oars are used ; and it is under this part of the deck that packages and cases are stored. The oars on the return voyage when not in use are lashed along the sides, each to its pin ; but on going up they generally serve as a rail round the upper deck, being fastened rail-wise to iron uprights fixed for the support of the awning. Round the mast are ranged the punting-poles that play no second-rate part in a Nile voyage ; and immediately in front of it the cook's galley. Every part of the boat from stem to stern is fitted with awnings. Canvas is the only roof ever given to the kitchen ; it closes in, when required, the sides of the main deck and of the cabins. It roofs them in also, and affords every possible protection from the sun. In the tents so made the crew sleep : the men on the main deck, the reis, or captain, and one or two others, on the upper deck ; and in them on every day of rest the men hold feast and holiday. So swathed in her awnings is a dahabeah on such an occasion that as little can be seen of her as of a race-horse in his clothes.

The *Lotus*, a very small boat, was about fifty-three feet long by ten feet broad. She had three cabins and a closet, opening one into the other. The main cabin, most amid-



FISHING-BOATS ON AN ARM OF THE NILE



ships, was eight feet three inches broad, six feet six inches long, and six feet six inches high; the other two were of the same length and height, but narrowing with the curve of the vessel. Large dahabeahs, indeed all that we saw excepting ours, have a passage down the middle leading aft from the main cabin. On either side are the sleeping cabins, often necessarily very narrow. Our boat, having no passage, afforded us better sleeping accommodation than we should have had in a vessel twice as large; but the main cabin was small. Divans on either side of each cabin, and an infinity of lockers, drawers and shelves, turned the space, however, to the best account, and for two people the little boat was very comfortable. Going out of the cabin on to the main deck, on one side was the staircase to the upper deck, on the other the pantry; and in front, by the mast, stood the filter—a large goolah jar, set in a green wooden case. These jars are of earth, very porous, and consequently cooling.

On the upper deck stand chairs and divans, and perhaps a table. It can, as I have said, be completely surrounded and covered in by awnings, and a handsome Persian carpet is often spread upon it. The forewarder part is in fact a day-room, used by the owners more than is the main cabin. From the after part the boat is steered, and it is more or less abandoned to the reis, steersman and the poultry. Our boat, however, had a ginnayn, or garden, as the five or six feet of extreme stern, sometimes not occupied by the cabins, is called, from the habit that prevails in the native

boats of placing here one or more pots of flowers, generally cactuses. We found our garden most useful. From it the ballakoon was worked, and in it our chicken-coops were ranged.

Such is the best description I can give of the travelling Nile-boat ; and a more graceful boat, or one better suited for its purpose, it would be hard to find. The fine lines and immense sails give it the power requisite to stem the rapid current of the Nile. The lateen cut of these sails spreads the canvas high above the shelter of the oftentimes deep banks. The great beam gives stability and accommodation. The light draught makes her easy to tow, and, for so large a boat, easy also to row. Thereby, too, she has a better chance of escaping the numerous sand-banks ; and as she strikes them with her deepest part, the bow, she is more easily got afloat again. The low free-board, only about two feet from the water-line, adds to her lightness in fact and appearance ; whilst her long pennants, gaily painted sides and white canvas, bordered often by one or two cloths of blue, give the boat a most picturesque and holiday-like look. Near, or at a distance, a dahabeah is fair to see. Near, she is a picture of comfort and convenience, of adaptability of means to an end. In all things a perfect boat-home. At a distance she resembles a bird on the wing rather than a boat on the water.

One is never dull on board a dahabeah. As the boat lies at the bank, and one occupies the upper deck shrouded from the sun and sheltered from the wind by awnings, no box at

a theatre is half so comfortable, and few plays so amusing as the scenes constantly acted before one. All is so strange, so new, to a man unaccustomed to Eastern life; all, at the same time, so old and familiar to any one up in his Arabian Nights, or well acquainted with his Bible. The whole is more like a dream, or a play, than the too realistic life of our northern climes with its miseries, discomforts and wants. The men are like children in their idleness, their vanity, desire for amusement, quickness in passion or delight; the dirt is not dirt in that dry climate; the poverty is not want; the rags are merely picturesque where the bounteous sun keeps all things warm. Then the gravity with which everything, the most trivial, is done, until with a burst of boyish laughter, it changes into boisterous mirth, as some trifling jest, or good-natured practical joke, charms the Arab from his dignity.

Nile travelling, as the storms we have felt and the wrecks we have seen sufficiently prove, is not free from risk. The wind blows home, the boats are not too manageable, and by no means well-managed. There is little discipline, small skill and no courage, to be found among the crews. The immense sail, the long yard, and the house on deck in which one lives, give great hold to the wind. A shoal or leeshore is always close, and under these circumstances it is quite possible to come to grief.



# ***THE NILE IN THE DELTA—HELIOPOLIS— THE NILE VALLEY—THE FIRST CATARACT—PHILAE***

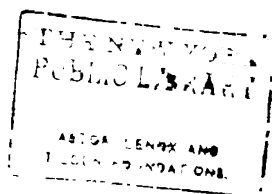
*DEAN STANLEY*

**T**HE eastern sky was red with the early dawn; we were on the broad waters of the Nile—or rather, its Rosetta branch. The first thing that struck me was its size. Greater than the Rhine, Rhône, or Danube, one perceives what a sea-like stream it must have appeared to Greeks and Italians, who had seen nothing larger than the narrow and precarious torrents of their own mountains and valleys. As the light broke, its colour gradually revealed itself—brown like the Tiber, only of a darker and richer hue—no strong current, only a slow vast volume of water, mild and beneficent as the statute in the Vatican, steadily flowing on between its two almost uniform banks, which rise above it much like the banks of a canal, though in some places with terraces or strips of earth, marking the successive stages of the flood.

These banks form the horizon on either side, and therefore you can have no notion of the country beyond; but they are varied by a succession of Eastern scenes—villages of mud like ant-hills, except in numbers and activity—mostly, however, distinguished by the minaret of a well-built mosque, or the white oven-like dome of a sheykh's



ASSOUAN



tomb; mostly, also, screened by a grove of palms, sometimes intermixed with feathery tamarisks, and the thick foliage of the carob-tree, or the sycamore. Verdure, where it is visible, is light green, but the face of the bank is usually brown. Along the top of the banks move, like scenes in a magic lantern, and as if cut out against the sky, groups of Arabs, with their two or three asses, a camel, or a buffalo.

To-day was our first expedition into the real "Land of Egypt." Through two hours of green fields—green with corn and clover—avenues of tamarisk, fig-trees and acacia; along causeways raised high above these fields—that is, above the floods of the summer inundations—we rode to Heliopolis. At every turn there was the grateful sound of little rills of living water, worked by water-wheels, and falling in gentle murmurs down into these little channels along the roadside, whence they fell off into the fields, or the canals. The sides of these canals were black with the deep soil of the land of Ham. Beyond was the green again, and close upon that, like the sea breaking upon the shore, rose the yellow hills of the hazy desert.

At the very extremity of this cultivated ground are the ruins of On or Heliopolis. They consist simply of a wide enclosure of earthen mounds partly planted with gardens. In these gardens are two vestiges of the great Temple of the Sun, the high-priest of which was father-in-law of Joseph, and, in later times, the teacher of Moses.

One is a pool, overhung with willows and aquatic vegetation,—the spring of the Sun.

The other, now rising wild amidst garden shrubs, the solitary obelisk which stood in front of the temple then in company with another, whose base alone now remains. This is the first obelisk I have seen standing in its proper place, and there it has stood for nearly four thousand years. It is the oldest known in Egypt, and therefore in the world,—the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph; it has looked down upon his marriage with Asenath; it has seen the growth of Moses; it is mentioned by Herodotus; Plato sat under its shadow; of all the obelisks which sprang up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the Lateran, of the Vatican, of the Porta del Popolo; and this venerable pillar (for so it looks from a distance) is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt.

But I must not forget the view from the walls. Putting out of sight the minarets of Cairo in the distance, it was the same that Joseph and Moses had as they looked out towards Memphis, the sandy desert; the green fields of Egypt; and, already in their time ancient, the Pyramids in the distance. This is the first day that has really given me an impression of their size. In this view, the two great pyramids stand so close together that they form one bifurcated cone; and this cone does, indeed, look like a solitary peak rising over the plain—like Etna from the

sea. On the other side, in the yellow desert, seen through the very stems of the palm-trees, rise three rugged sand-hills, indicating the site of Leontopolis, the City of the Sacred Lions; where in after times rose the second colony of the Jews under Onias.

One more object I must mention, though of doubtful interest, and thus, unlike the certainties that I have just been describing. In a garden, immediately outside the walls, is an ancient fig-tree, its immense gnarled trunk covered with the names of travellers (in form not unlike the sacred Ash of the sources of the Danube), where Coptic belief and the tradition of the Apocryphal Gospels fix the refuge of Mary and Joseph on the flight into Egypt. There can of course be no proof, but it reminds us that, for the first time, our eyes may have seen the same outline that was seen by Our Lord.

I am now confined within the valley of the Nile—I may say literally confined. Never in my life have I travelled continuously along a single valley with all the outer world so completely shut off. Between two limestone ranges which form part of the table-land of the Arabian and African desert, flows the mighty river, which the Egyptians called Hapi-Mu, “the genius of the waters”; which the Hebrews called sometimes “Ior,” from some unknown meaning—sometimes “Sihor,” “the black.” Its brown colour, seen from the heights on either side and contrasted with the still browner and blacker colours of all around it, seems as blue and bright as the rivers of the North; hence,

some say, the word "Nile" which is the form adopted by the Greeks, and by all the world since.

The two limestone ranges press it at unequal intervals, sometimes leaving a space of a few miles, sometimes of a few yards, sometimes even a large plain. They are truly parts of a table mountain. Hardly ever is their horizontal line varied; the only change in them is their nearer or less approach to the stream. In this respect, the eastern range is a much greater offender than the western, and therefore the great line of Egyptian cities is on the western, not on the eastern shore. On the other hand, the western range, where it does approach, is more formidable, because it comes clothed with the sands of the African desert—sands and sand-drifts, which in purity, in brightness, in firmness, in destructiveness, are the snows and glaciers of the South. Immediately above the brown and blue waters of the broad, calm, lake-like river, rises a thick, black bank of clod or mud, mostly in terraces. Green—unutterably green—mostly at the top of these banks, though sometimes creeping down to the water's edge, lies the Land of Egypt. Green—unbroken, save by the mud villages which here and there lie in the midst of the verdure, like the marks of a soiled foot on a rich carpet; or by the dykes and channels which convey the life-giving waters through the thirsty land. This is the Land of Egypt, and this is the memorial of the yearly flood. Up these black terraces, over those green fields, the water rises and descends; "*Et viridem Ægyptum nigra fecundat arena.*"

And not only when the flood is actually there, but throughout the whole year, is water commonly ascending through innumerable wheels worked by native figures, as the Israelites of old "in the service of the field," and then flowing on in gentle rills through the various allotments. To the seeds of these green fields, to the fishes of the wide river, is attached another natural phenomenon which I never saw equalled: the numbers numberless of all manner of birds—vultures and cormorants, and geese, flying like constellations through the blue heavens; pelicans standing in long array on the waterside; hoopoes and ziczacs, and the (so-called) white ibis, the gentle symbol of the God Osiris in his robes of white, walking under one's very feet.

At Silsilis, the seat of the ancient sandstone quarries, there was a scene which stood alone on the voyage. The two ranges, here of red sandstone, closed in upon the Nile, like the Drachenfels and Rolandseck, fantastic rock-ery, deep sand-drifts, tombs and temples hewn out of stone, the cultivated land literally reduced to a few feet or patches of rush or grass. It was curious to reflect that those patches of green were for the time the whole of the Land of Egypt,—we ourselves, as we swept by in our boat, the whole living population contained within its eastern and western boundaries. It soon opened again, wide plains spreading on each side.

And now the narrow limits of the sandstone range which had succeeded to our old friends of limestone, and from which were dug the materials of almost all the temples of



Egypt, are exchanged at Assouan—the old Syene—for the granite range; the Syenite granite, from which the Nile issues out of the mountains of Nubia.

For the first time a serrated mass of hills ran, not as heretofore along the banks, but across the southern horizon itself. The broad stream of the river, too, was broken up, not as heretofore by the sand-banks, but by fantastic masses of black porphyry and granite and by high rocky islands, towering high above the shores. Far and wide these fantastic rocks are strewn, far into the eastern Desert, far up the course of the Nile itself.

These are the rocks which make and are made by the Cataract. These, too, furnish the quarries from whence came the great colossal statues of Rameses, and all the obelisks. From this wild and distant region sprang all those familiar forms which we know so well in the squares of Rome. In the quarries which are still visible in the white sands and black crags immediately east of Assouan, one obelisk still remains, hewn out but never removed from its original birthplace; the latest, as that of Heliopolis, is the earliest born of the race. And not only are these rocks the quarries of the statues, but it is hardly possible to look at their forms and not believe that they suggested the idea. Islands, quarries, crags along the riverside, all seem either like grotesque colossal figures, sitting with their grim features carved out against the sky, their vast limbs often smoothed by the inundations of successive ages; or else like the same statues broken to shivers, like that we saw at

Thebes. One can quite imagine how, in the days when power was will and will was power, Rameses, returning from his Ethiopian conquests, should say: "Here is the stone hard and glittering, from which my statue shall be hewn, and here is the model after which it shall be fashioned."

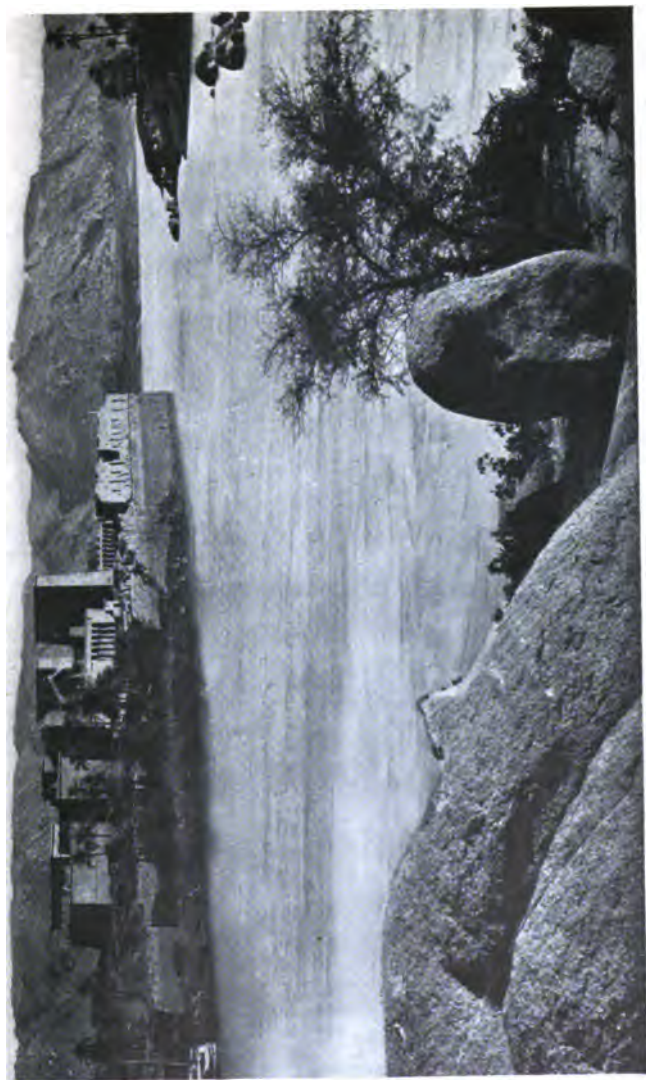
This is the utmost limit of the journey of Herodotus. He had been told a strange story, which he says he could not believe, by the treasurer at Sais, that at this point of the river there were two mountains running up into sharp peaks and called Crophî and Mophî, between which were the sources of the Nile, from which it ran down, northwards on one side into Egypt, and southwards on the other into Ethiopia. He came, he says, to verify it, and observes (doubtless with truth) that by those deep, unfathomable sources which they described, they meant the violent eddies of the Cataracts. To an inhabitant of Lower Egypt, the sight or the report of such a convulsion as the rapids make in the face of their calm and majestic river must have seemed like the very beginning of his existence, the struggling into life of what afterwards became so mild and beneficial.

And now it is immediately above the roar of these rapids—but still in the very centre of these colossal rockeries—that you emerge into sight of an island lying in the windings of the river—fringed with palms, and crowned with a long line of temples and colonnades. This is Philæ.

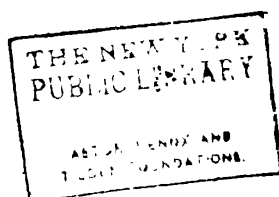
The name expresses its situation—it is said to be

"Pilek," "the frontier" between Egypt and Ethiopia. Its situation is more curious than beautiful, and the same is true of its temples. As seen from the river or the rocks, their brown sandstone colour, their dead walls hardly emerge sufficiently from the sand and mud cottages which enclose them round, and the palms are not sufficiently numerous to relieve the bare and mean appearance which the rest of the island presents. As seen from within, however, the glimpses of the river, the rocky knolls, and the feathery tresses of the palm, through the vista, the massive walls and colonnades irregular and perverse in all their proportions, but still grand from their size, are in the highest degree peculiar. Foreground—distance—art and nature are here quite unique; the rocks and river (of which you might see the like elsewhere) are wholly unlike Egypt, as the square towers, the devious perspective, and the sculptured walls are wholly anything else except Egypt.

The whole temple is so modern, that it no way illustrates, except so far as it copies them, the feelings of the religion of the old Egyptians. The earliest, and the only Egyptian, name that occurs upon it is Nectanebo, an Egyptian prince who revolted against the later Persian kings. All the rest are the Grecian Ptolemies, and of these the chief Ptolemy Physcon, or the Fat, so called because he became so bloated by his luxurious living that he measured six feet round, and who proposed, but in vain, to Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi. But in this very fact of its modern origin there is a peculiar interest. It is the fullest specimen



ISLAND OF PHILÆ



of the restoration of the old Egyptian worship by the Ptolemies, and of an attempt, like ours, in Gothic architecture, to revive a style and forms which had belonged to ages far away. The Ptolemies here, as in many other places, were trying "to throw themselves into Egyptian worship, following in the steps of Alexander, the son of Ammon." In many ways this appears. First, there is much for show without real use—one great side chapel, perhaps the finest of the group, built for the sake of its terrace towards the river—the main entrance to the Temple being in fact no entrance at all. Then there is the want of sympathy which always more or less distinguishes the Egyptian architecture, but is here carried to a ridiculous excess. No perspective is carried consistently through: the sides of the same courts are of different styles: no one gateway is in the same line with another. Lastly, there is the curious sight of sculptures, contemporary with the finest works of Greek Art, and carved under Grecian kings, as rude and coarse as those under the earliest Pharaohs, to be "in keeping" with Egyptian architecture and to "preserve the ancient type," like the mediæval figures in painted windows and the illegible inscriptions round the arches of some modern English churches. And not only are the forms but the subjects imitated, long after all meaning had passed away, and this not only in the religious figures of Isis and the gods. There is something ludicrously grotesque in colossal bas-reliefs of kings seizing innumerable captives by the hair of their head, as in the ancient sculptures of

Rameses—kings who reigned at a time when all conquests had ceased, and who had, perhaps, never stirred out of the palaces and libraries of Alexandria.

The mythological interest of the Temple is in connection with Isis, who is its chief divinity, and accordingly the sculptures of her, of Osiris, and of Horus, are countless. The most remarkable, though in a very obscure room, and on a very small scale, is the one representing the death of Osiris, and then his embalmment, burial, gradual restoration, and enthronement as judge of the dead. But this legend belongs, like the rest of the temple, to the later, not the ancient, stage of Egyptian belief.

## *NILE SCENES*

*FREDERIC EDEN*

**F**ROM Wishna we had a most lovely sail to Kenh, passing through some of the prettiest country we had yet seen. Belts and rows of palms encircled the cultivated ground ; and the lines of trees and the curve of the banks, as well as the plots of land were constantly broken by clumps of palms or by thickets of mimosas, and the fan-leaved dôm palm. The new corn was already well up, and the foreground, where the banks were sloping, looked like a green Thames lawn running down to the water's edge. The landscape, too, was set in a frame of the first mountains we had seen in Egypt.

Arrived at Kenh we were within the Thebiad, and not forty miles from Luxor and Karnak.

On the river near El Ballas we met several rafts, formed entirely of the earthen bottles in which the Egyptian women carry water. These Ballas jars (for, made at El Ballas, they take their name from the village) are not porous like the goolahs. Nearly two feet high, and fining to a round point at the bottom, they are carried on the head, the end resting in a roll or circlet of cotton cloth or rag. The jar holding perhaps two gallons is, when full, so heavy that it is often most difficult for the women without assistance



to get it upon their heads. They therefore, as a rule, go to the watering-places in pairs, or in a body ; but we often saw one who happened to be alone lift the jar on to the edge of the steep bank above her and stoop to bring her head underneath it. The jar once raised is carried as lightly and gracefully as if it were nothing heavier than a chignon ; and I have seen a delicate looking woman stand for five minutes at a time with this crushing burden on her head, arrested by no greater attraction than ourselves.

The jars transport themselves and owners to the down river markets. Bound together by palm-tree fibre, they are formed into a raft two or three jars deep and perhaps sixty by fifty wide. Each raft is provided with a helm and oars, fitted like the timber rafts of Europe, but made of rough untrimmed branches, and is sufficiently buoyant to hold out of the water the upper tier of jars, and the four or five men in charge.

On the next day a gentle breeze carried us up to Karnak, and we drew up for luncheon alongside the bank opposite the ruins. Then, as it proved most difficult to reach them, we got under way again, and ran up to Luxor, the most convenient halting-place from whence to visit the Theban ruins.

Left to myself, I laid on the bank under an awning and watched the manners of the natives. Underneath me was a small branch or creek of the Nile, which reënters the main river at Luxor. In this backwater the *Lotus* lay fastened to the bank, and above and below her were half a dozen



ASSIOU

THE  
COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

other dahabeahs, and perhaps twice as many native boats. The last, with aged timbers, torn sails, and destitute of paint; the dahabeahs gay with the flags of all nations, bright with the paint of various hues, their long pennants floating out in the breeze, or lazily flapping the water. Opposite was a cerulean blue; close on our right a ginger brown; we, lotus like, wore white and green with just a line of pink; one was clad in green; and another had broken out in lobster red. But painted however they may be, dahabeahs, with their holiday keeping and bent-on-pleasure look, beflagged, bestreamered, and much awninged, are pleasant to the eye.

So, too, was Luxor, with its temples, consuls' flags, and the palms, on this side visible. Opposite to me, at only a few yards' distance, was the watering-place, the common resort of all the town. Old-fashioned is the Egyptian's idea of water. With him, the Nile is everywhere the Nile. The Nile supplies the sweetest of water; and from whatever part of the river the water is taken, is it not the Nile water, and therefore sweet and good, nay, sweeter than any? This watering-place was being used for every conceivable purpose including many Eastern customs that it would be difficult to describe in Western language. The men come down, squat on the brink and wash in it. A beggar man sits down by it, with a lump of bread we had given him in one hand, some refuse green stuff he had picked up, as salad, in the other, and dipping and rinsing this frugal fare, he eats. Pausing for a moment in his meal

he wipes his mouth with his hand, and continuing the downward action, fills the palm and drinks. Just below, the cook of a dahabeah is killing chickens over a gunwale, and plucking a turkey. Groups of women, side by side, wash their clothes and fill their water jars. Those blows that one hears like a stick weightily laid on the ribs of a donkey, or the beating of carpets in England, are the thuds of the feet, as with a hop and a jump they bring first the left and then the right heavily on the clothes heap laid at the water's edge.

Nothing changes in Egypt: these women have the very features and shape depicted on the sculptures. There are the beautiful rounded arms, the small wrists and hands, the tapered fingers, the filbert nails. There, too, are the magnificent busts and the well-shaped legs; and there, too, are not that roundness of shape and swell of form that Leech has claimed for his English models, as with a sweep of his pencil, he made them almost impossibly beautiful. Amongst them, however, is a Nubian girl of very different proportions; and here come three buffaloes, driven down to drink and take their daily bath. They stretch themselves in the river with nose and face alone above the surface stirring up the mud, but in no degree altering the colour of the water; and there on the back of a cow the calf has rested its head and lies tranquilly chewing the cud. Next, a string of donkeys delivers its load of a salt, called natron, that is found in the ruins close by; and three camels, roaring, biting and struggling, are forced into the water, washed and

scraped. In the midst of all, a dozen naked boys are splashing about, and the town water-carriers alternately fill themselves and their goat skins. All this and much besides is done ; and it must be remembered, not in the stream of the Nile, but in the unchanging water of a small and shallow creek.

Constantly coming up to the same place, were native boats of all forms and build. There is one towing up the river bank, full of brown-garmented fellaheen. As they come to the point where the creek reënters the river, and cuts across their path, three or four, slipping out of their clothes, and into the water, wade through and push their boat across. One's eye has become so accustomed to all shades of brown and black skin, that it scarce notes whether they are clothed or not.

Close behind them comes a boat that would be more round than long, if it were not more square than either. The timbers of the roughest logs are held together by wooden pegs, whose heads, not driven home, project an inch or more from out of the sides. It is caulked with mud, and manned by three from eight to ten year old clotheless urchins. The protuberance of their stomachs is balanced behind, and their whole shape suggests the idea that it can be but a few generations since their family went on all fours. Then passes another boat. The after-part is filled with the canopy and posts of an old English four-post bedstead ; under this covering, the proprietor sits in state, solemn, sedate and proud, in much clothing, and with an amber mouth-

piece. Above his head, a negro boy squats on a canopy steering, and the sail, a sheet of holes and patches, is managed by a gaunt Arab, clad in what seems to be the last sail worn out when the present one was new. But the boats are endless in variety. One more, the most incongruous of all, and I have done. It holds an Arab boatman, a boy whose only covering is the scalplock on top of his shaven crown, and a Jew, in red fez, black frock coat, white umbrella and photographic apparatus. But the ferry boat *must* be added to the list. It is exactly the shape of a Turkish slipper, and is supposed by antiquaries to have been the felucca of Noah's Ark. More probably it was built about the same time as the temple of Karnak. Great as are the preservative powers of this climate, it is scarcely probable that any of the original timbers remain. No doubt as the ages wore on, a beam would occasionally decay, and be replaced; but there still remains the boat, a wondrous specimen of joiner's power and of wood mosaic. Into it goes a donkey, and another and another. Does anybody know the use of a donkey's tail? An expert, say a costermonger, would answer "for a crupper." No such thing. From the beginning was Egypt and the Nile. The Nile never wanted a boat, nor Egypt an ass; and the tail was given to help the one into the other. See how quickly it is done! First his forelegs are lifted in, then a man from above in the boat gives a single haul at the tail, and in goes the donkey like a shot.

In going south the sun must be more or less in one's

eyes. The shady side of the mountains is, therefore, generally seen, and, hill or flat, the landscape loses in colour from being looked at against the light. In returning northward, the sun is at the back, and everything has all the advantages that light and shade in this brilliant atmosphere can give. The mountains, too, whether on this account, or because we saw them before when fresh from the Tyrolean Alps, and now compared them with the Nubian hills, looked twice as big.

We stopped at Negadeh, though not at the place we had chosen. The town, a very old and curious one, is situated in one of the most lovely spots on the Nile. It has a large population of Copts and pigeons. Every house is equally divided between the two occupants. The Copt family has the ground floor, the pigeons the upper story. The last, the better cared for of the two, is ornamented with white-wash, decorated with red bricks, castellated at the top, pierced with many loopholes at the sides, and has further, for the convenience of the birds, two or three rows of thick peasticks, which project perhaps three feet from the walls, and at right angles from them. The whole building is a square tower, and resembles an old-fashioned East Indian native fort. The birds are rock pigeons and common property; most if not all of them share their time between the town and some mountain a few miles inland. Within a certain distance of the houses no one is permitted to disturb them. The Copts vie with each other in seeking to promote their comfort, and so to attract the greater number,



each to his own dovecot. The young, as soon as eatable, are taken from the nests inside, and so the price of the forbearance shown to the parent birds is exacted.

There was a market held at Negadeh, and amongst other things we bought for eight piastres a bundle of sugar-canes as a small backshish for the crew.

The markets are most amusing: that of Sohag is well attended. The town itself is squalid and unattractive, but the Nile was full of life. Crowds of native boats were hurrying up, down, and from across the river to the bank. The guardians (native police) made room for us, delighted to have occasion for using their six-foot-long sticks, and thus to assume the bullying airs of Eastern authority.

A native boat on a market-day resembles the last-to-be-filled carpet-bag of a family luggage. The amount it holds is only equalled by the variety of the contents; however full it may be there is always room for some one thing more. In such a boat are packed away men, women and boys; donkeys, sheep, goats and a camel; turkeys, chickens and geese; cucumbers, onions, lettuce and trusses of white clover. I had almost forgotten sugar-cane, butter and eggs, palm ropes, mats and netting, water-jars, fleas and flies—for such things are there as a matter of course. The first thing generally seen getting out is the bare leg of an impatient lady. She soon follows with two chickens under her arm, and a score or so of eggs in the skirt of her clothing, which is too much occupied with its brittle charges to have due regard for any regular duty. Then out

rush the crowd: a number of brown-coated fellaheen stagger away under their onions or clover, and half push, half carry their donkeys on shore. Turbans of all degrees of cleanliness follow; their wearers, too sedate to hurry, each with his long pipe and many with a servant to carry it. Perhaps a greater man still with red tarboosh, amber mouth-piece, three or four followers, and a donkey caparisoned with a red saddle and even a bridle. Only the very distinguished "*brics*" are bridled. Small people content themselves with a cudgel, and direct their donkey by a blow on the cheek, or a kick with the foot. Last of all comes the camel, rolling, grunting, complaining, anything but the docile animal our early education, with its usual accuracy, described him to be.

Along the shore two lines of market-goers came respectively from the north and south. Men on donkeys and on camels; men, women and boys on foot. Other lines of Arabs and beasts stretched from the bank to the town, laden with produce from the boats. These are occasions in which our men delight. They dress themselves in their best—that is put on all their clothes, one garment over the other; and however hot may be the weather, they swathe their head and shoulders in a Negadeh cloth. The malaiat, as this "comforter" is called, is made of thick cotton. The border of the same material has let into it lines of strong crimson and yellow silk. It is of the pattern and quality of a coarse, dark-blue English duster, and the size and shape of a Scotch plaid. Very ugly, very

stiff, ungraceful and uncomfortable, a good one costs 250 piastres (twenty-five shillings), and is the pride of the Arab sailor's heart. The poorer men buy malaiahs with only a strand or two of silk in them, or with none; but much silk or all cotton, the man so besuffocated swaggers along with an extra swagger.

Whilst the fellaheen worked and our crew strutted off, we used to sit under our awning and look on at the crowd, ever changing, ever busy, and as unlike anything to be seen in the West as was the sky overhead or the air we breathe. An Eastern scene has thrown on it a light that warms and mellows everything it touches. Poverty and rags and dirt under Egypt's sun are picturesque, not pitiable. There is no damp, no cold to make the half-clothed urchins shiver; and lack of garments seems more an advantage than a want. After a time, rather long than short, our men, one by one, reappear. The breast of each man's gown, or gowns, is filled to repletion with his favourite dainties; and if he is rich, half-a-dozen sugar-canes lie on his shoulder.

Minieh is a pretty place, and looks well to do, as indeed do most of the towns at this part of the river. Numbers of sugar factories were hard at work, others were building; the people seemed fully employed, healthy, well-dressed and fed. Quantities of boats crowded the river bank, half a dozen steamers had just arrived, or were about to depart, and everything had a busy and prosperous appearance. Sugar was the cause of the stir. Sugar is the potent *elixir vite*, by



THE NILE NEAR CAIRO

INTERNATIONAL  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
AND  
MUSEUM

which Egypt may recover her youth. The cane harvest was commencing when we passed up in December; it would be finished, we were told, in a fortnight. During these months the mills are unceasingly crushing the canes and pressing out the juice. For the rest of the year sugar-making or sugar-growing fully employs the neighbouring population.

In going up we were much struck by the signs of age shown by the mountains. Coming down, below Beni-Souef, these symptoms are still more noticeable. The Nile, shrunk among sand-banks, had lost the beauty inherent to it by virtue of its size and volume. The banks, grown up as the water had receded, shut out such view of the country as was before exhibited, and in the part we now found ourselves the river resembled a muddy estuary rather than the Nile. But the Nile changes with the day. The beauty of Egypt is colour, and her colouring is exquisite. Take away the light and shade, the yellows, greens and reds peculiar to it, and the Nile becomes a muddy river, the banks ugly, the hills puny, and the desert a waste of sand. But let the sun shine out with its accustomed brilliancy, and the river is a sheet of silver; the banks a frame one overlooks; the hills grow into mountains and the yellow turns to gold.

It was spring-time. The birds knew it, and made the most of it. Another sign of the times was seen in the departure of the "families" of the Cairene Pashas on their annual trip up Nile.

The great men's wives apparently require change of air

in the spring for we met about this time several families on the river. There was a procession of three or four steamers, each towing dahabeahs, covered with guards and flags. The whole turnout was most magnificent, and at the same time dull, severe and proper.

But very amusing was the family of a mudir. A single dahabeah contained it, but with such difficulty that the decks were covered with women and children, and the cabins were so crowded, that a beauty, more or less fat, more or less old, but all more or less painted, was bursting full blown out of every window. Dressed as they would be at home, with their faces and throats uncovered, we had, as we passed close by, an uncommon opportunity of seeing a harem. One strikingly pretty woman wore a most gorgeous dress of scarlet and gold, another had a very pretty gown of red and white stripes.

Our last day in Upper Egypt was a charming one. There was a gentle southerly air, cool after the northern we had lately suffered; but cool with the balmy softness peculiar to desert air. The sun shone out with Egyptian brilliancy, making deep the shadows and bright the light.

Below Chobac is Bedreshein where antiquaries and men in health stop as the nearest point to Memphis. Between these two villages there is a lovely view for all. A reach, broad and long, runs down to Turah, with its quarries and forests of masts. Above and behind Turah stand some large government buildings, which show with great effect from the commanding position they have taken at the

extremity riverwards of the Turah Massarah hills. On the east lies the desert. On the west, a sloping green bank, broken here and there by large woods of palms. Behind these again, visible between or over them, stand the great Pyramids and the less imposing ones of Sakkara, Memphis and the Colossus. At the foot of the reach, Cairo suddenly comes into view. The capital of Egypt is seated like a bird on a hill, the whole of which it covers with outspread wings. The face of the mount now presented to us was a sheer abrupt descent. The buildings nestle to the very verge of the precipice ; below, no foot could rest, and there is nothing to detract from the boldness with which the city has, as it were, taken its perch. High above all stretches upwards the citadel, with the dome and minarets of its magnificent mosque. The grand site has been most happily occupied, and suddenly seen as the city was by us, with the last rays of the evening light flitting over the buildings, and every line of the architecture clearly and sharply defined against the darkening sky, it appeared more like a dream of fairy-land, or a scene in a play, or a fiction of Turner's, than a real and living town.



## ***THE ASSOUAN DAM***

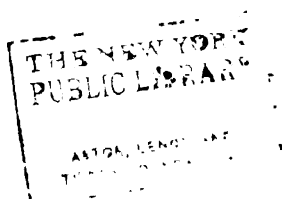
***FRANK FAYANT***

**T**HE First Cataract of the mighty Nile, which has roared and thundered through the ages, has been taken captive by English engineers. From out of the red granite quarries, where the ancient Egyptians, by patient and persistent toil, hewed their eternal monuments, a million tons of stone have been taken to dam the cataract. For four years an army of men laboured to erect a great granite wall to bind the turbulent floods that rush 3,500 miles through Africa from the Equatorial lakes to the Mediterranean. The cataract of seven thousand summers has been blotted off the world's map, and in its stead has been created, by the genius of Twentieth Century engineering, a 'mighty reservoir, that sets back between the hills of Upper Egypt for two hundred miles, storing a milliard tons of water.

And why have men toiled and spent millions of treasure to raise this mile-long wall in the heart of dried-up Egypt? Without the Nile, Egypt would be as barren as the Great Desert. With the great river, fertile Egypt is but an elongated oasis, a thin green line on either side of the stream, from Alexandria up into the heart of Central Africa. This thin green line in the days of the ancients



THE ASSOUAN DAM



made Egypt the garden and granary of the world. And for thirty centuries men have struggled to widen this line. But all the mighty undertakings of the past—the building of dykes to bind the floods, the raising of great walls to hold them back, the digging of canals and basins to lead the water to the parched fields—have been but pigmy effects compared to this last work, which, at a single stroke, increases the national wealth by £80,000,000.

For water is gold to Egypt. In flood it rushes to the sea at the rate of fifteen thousand tons a second, and ten thousand men are called out to drive it on. But when the crops are growing, the Nile is but a brook coursing through the rocks, and the law lays rough hands on the peasant farmer who, under shadow of the night, dips out an extra bucketful of drink for his thirsty crops. Now modern engineering attempts to save some of the summer flood that the cotton and grain may not shrivel up in the torrid sun of the spring. It is cotton that makes modern Egypt a living land, for Egyptian cotton is known over the world as the best cotton grown. England has undertaken this great irrigation work in Egypt—of which the dam at Assouan and the new barrage at Assiout are but the beginning—because England is vitally interested in the cotton trade. With the impetus given to Egyptian industry by the great engineering now being developed, it will not be long before agricultural Europe will become manufacturing Egypt, and the long staple of the Nile Valley will be spun and woven in Egyptian mills by Egyptian labour.

English financiers have the strongest faith in the future of Egypt. For centuries Egypt was practically a bankrupt country, but under able English administration, the finances of Egypt have been placed on a solid foundation. The man who may be well called the Financier of Egypt is Sir Ernest Cassel, whose greatest work in Egypt was the financing of the dam. For years Egyptian engineers have gone up and down the Nile Valley projecting on paper wonderful schemes of irrigation. Lakes have been formed, canals dug, and great barrages thrown across the river—all on paper. All of these fine schemes, which proposed to turn the desert into a garden, were brought before the Egyptian Government, and the rulers applauded the engineers. But when it came to providing funds for the carrying out of these plans for the saving of Egypt, the government was silent. Although Egypt is now on a sound financial footing, its financial arrangements are most chaotic. Nominally the vassal state of the Sultan of Turkey, the independence of Egypt is guaranteed by the Powers; but the financial administration is practically controlled by England. When Sir Benjamin Baker, the distinguished English engineer, placed before the Egyptian Government a plan for the damming of the Nile at two points—six hundred, and two hundred and fifty miles, respectively—above Cairo, the government gave its approval to the scheme, which involved the expenditure of several millions sterling. But the government was not able to pay for the work, except by small payments ex-

tending over a long period of years, and not beginning till the dams were in actual operation.

Undaunted, Sir Benjamin Baker went to his friend, Sir Ernest Cassel, and told him that several millions sterling were needed to dam the Nile. The engineer assured the banker that the project would be of inestimable benefit to Egypt, and that the two dams would rapidly pay for themselves in the greatly increased revenue they would bring to the Egyptian Government in water taxes. It did not take the banker long to decide. Four days later, a contract had been signed with Sir John Aird, probably the greatest contractor in England, to build the two dams within five years.

The dam at Assouan is a dam such as was never projected before. To build a great wall across an ordinary stream is merely a matter of labour, but to throw up a dam in the heart of a Nile cataract is a daring engineering undertaking.

“We had no idea of the difficulties we were to meet,” said Sir Benjamin Baker, in describing the work at Assouan. “We were greatly hampered in the work at the beginning because of the uncertainties of the river bed. We had to crush one turbulent channel after another, to enable our thousands of workmen to go down into the bed of the river to excavate for the foundation. This work had to be done at High Nile to enable us to begin excavating as soon as the Nile subsided. In closing a channel, we first threw ton after ton of granite blocks into the cataract, and then

we pitched in trainloads of rock, trucks and all. Gradually the rubble mound rose above the surface of the water. After the flood had subsided we banked this rock wall with many thousand bags of sand. What a task we had to get those bags! We used eight million, and we had to search all Europe for them. When the floods rose again, we anxiously watched the excavation ditch protected by these walls of rock and sand bags. We had a score of great pumps ready to draw out the water should it rush in, but so well had our sudds been constructed that two pumps were as many as we needed.

“When we finally got to work in earnest in the bed of the river, we found the task was a more formidable one than we had imagined. The rock in many places was such as no engineer would think of building a dam upon. It was rotten rock that crumbled into sand under the pick. We worked down yard after yard looking for solid rock, and in some places we had to go forty feet below the bed of the river to find it. This enormous excavation greatly increased the cost of the work. When I saw that we would practically have to excavate a deep ditch through the river bed to get to solid rock, I told Lord Cromer I did not know how much it would cost, but it would be done. Lord Cromer said, ‘Go ahead!’”

The work was carried on night and day through the winter and spring before the flood came rushing into the valley. An army of native labour was thrown into the ditch. At one time thirteen thousand men were at work

on the Assouan dam. Despite the engineering difficulties, the work was completed a year ahead of time.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Assouan is a winter resort rather than an archæological centre : its climate, especially during December and January, is perhaps the most perfect in the world ; the air is dry and invigorating to a wonderful degree, and the temperature is scarcely ever too low or too high. The scenery is quite different from that of the rest of Egypt : there are no cotton-fields or canals, there is nothing but the town, the Island of Elephantine, and the gray sand and granite of the Arabian Desert, separated from the golden slopes of the Libyan Hills by the river that winds and streaks in and out of curious black rocks and then divides past the island, opening below it to a wide reach of water peopled with tiny pleasure-boats and an occasional tourist steamer.

The town is unusually clean, and its bazaars are picturesque : they are full of every sort of Sudanese produce, armour and weapons, beads, fly-whisks, quaint leathern "bottels" and vessels, and hippopotamus-hide sticks and *courbashes* past all counting. To the east of the town is the Bishareen Camp, a conglomeration of disreputable tents where dwell the nomads of the Eastern desert, with their sheep and goats and their famous breed of camels. They are a curious race, with their shocks of long, shaggy hair, their fierce eyes, and their scant regard for clothing.

There is a certain fascination, not only in the climate and scenery, but in the "atmosphere" of Assouan. For one thing, it is quite unlike the usual dirty noisy Egyptian town : it is a frontier city, a borderland between two races—the Egyptians and the Nubians or Berberines—who, for all their relations with one another, have never mingled. Its other feature is the spirit of organization that seems to prevail, witness the succession of dances, picnics, gymkhanas, sailing matches, games of donkey polo, tennis and golf tournaments, and almost every known form of amusement. Perhaps the secret of this is that most visitors who go to Assouan return there year after year and stay for a long period : at any rate, every one seems to know, or to be quite ready to know, every one else.

The following are the chief objects of interest : Elephantine Island, the Rock Tombs and the Convent of St. Simeon on the west bank, the Eastern and the Southern Quarries, the Dam and Philæ.

Apart from its beauty, the Island of Elephantine is well worth exploring. Not only are there the ruins of an ancient Nilometer and several temples, but discoveries made lately by M. Clermont-Ganneau have established (this he suspected from the evidence of various Aramaic papyri)



that, about five hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era, there existed here a Jewish town.

The history of Assouan, that was Syene, is the history of its rocks. For it was from these rocks that the slaves of the Pharaohs cut and shaped the great monoliths and statues for many a mighty temple: indeed, it was from Syene that all the red granite came. It was extracted by such primitive methods as were known to those days; in some cases wooden wedges were driven into the rock, and then soaked with water, and as they swelled the rock split and was detached from its bed. Then after being shaped it was floated down the river in barges or rafts, then dragged by thousands of slaves on vast sledges to its resting-place of honour in some far northern shrine. The proof is still visible: there is an obelisk, and there are two statues in these quarries, unfinished. One of the statues is half-excavated, and one face of the stone is still unsevered from the mother-rock. The two principal quarries lie to the southeast of Assouan and on the road to Shellal, though for that matter almost all the tract between Assouan and Shellal on the east bank is quarry land.

Naturally every visitor to Assouan will choose his own time and method for seeing Philæ and the Dam; it is possible to make two separate excursions or to combine both places in one journey, to go or return by train, donkey or boat. At any rate, one form of expedition—which we describe here—is well worth doing; it is as follows: ride to Shellal, which takes an hour, take a boat to Philæ and then down to the Dam, walk across the Dam, or if that is not possible, row to the west end, then pass through the lock and take another boat down the Cataract to Assouan. For those who ride, the route is direct along a broad track that was once a Roman road; before that it was the way down which the quarried stones were borne. Long, long before that it was the ancient course of the river: to right and to left are the massed boulders of granite, and here and there is an inscription on some great stone recording the passage of this or that king or general or governor. On the right hand, between the granite mounds, are occasional stretches of the massive mud brick wall that possibly the Pharaohs, but more probably the Copts, built to protect the riverain villages from the raids of the savage desert tribes. As you go southwards the granite on either side converges more and more and then suddenly withdraws and discloses the wide open plain of Shellal: in front are the huts of various workmen, to the southwest are the hovels of Shellal and the small, white railway station, and beyond it, over the water, the pale stones of Philæ.

Before all things it should be remembered that Philæ is not and never

will be totally submerged. At present a goodly part of it is out of water throughout the year; when the raising of the Dam is complete, there will only remain the pylons and the top of the Birth-chamber: but this will be only the case when the reservoir is full, from the beginning of December to the end of May. From June to the end of November Philæ will be as it always has been, high and dry and clear of the water. Of course the picturesque setting is no more, the mimosa and other shrubs have been washed away, the few remaining palm-trees are dying, the island is changed, but the temple will remain as it was for many a generation.

As a temple, or, strictly speaking, as a group of temples, Philæ has no supreme archæological interest: it is late Ptolemaic and Græco-Roman; in plan it has even more than the inconsistent elaborateness of Kom-Ombo or Edfou. In fact, no monument is easier to belittle and condemn than Philæ—for those who have not seen it. But when you do see it, when you examine the capitals in the colonnades, the colour and design in the hypostyle hall, when your eye and imagination are held by the Isis and the Hathor on the pylon—when you are within sight of the Birth-chamber—then you realize Philæ.

The Parthenon at Athens is a great monument standing on high in a perfect place, but the Parthenon cannot outdo the Birth-chamber, and all its detail and all its beauty cannot excel those few frail architraves and slender pillars. Philæ is no mere record, it is an ideal.

Just after leaving Philæ the boat passes a curious rock—two rounded cones and a depression between them—known as Pharaoh's Seat: then the cliffs advance from either side, and beyond them is the great open sheet of water bounded only by the distant desert hills and the dam—that mile and a quarter of uncompromising stern masonry, a challenge of science to nature. A wonderful challenge indeed, for it "holds up" the Nile for over one hundred miles; it regulates, at the will of its engineer, all the flow from Assouan to the north, and it gives water to the whole land when it is required. The present height of the dam is one hundred and thirty-seven feet, and it is to be raised yet another seventeen feet. This will increase the water storage to a great extent, though at the same time it will practically submerge not only Philæ but a large part of Nubia. However, all possible provision has been made: the various temples have been most carefully strengthened, and the villagers are to receive liberal compensation for the few crops they lose.

The view down stream is strange and picturesque: the houses of the engineers and workmen form a village set in trees and rocks. The river, now no longer a river, steals where it may, in slender agitated streams,

between boulders: a few sluices only are open to it and through these it roars in a blinding, hurtling whirl of strength released, a white and green fury of unconstrained water.

After leaving the lock, the boat is steered at right angles into the rapids, down fierce eddies and past deadly-looking reefs and rocks, and at length into smooth open water. It all seems most dangerous, but there is no reason for fear: the Nubians are born boatmen and they know the Cataract as they know the palm of their hand.

The boat then glides past islets of black rock glistening by reason of their coating of manganese, past sandy beaches that lead to inlets of verdure that suggest anything but Egypt. Now and again you pass a small skiff; near the bank are women washing their jars in the water; round a corner the hotel appears, the boat steals between the smooth black rocks that are silent and unobtrusive as sleepy sea-lions, and then reaches the landing-stage and the end of the journey.—*Egypt and How to See It* (1910).

## NUBIAN SKETCHES

FREDERIC EDEN

**T**HE approach to Assouan is particularly picturesque. For some miles previously, a consciousness of a change in scenery and colouring had been creeping over us. The sand was becoming warmer in its tone ; and the rocks, dark and calcined looking, were the rocks of Nubia, not of Egypt. Each hundred miles of southern progress makes itself felt, but about Assouan there is a still more marked alteration, and one seems to have stepped at once from a temperate into a tropical country. The fiercer and straighter rays of the sun leave a deeper impress on everything they touch.

*Sakias*, too, the Nubian water-wheels, make their first appearance on the scene, announcing a change of country and of customs. We were in the land of irrigation. As flint and steel, when brought in contact, set tinder all afire, the sun and Nile, when made to act together, give all-producing power to Egypt. Wherever the river flows, and wherever its water permeates, there is verdure and fertility, food and life. Beyond the influence of the quickening element is sterile sand and barren waste.

Away from the Nile bank the Egyptians convey the enriching water by various means. There are canals such as

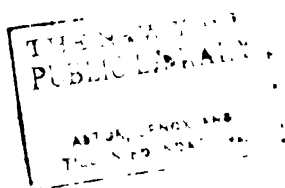
the Bahr-el-Yussuf, very rivers from their sources, that spread their arms like the branches of some giant tree, till their strength is spent, and the last drop they carry is licked up by the thirsty soil. Their course is marked through the land by villages and towns, by flocks and herds, by corn and dates, and by cotton and sugar plantations.

A more primitive instrument of irrigation—perhaps one of the oldest of mechanical contrivances—is the pole and bucket of the shadóof. In Egypt it is universally used, and in construction is most simple. An upright, say eight or nine feet high, is fixed in the bank. On it a long pole is balanced. At the short and inshore end is a lump of clay equal in weight to the bucket when full of water that hangs on the longer and river arm. The peasant standing in front, depresses the bucket till it fills, then by the aid of the earthen weight, he lifts it to the level of his chest, and by the same action empties it into a trough, that carries the water backward to the land, or to another and another shadóof that will raise it to the necessary level. The shadóofs are worked in pairs, and we saw once as many as six pairs ranged in tiers on landings one above the other. Each man made an average of eight lifts a minute. How many myriads of gallons must be thus drawn annually from the Nile?

The *sakia*, a more lazy method for obtaining the same end, is Nubian. A wheel, enclosed in a tower, is placed on the summit of the bank. A palm-fibre band encircles it and lowers and raises, as the wheel revolves, a number of



**A SAKIA, NUBIA**



earthen pots into a conduit beneath, that leads the water to it from the Nile. The whole is like a rough dredging machine, working perpendicularly and raising water instead of mud. Enconced in the shade of the tower the idle owner sits and flogs his working-beast—cow, ass, or camel.

Coming into Nubia we had entered upon a fresh scene. The people, the country, and even the climate were new to us. The last was hotter and softer than we had left; perfectly enjoyable, but not so stimulating; coffee and tobacco seemed the natural pastime of the hour and it became somewhat of an exertion to eat one's dinner.

The country's aspect was much changed by the substitution of granite and syenite for lime and sandstone, a change which begins just below Assouan, but is not seen in bulk until Philæ is reached. Another new feature, of greater importance to the beauty of the landscape, was that the banks of the river had become less high and more sloping. In Egypt, one sees, as a rule, the bank and the mountains behind,—the immediate fore and the distant background. In Nubia, the view embraces also the middle distance. The river, too, was straighter in its course, inclining to the right or left in gentle curves and slight inflections, rather than with the rectangular bends that in Egypt rarely permit more than a mile or two of the Nile to be seen at once, and often made us think that we were sailing in a saucer, from which there was no outlet.

In the people the change is no less great: in race, in manner, colour, hair, voice and language they are distinct.



The dress, too, was different, always in shape, often in material.

The women were remarkably handsome in figure. Their beautifully rounded arms and magnificent busts were set off by the fashion of their clothes. One arm and shoulder was free and uncovered ; the folds or long sheet of cotton, which composed the dress, were caught from front and back on the other shoulder and fastened by a silver ornament ; the centre part was wrapped loosely round the body, and the ends were used at will, now as veils, now thrown round the neck or suffered to hang down as they fell. But their features were less pleasing than those of the Egyptian women. They tattoo their faces, plaster their hair with a mass of castor oil and mud, and their whole persons reek so much of this product of the country, that even the silver rings and bracelets they offer for sale are unbearable until they have been again washed and rewashed.

We entered a gorge where the mountains pressed on the river from either side and reduced its breadth at the throat to perhaps 200 yards. At the southern or up-stream end of the gorge stands Kalabsheh. The ruins are of some size and more beauty, and a line of grand sycamores grows between them and the river. Immediately above this the scenery is less attractive, the hills are more regular, monotonous in colour and uniform in shape ; but the great river, pouring down to meet you in fine reaches and grand curves, is ever admirable. The changes on the bank, too, were frequent. The corn-fields, trees and villages repeatedly

gave way to the barren desert, which ever and again had forced its way between rich fields of plenty and poured its hungry sand into the very Nile.

Then Dakka was reached, and once more we entered a country rich to live in and interesting to see. Numerous villages, standing on the bare hills beneath the mountains looked upon the green corn and palm plantations that lay between them and the river. These mountains were most picturesque in form, position and colour. Pyramidal in shape and dark in hue they stand detached from each other, each in his own bed of golden sand ; and we could not help thinking that they might have served as the models of the great Pyramids of Gizeh, so nearly did they resemble those unsolved problems. Was it possible that in times unknown to history, and untold of, even by tradition, some wave of invasion had swept from south to north ; and that the conquerors of the rich plains of Lower Egypt, weary of the dead level and comparative uniformity of the Cairene flat, had sought to imitate the hills of their native country, and by the hands of the vanquished race built up the Pyramids—at once a monument of their greatness and a witness to their love of home.

The sunsets of Egypt are nearly always beautiful, and the after-glow especially is of surpassing loveliness. But the sunsets of this part of Nubia as far excel those of Egypt, as the sunsets of the Riviera exceed in beauty any we see in England. Who can describe the softness of tone, what words can paint the gorgeous nature of their colouring!

The afternoon before we reached Sabooa, we chanced to stop in a reach that ran east and west. Some light fleecy clouds floated in the western heaven, and extended overhead in small flecks larger than big snowflakes. When the sun was below the horizon these clouds were dyed with shade upon shade of colour the most brilliant and glorious conceivable. To the north, the bank, somewhat thicker, was of a deep plum-colour; to the west the clouds, rippled like the sands of the sea, were of a brilliant ruby red, with an underlining and lower skirt of golden orange. Above our heads and to the east, these various hues were reflected again and again, and the river acted as a gigantic mirror of Venetian glass, stained orange, red and purple. In the south Nature, that greatest of artists, threw in as a contrast the sobriety of that limpid blue, so soft, so clear and translucent, so full of repose and yet so bright that out of it there seems to come forth light,—that blue which is only found on the tops of mountains, or in those desert countries where the air is so pure as scarcely to restrain the sight, or have power to fill and swell the lungs.

On the twenty-first we reached Korosco, something more than one hundred miles distant from Philæ. From Korosco the great road to Shendy and Sennar leads across the desert in almost a due southerly direction, and rejoins the Nile between the fourth and fifth cataracts at Abou Hamed. The river in the interval has made a great bend to the westward, and has in retracement of its steps run southward no less than a degree and a half. Most of the caravans to and from

the south start therefore from Korosco and we found the banks of the town well lined with merchandise.

The Nile between Korosco and Derr changes its usual direction and runs southeast, so that to ascend this part of the river the boats have to turn their heads in the teeth of the prevailing wind. The distance between the two towns is about fifteen miles; the channel is impeded by numerous rocks and sand-banks.

On the twenty-fifth we ran by Abou-Simbel and slept only thirty miles below Wadi-Halfa. The next day the breeze continued and we reached the term of our voyage.

Wadi-Halfa is a very disappointing place. We had read of long rows of camels and asses, of crowds of Arabs and Barabras; we had even been told to expect large bazaars stuffed with every kind of Soudan produce, stretched on either side of the river, and affording a more perfect southern African picture than any we had yet seen. We found a sandy island and another strip of sand that was not an island. Moored to these were a dozen dahabeahs. One or two stray camels, half a dozen donkeys prepared with saddles for hawagers and a single heap of barley were all that was visible of bazaars, beasts or merchandise. So we moored on the sandy strip, a little apart from the not extensive crowd, got out our tent, and laid under it, ruminating on the many faults in books of travel.

The cataract above Wadi-Halfa is said to be well worth seeing, as is also a view southward, from a hilltop close by. But neither could be reached except on a donkey. So giving

but a single day for the arrangement of our boat, we commenced on the 28th January our return voyage. Having sailed up the Nile we then sailed down again.

Leaving Halfa at 7 A. M. we reached Abou-Simbel at 9 P. M. We passed a day at Abou-Simbel. The ruins, as they are called, though the term is scarcely applicable to two temples hewn in the solid rock, and almost in a perfect state of repair, are the most interesting in Nubia.

Abou-Simbel is by far the hottest place I have ever been in. The rock in which the great temple is excavated faces east and south. It is set in a bed of yellow red sand, that stores up and gives out the rays of the sun, so that even at night the air coming from it is hot as the blast of a furnace.

In coming down we were charmed with the beauty of the river from above Ibreem to Sabooa. The Nile here exhibits in a large measure the contrasts and richness of colour which form the chief charm of African scenery. The river bank of vivid green, fringed and sometimes broken by the yellow red sand of the desert; the dark mountains of granite syenite, or sandstone, rising from out of this bright bed of sand; the palms of a glassy emerald hue, the castor oil plant of olive, the sky of wondrous hue; and the river, here reflecting the rays of the sun, like ripples of burnished steel, there giving back the orange sand or the cobalt sky,—present a picture that such a master as Turner would have longed to paint and despaired to render.

In one place near Ibreem, soon after the date groves for which it is famous had been passed, we came upon a very

arid scene, and were much struck by the similarity that exists between two such dissimilar things as the sand of the desert and the snow of the Alps. In shape the hills we were looking upon much resembled the crest of an Alpine ridge, and the sand that lay amongst them coating the peaks and filling the hollows, was in position and lie marvellously like drift snow and glaciers. Precisely as a black rock rises in Switzerland from a snowy bed, crops out in Africa a granite boulder from a drift of sand. So too with the tracks. The effect of a footstep in the snow or sand is identical. As we looked at the trail left by a number of camels we saw passing over the shoulders of these hills, it required the sight of the animals and the colour of the sand to convince us that it was not on snow that the tracks were made.

The two great beauties of Nile scenery are the Nile itself and the colouring. In both these elements Nubia excels. The short bends of Egypt can no more compare with the noble reaches of Nubia than can the colour and light of the northern country with that of the southern. The sand, for instance, of the one is to the other as the auburn-gold hair of an English girl to the flaxen hue of the German. Then the sunsets! but of these enough has been said.

In two respects, however, the comparison now attempted is against Nubia. There is in it an absence of life. Boats are scarce, and an occasional vulture or a solitary hawk were poor substitutes for the abundance of birds seen lower down the river. We gladly welcomed the wagtails

and swallows, the plovers and storks, the ducks and geese, the sandpipers of many kinds, and hawks of all sorts, as well as the fleets of native boats, when we got amongst them again. Then the Egyptian is quiet, modest and well-mannered, as compared with the Nubian; he is peculiarly sweet, and the other reeks of castor oil.

## **ABOU-SIMBEL**

*SIR I. GARDNER WILKINSON*

**A**T Abou-Simbel are the most interesting remains met with in Nubia, and, excepting Thebes, throughout the whole valley of the Nile. It has two temples hewn in the gritstone rock, both of the time of Rameses the Great; which, besides their grandeur, contain highly finished sculptures, and throw great light on the history of that conqueror.

The small temple was dedicated to Hathor, who is represented in the adytum under the form of the sacred cow, her emblem, which also occurs in the pictures on the wall. Her title here is Lady of Aboshek (Aboccis), the ancient name of Abou-Simbel; which, being in the country of the Ethiopians, is followed in the hieroglyphics by the sign signifying "foreign land." The façade is adorned with several statues in prominent relief of the king and the deities; and the interior is divided into a hall of six square pillars bearing the head of Hathor, a transverse corridor, with a small chamber at each extremity and an adytum. Among the contemplar deities are Re, Amunre, Isis and Ptah; and Kneph, Sâté, and Anóuké, the triad of the cataracts. The monarch is frequently accompanied by his queen Nofretari. The total depth of this excavation is about ninety feet from the door.



The exterior of the great temple is remarkable for the most beautiful of all Egyptian colossi. They represent Rameses II. They are seated on thrones attached to the rock, and the faces of some of them, which are fortunately well preserved, evince a beauty of expression the more striking as it is unlooked for in statues of such dimensions. Their total height is about sixty-six feet, without the pedestal. The ear measures three feet five inches, forefinger (*i. e.*, to the fork of middle finger) three feet; from inner side of elbow joint to end of middle finger, fifteen feet, etc.

The total height of the façade of the temple may be between ninety and one hundred feet. About 1830 Mr. Hay cleared to the base of the two colossi on the south side of the door. He also exposed to view the curious Greek inscription of the Ionian and Carian soldiers of Psammetichus, first discovered by Mr. Banks and Mr. Salt, as well as some interesting hieroglyphic tablets.

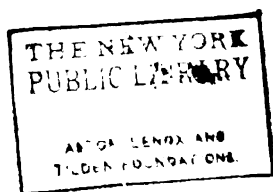
That inscription is of very great interest upon several accounts. It appears to have been written by the troops sent by the Egyptian king after the deserters, who are said by Herodotus to have left the service of Psammetichus.

From this it appears that the "King Psammetichus" only went as far as Elephantine, and sent his troops after the deserters by the river into Upper Ethiopia.

Besides this inscription are others written by Greeks who probably visited this place at a later time; as "Theopompus, the son of Plato"; Ptolemy, the son of Timos-



**RAMESES THE GREAT AT ABOU SIMBEL**



tratus, Ktesibius, Telephus, and others. There are also some Phœnician inscriptions on the same colossus, which is the first on the left as you approach the door of the temple.

The grand hall is supported by eight Osiride pillars, and to it succeed a second hall of four square pillars, a corridor, and the adytum, with two side chambers. Eight other rooms open on the grand hall, but they are very irregularly excavated, and some of them have lofty benches projecting from the walls. In the centre of the adytum is an altar, and at the upper end are four statues in relief. The dimensions of the colossi attached to the pillars in the great hall are—from the shoulder to the elbow four feet six inches; from the elbow to the wrist four feet three inches; from the nose to the chin eight inches; the ear thirteen and three-quarter inches; the nose, about ten inches; the face nearly two feet; and the total height without the cap and pedestal, seventeen feet eight inches.

The principal objects of the interior are the historical subjects relating to the conquests of Rameses II., represented in the great hall. A large tablet, containing the date of his first year, extends over great part of the north wall; and another between the two last pillars on the opposite side of this hall, of his thirty-fifth year, has been added long after the temple was completed. The battle scenes are very interesting. Among the various subjects are the arks of the Egyptians, which they carried with them in their foreign expeditions, and very similar to the

one represented at Luxor. The subjects on the south wall are particularly spirited.

Ra (the Sun) was the god of the temple and the protector of the place.

In the niche over the entrance is a statue of this deity in relief, to whom the king is offering a figure of Truth; and he is one of the four at the end of the adytum. The Theban triad also holds a conspicuous place here, as well as Nou, or Kneph, Khem, Osiris and Isis. The total depth of this excavation from the door is about two hundred feet, without the colossi and slope of the façade; and a short distance to the south are some hieroglyphic tablets on the rock bearing the date of the thirty-eighth year of the same Rameses.

The great temple of Abou-Simbel was formerly quite closed by the sand that pours down from the hills above. The first person who observed these two interesting monuments was Burckhardt; and in 1817, Belzoni, Captains Irby and Mangles and Mr. Beechey, visited them and resolved on clearing the entrance of the larger temple from the sand. After working eight hours a day for a whole fortnight with the average heat of the thermometer from 112° to 116° Fahrenheit in the shade, they succeeded in gaining admittance; and, though the sand closed in again, their labours enabled others to penetrate into it without much difficulty.

## **ABOU-SIMBEL AND THE SECOND CATARACT**

*VILLIERS STUART*

**I** STARTED across the desert. The sun, as it rose, threw its first rays upon the colossal figures of Rameses, who sit on guard-like gigantic sentries before the great rock temple of Abou-Simbel; they are visible from a distance of several miles, and it took me nearly two hours to reach them from the time they first came into view. I descended upon the temples down the steep glacier-like bed of golden sand which, also glacier fashion, is ever moving on, slowly but irresistibly engulfing everything in its route. It has once before buried these huge monuments, including the colossal figures sixty-six feet high, and in a few years, if left to itself, will have buried them again.

Memorials of Rameses occur in abundance all along the valley of the Nile, but nowhere are so many mementos of him gathered together as at Abou-Simbel. Here his whole life in all its various phases is depicted; beside him is the temple of his first and most beloved Queen Nofretari; at his knees and between his feet stand his sons and daughters; on the walls are perpetuated the memory of his battles, his sieges, his headlong chariot charge, his acts of devotion to the Gods; the details of his camp life, the dress, arms and accoutrements of his soldiers, and the most carefully

executed portraits of himself, as well as the most impressive specimen of his architectural achievements, the world-famed Rock-Temple, from the façade of which the Napoleon of ancient times still gazes upon us, the fire of haughty pride still lights up those eyes of stone, and the broad brow still proclaims to us his commanding genius and iron strength of will.

The first view of this wonderful façade is a sight never to be forgotten. It ranks in one's memory with one's first view of Naples, or Mont Blanc, or Niagara. I think it is even more impressive, coming upon it suddenly out of the desert than if approached by way of the river. A masterpiece of human art amid a scene of desolation.

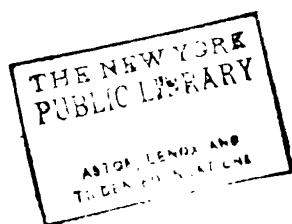
Beside the Great Temple of Rameses, there is on one side a smaller one built by his Queen Nofretari, as a memorial of her love for her honoured husband; and on the other side a much smaller temple, dedicated to Thoth, the god of letters. This last is conjectured to have been the priests' library. If so it cannot have been much used, for when opened in 1874 its fresco paintings were as fresh in colour as if it had only just been excavated; and it must have been buried in the sand almost from the day it was completed.

The smaller temple, dedicated to Rameses by his queen, is a monument of the romantic love and affection which prevailed between the royal pair, and is interesting on that account. The numerous portraits of Queen Nofretari which it contains show that she was very beautiful, and they indicate also a strength of character and purpose which



**SECOND CATARACT**





accounts for the hold which she retained upon her husband's affections to the last. Her name signifies "the good companion"—a model name for a wife. Outside this temple are four colossi, two of the queen and two of the king, with their children at their feet. Both the colossi of the queen have been much damaged, perhaps by her successor, the Khetan princess, whom Rameses married after Nofretari's death. Enough still remains to give one an idea of her full face, and which confirms the impression of beauty and sweetness of expression conveyed by the painted intaglios within the temple. She wears on her head the coronet which was the distinguishing ornament of royal princesses. On her brow is the asp, which it is the peculiar prerogative of reigning sovereigns and their consorts to wear. Her hood fringed with gold is surmounted by the vulture, the emblem of maternity.

The smaller temple contains paintings of several goddesses. Some of them are very pretty, and must have been drawn from living models; perhaps the queen made her maids of honour sit for them.

This temple was evidently excavated much earlier than the great one near by. Rameses and his fair spouse were in their prime; their children were quite young.

January 12th (Sunday). We read service in the Great Temple amid impressive surroundings. All about us were the varied deities of Egyptian mythology: lion-headed, ape-headed, ibis-headed, eagle-headed, jackal-headed. From out the deep shadows of the vast subterranean hall started

the giant forms of the stone colossi at whose feet we sat. The first lesson was singularly appropriate, *Isaiab*, chapter XLIV., in which the vanity of graven images and of human pride is alike denounced.

Before service was quite over the steamer arrived. We sailed all day and most of the night and arrived at 11 A. M. on the 13th at the foot of the Second Cataract.<sup>1</sup>

We manned our boat with a picked crew, and set out on our exploring expedition up the Cataract; it can be ascended by dint of hard work and skillful management about half way. The Ultima Thule is a singular rock which rises perpendicularly from beside the tortured waters and overhangs them, giving a splendid bird's-eye view of the ten miles of rapids and falls which constitute the Second Cataract. I landed at one point and came upon an old Coptic church, still so perfect that it could scarcely be called a ruin. The walls were covered with paintings of saints and angels, and

<sup>1</sup> The country between Abou-Simbel and Wadi-Halfa is uninteresting, rather flat, rather fertile, rather Egyptian. Wadi-Halfa looks like any riverside town in the Delta—Kafr-Zayat, for example—until you land. Then you discover that whatever may be its aspect, the atmosphere is different.

The real interest of Wadi-Halfa is the Second Cataract, some five miles up-stream; the expedition can be made partly by boat and partly by donkey, or, better still, altogether by boat. It is a reproduction on a great scale of the First Cataract of Assouan: everywhere are large black rocks and small islands fringed with brown tufted papyrus reeds and shaded by big mimosa bushes; there is just sufficient mirage in the air to give the effect of a vast open country, well-wooded and undulating. In the far southern distance can be imagined, rather than actually discerned, the faint blue outlines of the Dongola hills. And above all stands the sheer scarp of the rock of Abou-Sir, dominating the land as far as the eye can reach. It is a wonderful panorama.—*Egypt and How to See It* (1910).

with several life-size frescoes of St. George and the Dragon. It is curious how constantly the oldest of things are dishd up again under a new disguise. The original of St. George and the Dragon is the ensign of an ancient Egyptian city, which viewed the crocodile as an emblem of the evil one, and adopted, as their favourite sculpture, an Egyptian hero transfixing that reptile with a spear.

The trip up the rapids was very interesting. The scenery is quite different from the First Cataract; not nearly so picturesque. It consisted of hundreds of islands and rocks scattered over the whole width of the river-bed, which here expands to at least a mile and a half. These islets are decorated with stunted mimosa bushes, gum-trees and an occasional date-palm; but what it lacks in picturesqueness it makes up for as a cataract. It is in some places a succession of falls—at one point equalling Schaffhausen on the Rhine in height. I walked a long way beyond Abooseer and ascended a mountain, from the summit of which I had a splendid view of the entire length of the rapids, extending over nearly ten miles; I saw a range of high black cliffs above the falls and the broad expanse of the Nile, as smooth as a lake, at their feet. This is the manner and custom of all rivers; there is always an interval of lake-like tranquillity before they engage in the turmoil and conflict that awaits them presently. It is so at Niagara and at other falls I have ever seen. The atmosphere was so clear that the high mountains of Dongola, distant 150 miles, were cut hard and sharp against the southern horizon, betraying their

distance by their microscopic proportions, but not by any mistiness of outline. I returned to Abooseer by the caravan route. It was littered with the remains of camels, some entire skeletons, others dried up into huge mummies, their skin stretched over their hoop-like ribs as tight as the parchement of a drum. It was significant that their heads were all turned towards the north. They had toiled across the waterless desert from the far distant Soudan to drop exhausted, famished and consumed with thirst within a few hours of their journey's end.

Abooseer is about half way through the cataract, and our boat had been hauled up to that point with much toil and difficulty, but the return journey was very exciting work as we shot through one rapid after another, and had many hair-breadth escapes from sunken rocks. On the northernmost of the hundreds of islands amongst which the Nile impatiently tears its way here, there are ruins of an ancient fortified town; it formed the garrison of this part of the valley in the days of the Pharaohs, and some of its tall towers still stand almost perfect, and form very picturesque objects.

While at the Second Cataract we observed the Southern Cross for the first time. It is a beautiful constellation; when it first rises it appears in a reclining position with its left limb downwards, lying on its side with its head towards the east, but by degrees it erects itself upright like a true cross, and finally falls over on the other side with its head towards the west, and so sinks below the horizon.

## ***A RIDE THROUGH THE DESERT***

**DR. C. B. KLUNZINGER**

**W**E take leave of what is called the Nile Valley, the long evergreen oasis bounded on both sides by extensive deserts, in order to proceed eastwards to the desert tracts of the Egypto-Arabic mountain ranges on the coast. We have immediately in our eye that much-frequented caravan route, which, starting from some place in the Thebes district of Upper Egypt, intersects those mountains, following the course of their transverse valleys in an almost due easterly direction without any considerable ascent, and terminates in Koseir. In order to collect our energies for the exertions that await us, we enjoy a siesta under the overshadowing roof of acacias and sycamores in front of the caravanserai of the principal departure station, Bir Amber; once more we moisten our palate with the sweet soft water of the Nile; we make a preliminary repast on the gifts of the valley, milk, pigeons and fruit, and listen to the hundredfold twitter of the birds perching on the branches of the trees. The caravanserai is a building in the true modern Arabic style, not without taste, crowned with cupolas and possessing colonnades and chambers. Like the ordinary caravanserais, called *wekalehs*, it belongs to no one, but was built by the celebrated old Ibrahim Pasha for the general benefit, especially for the pilgrims to

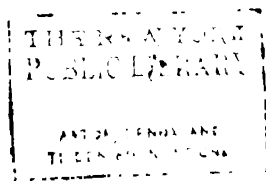
Mecca, who frequent this route so much. In winter it is sometimes used to sleep in; but in summer people avoid its neglected and almost ruinous chambers on account of the serpents and lizards that take up their abode in them, and prefer to sleep in the open air.

There is a great deal of stir and bustle in the front court. The famous ship of the desert, the one-humped camel, to which we have henceforth to trust ourselves entirely, is being prepared for its voyage. The caravan, consisting of from a dozen or two up to fifty or a hundred camels, at last gets seriously on the march. The drivers like to go in company, less for security, for in this desert there is nothing to fear, than for convenience and society. They help each other in loading and unloading, relieve each other in driving, and at other times mount. What one has not taken with him another perhaps has; the animals themselves are in better humor and spirits, and run better; several strong good camels set the time in running, and none will remain behind. The drivers on this route are merely Fellahs of Upper Egypt or Ababdeh Bedouins, partly the owners of the animals themselves, partly mere servants or slaves. The march generally continues the whole day without a rest; the stilted gait of the walking machine appears slow and sluggish—a pedestrian at a good walking pace easily gets far ahead of the caravan—but it is telling, uniform and continuous, and if a person lags behind for any reason he soon sees the caravan far ahead of him, and has hard work to overtake it.



**HALT IN THE DESERT**





The fertile soil soon ceases, for it just reaches as far as the overflow of last harvest extended. Before us lies a widely-extended terrace land which rises almost imperceptibly. Small undulating hills cross it transversely and longitudinally. This region is apparently devoid of all organic life: wherever the eye turns there is nothing but hopeless gray.

The soil on which we are marching is not loose sand, but very solid gravel and limestone. The path taken by our caravan is little inferior in firmness and solidity to a regularly constructed road. The steps of the camels have marked out many lines of ruts, each the breadth of a foot, which wind along it longitudinally, and between which are so many raised lines of loose and seldom-trodden ground. Camels prefer to move along the beaten track, and the firmness of the ruts increases with the amount of traffic. Nothing else is done to keep up the road. On this advanced terrace the landscape offers little that is interesting. We at last become tired of riding, and take to walking for a stretch as a refreshing change.

The caravans do not halt at midday, as unloading and loading give too much trouble to the drivers; both man and beast must therefore make their breakfast last till evening. Luncheon or a drink of water may be taken while sitting on camel-back on the march, accordingly the journey proceeds with little interruption till evening.

We dismount, get our carpet and head-cushion spread on the soft, dry soil and lie down immediately with great

satisfaction. The carpet, or it may be only the soft sand of the camp, is to one who travels by the ship of the desert, like the land to the seasick traveller by sea. In this condition a drop of brandy is a very healthy medicine and quickly dispels all fatigue. Not less effective is a cup of tea or coffee, but this takes some time to prepare. If we have no servant, the driver readily attends to us, but as soon as he has made our couch ready, he leaves us to look after his beasts. Making them lie down, he removes their loads. They do not lie down of themselves, and if not attended to would prefer to run about with their loads in search of pasture. They are now fed. In the evening only a bag of beans is usually given them, while in the morning they are allowed to fill their bellies with chopped straw. They get water when any is to be had. In order to keep them from straying, one of their fore-legs is tied up, so that they can only move by hopping along. The donkeys have both their fore-legs tied together. It is only now that the driver thinks of us and himself. He is our guest and we his, for in the freedom of the desert there is no distinction of ranks, and Bedouin law prevails. The fire is either made with brushwood or with dried camel's dung. So soon as it is ablaze, coffee is made, and afterwards some simple dish is cooked, generally lentils, since Esau's time the favourite food of the desert, and with it we eat the biscuits we have brought with us, that is toasted ordinary bread softened in water. If we think cooking is too roundabout a process, we content ourself with hard-boiled

eggs, dates, date-bread, cheese, or, still better, pigeons, fowls, or butcher-meat roasted at home. The drivers always like to have something warm; they take out of their sacks a wooden dish, each gives his contribution of flour, they knead a lump of simple unleavened dough, spread it over a gridiron, lay this above the glowing camel's dung, generally directly, but sometimes with an iron plate between, and cover it above with another plate. In this way is made the *desert-cake*, the *kurs*, the chief and favourite food of the drivers. These now take their meal in common, inviting everybody around, travellers and Bedouins, to share with them, and we too have to try the toothsome piece of pastry and pretend to like it. On the remains of the dung fire, we place once more the coffee-pot, and cause the bitter Mocha to be served out to our hosts.

Meanwhile it has become dark. The company light their pipes and chat away, sitting in the well-known favourite squatting position. When it is cold the groups draw more closely together and crouch around the oft-poked fire of dung. Everybody then lies down among his baggage on the sand, or on the ever-serviceable cotton-plush, which today has already been used as a plaid, a head-covering, a fodder cloth, a sack, and a basket, and now becomes a carpet or a coverlet. No one gives his personal safety a thought, the whole caravan scarcely possesses a single fire-arm. For in this desert, or at least in this part of it, there are no robbers nor murderers, not even thieves, unless belonging to the company.

The coolness of the morning breeze arouses the sleepers. Packing is quickly finished and the camp broken up; the morning camp, which to the camel-driver appears indispensable, will be held at the neighbouring water-station.

The caravan leaders otherwise do not pay much attention to stations; the caravan marches from morning to evening, and passes the night at whatever spot it may have arrived at about sunset; human dwellings are even avoided on account of the dogs. Water is drawn at the watering-places in passing, the skins are filled and the camels watered standing. The desert village Laketa, however, is not so lightly regarded as a station. There fowls, pigeons, sheep and goats are to be had, and also company besides the villagers, as several caravans are always met with here, either resting from their journey or strengthening themselves for a fresh one; fruits and vegetables may often be obtained from them. At the same time, on the return journey to the Nile Valley, when the main portion of the difficult road has been traversed, the traveller treats himself to a little good eating here, cooks for himself at least some pigeons, and the richer individuals make a present of a sheep to their company.

We are again seated aloft on the camel-divan; we see before us wide flat tracts, bounded by a transverse chain. One crown of hills after another bounds the horizon, a new one always succeeds, showing so near through the clear air, though in reality so far away. There too, at a distance of a quarter or half a league, lies a lake, there follows another

and again another, a whole system of lakes, some of them even fringed with palms. But every one knows that they are mere illusions, the *bahr es sheithan*, a kind of *fata morgana*, in which the ground plays the part of the silvering of a mirror, and the strata of air immediately above it that of the reflecting glass.

We are now somewhat more than twenty leagues from the Nile Valley. The country we have hitherto crossed has been a great, almost level terrace land, the soil being gravel or limestone. Sandstone now makes its appearance, and the hills and mountains come more closely together and begin to form the sides of valleys, while with these at last some vegetation appears, hitherto wholly absent. But soon dark, lofty, steep mountain masses bar the way. We can no longer march so straight onwards as before, a deep narrow valley winds through the hard rock which belongs to the primeval mountains. At the entrance to this valley, beside the caravan route, is a cistern, the well called Hamamat; there were several such in the road, and a good many among the mountains. They are generally deep, built-up wells, from which the water is drawn up by leathern buckets, or a stair leads down to them, a structure of which a son of the country longing for coolness not infrequently makes use to descend to bathe in the cool basin below, from which others obtain their water for drinking and cooking. Along the whole road, but especially in this valley, antiquities belonging to the ancient Egyptian and Greek periods are seen.

Still these mountains are but a desert, and we strive to get out of them as soon as possible. We arrange with the leaders of the caravan to make a journey by night, and, having pitched our night camp at some suitable place, we break up about midnight and move along by the dark mountain heights. The camels go faster in the cool night air than by day, and the casual highway fodder, as yet invisible, does not distract their thoughts. For hours we hear nothing but the gentle tread of the soft soles of our animals, and at times a "Hi!" from the watchful driver, and a thwack of a cudgel on one of the donkeys which cannot follow the quicker night pace of the camels.

The night march has helped our progress, and, by the time it is day, we have reached the littoral slope of the mountains. A fresh pure sea breeze blows from the north. The heart of the traveller, fatigued with his long journey through the desert, beats high, since his goal, the sea, must be near.

From the bare hill terrace that spreads out before us, we perceive on the eastern horizon a bluish-black band which separates the earth from the clear blue vault of heaven. The camel accelerates his pace as we march down a valley of no great slope, that of the Ambagi. This opens out and at last we stand before a town, the seaport of Koseir, after traversing a stretch of forty-three leagues, to accomplish which the caravans require four or five days on the up-journey and three or four on the down-journey from the sea to the Nile Valley.

## THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHERINE

DEAN STANLEY

**I**F the sanctity of Sinai<sup>1</sup> was forgotten under the Jewish Dispensation, still more likely was it to be set aside under the Christian. But what its own associations could not win for it, its desert solitudes did. From the neighbouring shores of Egypt—the parent land of monasticism—the anchorites and cenobites were drawn by the sight of these wild mountains across the Red Sea; and beside the palm-groves of Feiran, and the springs of Gebel Mousa, were gathered a host of cells and convents. The whole range must have been to the Greek Church what Athos is now. No less than six thousand monks or hermits con-

<sup>1</sup> The peninsula is a mountainous desert, arid and desolate, but with its own grandeur, and even fascination. It is inhabited by a number of Bedouins, who do a certain amount of rather primitive trading in gum-arabic, charcoal, and manna from the tamarisk trees.

The real interest of the desert is its Biblical and Christian history. One may see Horeb, Sinai, and many another spot associated with the wanderings of the Chosen People. A visit should be made to the great monastery of St. Catherine, founded by Justinian in A. D. 530. It is the home of many famous manuscripts—above all, the Sinaitic Codex of the Septuagint, which Tischendorf retrieved after three visits. The monastery is rich in relics and memorials of early saints—St. Helena, Joachim, Simon Stylites of the Pillar, and many another. It is one of the few remaining monuments of the dawn of Christianity.

We will but hint at the ancient Church of the Transfiguration, its strange mosaics and medallions, and its great library, in which is the



gregated round Gebel Mousa ; and Paran must almost have deserved the name of a city when it was frequented by the Arabian pilgrims who wrote their names on the sandstone rocks of the Wady Mokatteb and the granite blocks of Serbal. Probably the tide of Syrian and Byzantine pilgrims chiefly turned to Gebel Mousa ; the African and Alexandrian, to the nearer sanctuary of Feiran. Of all these memorials of ancient devotion, the great Convent of the Transfiguration, or, as it was afterwards called, of Saint Catherine, alone remains. It has been described by every traveller, and with the utmost detail by Burckhardt and by Robinson. But it is so singular of its kind, that a short summary of its aspect and recollections is essential to any account of the Peninsula of Sinai.

Those who have seen the Grande Chartreuse in the Alps of Dauphiny know the shock produced by the sight of that vast edifice in the midst of its mountain desert, the one habitation of the upland wilderness of which it is the centre.

Codex Aureus—twelve hundred years old, written in gold on vellum—the Psalter, and many another treasure of pious craftsmanship.

Another feature of the Sinai Peninsula is its importance as a field for mining enterprise. There are records of its having been worked as far back as the third dynasty, and the mines bear inscriptions by many of the kings from the thirteenth to the twentieth dynasties. Little further is heard of the peninsula as a whole from 1200 B. C. to the second or third centuries of the Christian era. Turquoises, malachite, and copper were the chief treasures found.

Sarbut-el-Khâdem is the centre of that long-dead industry, close to Wadi-Nasb, where the mines were situated, and here are ruins of columns, and stelæ with inscriptions. There was also a small temple dedicated to Hathor, Lady of Mafkat (or the Turquoise Land), and on its walls were records and reliefs.

It is this feeling, raised to its highest pitch, which is roused on finding in the heart of the desert of Sinai the stately Convent of St. Catherine, with its massive walls, its gorgeous church hung with banners, its galleries of chapels, of cells, and of guest chambers, its library of precious manuscripts, the sound of its rude cymbals calling to prayer, and changed by the echoes into music as it rolls through the desert valley, the double standard of the Lamb and the Cross floating high above its topmost towers. And this contrast is heightened still more by the fact that, unlike most monastic retreats, its inhabitants and its associations are not indigenous, but wholly foreign, to the soil where they have struck root. The monks of Sinai are not Arabs, but Greeks. There in the midst of the desert, the very focus of the pure Semitic race, the traveller hears once again the accents of the Greek tongue; meets the natives of Thessalonica and of Samos; sees in the gardens the produce, not of the desert or of Egypt, but of the isles of Greece; not the tamarisk, or the palm, or the acacia, but the olive, the almond tree, the apple tree, the poplar, and the cypress of Attica and Corcyra. And as their present state so their past origin is alike strange to its local habitation. No Arab or Egyptian or Syrian patriarch erected that massive pile; no pilgrim princess, no ascetic king: a Byzantine Emperor, the most worldly of his race, the great legislator Justinian, was its founder. The fame of his architectural magnificence had penetrated even to the hermits of Mount Sinai; and they, "when they heard that

he delighted to build churches and found convents, made a journey to him, and complained how the wandering sons of Ishmael were wont to attack them suddenly, eat up their provisions, desolate the place, enter the cells and carry off everything—how they also broke into the church and devoured even the holy wafers. To build for them as they desired a convent which should be to them for a stronghold, was a union of policy and religion which exactly suited the sagacious Emperor. Petra was just lost, and there was now no point of defense against the Arabian tribes on the whole route between Jerusalem and Memphis. Such a point might be furnished by the proposed fortress of Sinai; and as the old Pharonic and even Ptolemaic kings of Egypt had defended their frontier against the tribes of the Desert by fortified temples, so the Byzantine Emperor determined to secure a safe transit through the Desert by a fortified convent. A tower ascribed to Helena furnished the nucleus. It stood by the traditional sites of the well of Jethro and the Burning Bush, a retreat for the hermits when in former times they had been hard pressed by their Bedouin neighbours. It still remains, the residence of the archbishop of Sinai, if that term may be applied to an abode in which that great dignitary is never resident; the very gate through which he should enter having been walled up since 1722, to avoid the enormous outlay for the Arab tribes, who if it were open for his reception, have an inalienable right to be supported for six months at the expense of the Convent. Round about this tower, like a little town, extend in every

direction the buildings of the Convent, now indeed nearly deserted, but still by their number indicating the former greatness of the place, when each of the thirty-six chapels was devoted to the worship of a separate sect. Athwart the whole, stretches the long roof of the church; within which, amidst the barbaric splendour of the Greek ritual, may be distinguished the lotus-capitals of the columns—probably the latest imitation of the old Egyptian architecture; and high in the apse behind the altar—too high and too obscure to recognize their features or lineaments distinctly—the two medallions of Justinian and Theodora, probably, with the exception of those in St. Vitalis, at Ravenna, the only existing likenesses of those two great and wicked sovereigns, than whom perhaps few could be named who had broken more completely every one of the laws which have given to Sinai its eternal sacredness.

High beside the church towers another edifice, which introduces us to yet another link in the recollections of Sinai—another pilgrim, who, if indeed he ever passed through these valleys, ranks in importance with any who have visited the spot since Moses first led thither the flocks of Jethro. No one can now prove or disprove the tradition that Mahomet, whilst yet a camel-driver in Arabia, wandered to the great Convent, then not a century old. It is at least not impossible, and the repeated allusions in the Koran to the stone of Moses, evidently that now exhibited; to the holy valley of Tuwa, a name now lost, but by which he seems to designate the present valley of

the convent; and to the special addresses made to Moses on the western, and on the southern slopes of the mountain, almost bring it within the range of probability. His name certainly has been long preserved, either by the policy or the friendliness of the monks. Nowhere else probably in the Christian world is to be found such a cordial, it might also be said such a tender feeling towards the Arabian prophet and his followers, as in the precincts and the memorials of the Convent of Mount Sinai. "As he rested," so the story has with slight variations been told from age to age, "as he rested with his camels on Mount Menejia, an eagle was seen to spread its wings over his head, and the monks, struck by the augury of his future greatness, received him into their convent, and he in return, unable to write, stamped with ink on his hand the signature to a contract of protection, drawn up on the skin of a gazelle, and deposited in the archives of the convent." This contract, if ever it existed, has long since disappeared; it is said that it was taken by Sultan Selim to Constantinople, and exchanged for a copy, which, however, no traveller has ever seen. The traditions also of Mahomet in the Peninsula have evidently faded away. The stone which was pointed out to Laborde in 1828 as that on which Moses first, and the youthful camel-driver afterwards, had reposed, and to which the Bedouins of his day muttered their devotions, is now comparatively unknown. The footmark on the rock, whatever it is, invented or pointed out by the monks, as impressed by his dromedary

or mule, according, as it is supposed to have been left in this early visit, or on his nocturnal flight from Mecca to Jerusalem—is now confounded by the Arabs with the impress of the dromedary on which Moses rode up and down the long ascent to Gebel Mousa. But there still remains, though no longer used, the mosque on the top of the mountain, and that within the walls of the convent, in which the monks allowed the Mahometan devotees to pray side by side with Christian pilgrims; founded according to the belief of the illiterate Mussulmans—in whose mind chronology and history have no existence—in the times of the Prophet, when Christians and Mussulmans were all one, and loved one another as brothers.

As centuries have rolled on, even the Convent of Sinai has not escaped their influence. The many cells which formerly peopled the mountains have long been vacant. The episcopal city of Paran, perhaps in consequence of the rise of the foundation of Justinian, has perished almost without a history. The nunnery of St. Episteme has vanished; the convent of the good physicians Cosmo and Damian, the hermitage of St. Onufrius, the convent of the Forty Martyrs—tinged with a certain interest from the famous churches of the same name, derived from them, in the Forum of Rome, on the Janiculan Hill, and on the Lateran—are all in ruins; and the great fortress of St. Catherine probably owes its existence more to its massive walls than to any other single cause. Yet it is a thought of singular, one might add of melancholy interest, that

amidst all these revolutions, the Convent of Mount Sinai is still the one seat of European and of Christian civilization and worship, not only in the whole peninsula of Sinai, but in the whole country of Arabia. Still, or at least till within a very few years, it has retained a hold, if not on the reason or the affections, at least on the superstitions of the Bedouins, beyond what is exercised by any other influence. Burckhardt, and after him, Robinson, relate with pathetic simplicity the deep conviction with which those wild children of the Desert believe that the monks command or withhold the rain from heaven, on which the whole sustenance of the Peninsula depends.

It is not for us to judge the difficulties of their situation, the poverty and ignorance of the monks, the untameable barbarism of the Arabs. Yet looking from an external point of view at the singular advantages enjoyed by the convent, it is hard to recall another institution with such opportunities so signally wasted. It is a colony of Christian pastors planted amongst heathens, and hardly a spark of civilization, or of Christianity, so far as history records, has been imparted to a single tribe or family in that wide wilderness. It is a colony of Greeks, of Europeans, of ecclesiastics, in one of the most interesting and the most sacred regions of the earth; and hardly a fact, from the time of their first foundation to the present time, has been contributed by them to the geography, the theology, or the history of a country, which in all its aspects has been submitted to their investigation for thirteen centuries.

## CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY<sup>1</sup>

B. C.	
4400	1st Dynasty. Thinite. <i>Menes</i> , first king of Egypt. <i>Unephes</i> (builder of Step Pyramid of Sakkara?).
4133	2d Dynasty. Memphite.
3966	3d Dynasty. Memphite. <i>Senoferu</i> (builder of Pyramid of Meidoun).
3733	4th Dynasty. Memphite. <i>Khufu</i> [ <i>Cheops</i> ] (Great Pyramid of Gizeh). <i>Khafra</i> [ <i>Chephren</i> ] (Second Pyramid of Gizeh). <i>Menkera</i> [ <i>Mycerinus</i> ] (Third Pyramid of Gizeh).
3566	5th Dynasty. Elephantine. <i>Unas</i> (Mastabal Fara'un?).
3300	6th Dynasty. Memphite.
3100	7th, 8th, Memphite; 9th, 10th, Heracleopolite [1st Dark Period].
2600	11th Dynasty. Theban.
2466	12th Dynasty. Theban. <i>Osirtasen I.</i> (Obelisk of Heliopolis). <i>Amenemhat III.</i> (Labyrinth, Fayoum).
2233	13th, Theban; 14th, Xoite; 15th, 16th, 17th, Hyksos or Shepherd Kings [2nd Dark Period].
1700	18th Dynasty. Theban. <i>Thothmes III.</i> (Karnak). <i>Amenoph III.</i> ("Memnon"). <i>Horus.</i>
1400	19th Dynasty. Theban. <i>Seti I.</i> (Abydus; El-Kurneh, Tombs of the Kings, Thebes). <i>Rameses II.</i> the Great [ <i>Sesostris</i> ] (Abydus, Thebes, Abu-Simbel, etc.).
1200	20th Dynasty. Theban. <i>Rameses III.</i> [ <i>Rhampsinitus</i> ] (Medinet-Habû, Tombs of the Kings, Thebes).

<sup>1</sup> The ancient dates are after Dr. Brugsch. Only the names of a few of the more prominent kings are given (in italics), with their most notable monuments (in parenthesis).



- 1100 21st Tanite ; 22nd, Bubastite (Shishak) ; 23rd, Tanite ;  
24th, Saite ; 25th, Ethiopian [3rd Dark Period].
- 666 26th Dynasty. Saite.  
*Psamtik* [Psammetichus] I.  
Neko (conqueror of Josiah of Judah).  
*Aahmes* (*Amasis*).
- 527 27th Dynasty. Persian.  
*Cambyses*.  
*Darius Hystaspes*.  
*Xerxes* (Visit of Herodotus).
- 406 28th, Saite ; 29th, Mendesian ; 30th, Sebennytic ; 31st,  
Persian.
- 332 32nd Dynasty. Macedonian.  
*Alexander the Great* (Alexandria).
- 305 33rd Dynasty. Ptolemaic.  
*Ptolemy Soter*, *Philadelphus*, *Euergetes I.*, etc.,  
*Auletes*, *Cleopatra*.
- 30 ROMAN CONQUEST by Octavius (Augustus).
- A. D.
- 82 Domitian (Juvenal banished to Aswân).
- 117 Hadrian (founds Antinoë).
- 408 Theodosius II. (Cyril at Alexandria ; Hypatia).
- 610 Heraclius, last emperor to possess Egypt.
- 641 ARAB CONQUEST by 'Amr (builder of El-Fustât).
- 661 Lieutenants of Ommiade Khalifs of Damascus.
- 751 Lieutenants of 'Abbâsy Khalifs of Baghdad (at El 'Askar).
- 868 Ahmad ibn Tûlûn founds TULUNY DYNASTY (El-Katai').
- 905 Lieutenants of 'Abbâsy Khalifs of Baghdad.
- 955 IKSHIDY DYNASTY.
- 969 FATIMY DYNASTY.  
*El-Mo'izz* (Cairo built).  
*El' Azîz* (Azhar University).  
*El-Hâkim* (Mosque).  
*El-Mustansir* (Walls and Gates of Cairo).
- 1171 *Saladin* founds AYYUBY DYNASTY (Citadel of Cairo).  
*El-Kâmil* defeats Jean de Brienne at El-Mansûrah  
(1219).  
St. Louis captures Damietta, but is defeated and  
taken prisoner (1249).
- 1250 *Eybek* founds DYNASTY OF BAHRY or Turkish Memlûks.  
*Beybars*.



CITADEL GATE, CAIRO

THE  
LIBRARY OF  
THE  
MUSEUM OF  
ART AND  
ARCHITECTURE  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CHICAGO

- Kalaun* (Mosque and Mâristân).  
*Khalîl* (Khan El-Khalily).  
*En-Nâsir* (Mosque).  
*Sultan Hassan* (Mosque).
- 1382 *Barkûk* founds DYNASTY OF BURGÛ, or Circassian Memlûks  
 (Mosque and Tomb-Mosque).  
*El-Muayyad* (Mosque).  
*Kait-bey* (Mosque in Eastern Cemetery).  
*Kansûh El-Ghory* (Mosques).
- 1517 Turkish Conquest (Egypt governed by Pashas).  
 'Aly Bey, 1763-1772.
- 1798 FRENCH OCCUPATION. Battle of the Pyramids (July 21).  
 Battle of the Nile (August 1).
- 1801 English Expedition. Battle of Alexandria (March 13).
- 1805 I. Mohammad 'Aly founds his Dynasty.  
 (Massacre of Memlûks, 1811.  
 Wahhâby Wars, 1811-1824.  
 War with the Porte, 1831-1833.  
 Syria acquired by treaty, 1833.  
 Syria receded by Convention, 1841.  
 Imbecility, 1848. Death, 1849).
- 1848 II. Ibrahim Pasha.
- 1848 III. 'Abbâs Pasha.
- 1854 IV. Sa'id Pasha (Suez Canal and National Debt begun).
- 1863 V. Ismail Khedive (Public works of every kind; corresponding debt of eighty millions; change in succession, title, and powers. Deposed, 1879).
- 1879 VI. Mohammed Tewfik Khedive (Under Dual Protectorate of England and France).
- 1892 VII. Abbas Hilmi.

## STATISTICS

*E. S.*

“**M**Y country is no longer in Africa ; we now form part of Europe,” the Khedive Ismail, grandfather of the present Khedive, remarked, when his great dream of creating an African Empire freed from the yoke of Turkey and stretching from the Mediterranean to the Equator was finally over.

Egypt was made part of the Turkish Empire in the latter part of the Twelfth Century and its history became interwoven with that of Europe when Napoleon took his army there in 1801. Then came the British, who tried to restore Egypt to the Sultan of Turkey in 1803. Finally, when Great Britain abandoned the question the two Turkish parties—the Albanians and the Ghuzz—struggled for command, the Albanians were victorious under Mehemet Ali. He, in 1811, obtained supreme power, and ruled the country, agreeing, however, to pay an annual tribute to the Porte of £682,092. His successors were Ibrahim (1848); Abbas (1848–1854); Said (1854–1863), whose reign was marked by the Suez Canal concession; and Ismail (1863–1879), who, by a firman of the Sultan (May 14, 1867), was granted the title of Khedir Misr, or Ruler of Egypt (instead of Vali or Governor). On Ismail’s misgovernment and



THE KHEDIVE

Digitized by Google

financial embarrassment, France and Great Britain intervened and forced him to abdicate, appointing his son, Mohammed Tewfik (1879-1892), to succeed him. A military revolt occurred in 1882, headed by an officer of the Egyptian Army, Arabi Pasha. The French government declined to coöperate; and a British expedition reëstablished the authority of the Khedive. The Dual Control was abolished in 1883. Meanwhile occurred the revolt, in the southern provinces, led by Sheikh Mohammed Ahmed of Dongola, "the Mahdi," or prophet. General Gordon was sent to Khartoum (1884) as governor-general of the Soudan, and fell at Khartoum in 1885. In 1883 the Khedive created a Legislative Council of thirty members and a General Assembly.

The Khedive Mohammed Tewfik died in 1892 and was succeeded by his elder son, Abbas Hilmi, the present ruler.

"On the fatal road which was leading him to ruin Ismail was unable to stop, and the hour came when on the demand of France and England, who represented the principal creditors, the Sultan, his Sovereign, deposed him, and, with tears in his eyes, he entered into exile. First he took refuge at Naples, in the Palace of La Favorita, which the King of Italy had placed at his disposal, whilst later he retired definitely to Constantinople.

"His son, Tewfik Pasha, who succeeded him, died before him, when the present ruler mounted the throne, almost a stranger to his grandfather. It was a touching scene when, one day, the young Sovereign and the ancient exile met.



“When the Khedivial yacht which carried Abbas Hilmi cast anchor before Constantinople, a superb boat, urged forward by many stout oarsmen, advanced rapidly, whilst in the stern, trembling with emotion, the ancient Khedive sat. He had come to embrace his grandson, the living representative of his country; for if there was one thing which Ismail loved even more than himself, it was the land where he had been born—Egypt, which, in his dreams, he had seen grow great and powerful. So, when he felt the end drawing near, he had but one desire, one thought, to die on the banks of the wondrous Nile, where he had known joy and sorrow, triumph and humiliation.

“He wrote to his grandson, asking humbly for a corner in his native land, a corner, distant and solitary, where he could render up his soul to God. Abbas Hilmi would willingly have consented; but, from high political reasons, the request was refused by England.”<sup>1</sup>

Abbas Hilmi, born July 14, 1874, the son of Mohammed Tewfik, who succeeded to the throne on the death of his father in 1892, is the seventh ruler of the dynasty of Mehemet Ali, that is to say he is the seventh Viceroy and third Khedive. At the time of his father's death, he was studying at the Theresianum Academy in Vienna. He married Princess Ikbāl Hanem and has four daughters and two sons. The heir-apparent is Prince Mohammed Abdul Mouneim (born February 20, 1899).

The principal residences of the Khedive are the Palace

<sup>1</sup> A. B. De Guerville.

d' Abdine at Cairo, where the official receptions take place ; the Palace of Koubbeh in the country about six miles from Cairo ; the Palace of Alexandria ; and the Palace of Montazah on the seashore a few miles from Alexandria. In taking a visitor around Koubbeh in 1906, the Khedive remarked : " You will no doubt have noticed that my family has no old castles, no old palaces, with the exception of the official one at Cairo, and it is impossible for me to speak of the home of my ancestors. Custom decrees that the Palaces inhabited by them and always in the country, shall at their deaths be destroyed. This property is the only one which has been more or less inhabited since the time of Ibrahim Pasha, but it was then only a small building. I myself had this huge Palace erected, and all the outbuildings which I am about to show you."

From 1879 to 1883 Egypt was under the dual control of France and Great Britain, but since the last named year Great Britain has practically governed Egypt. Its control was recognized by France in the Anglo-French Agreement (April 8, 1904). Egypt is nominally dependent upon Turkey and the administration is carried on by native ministers subject to the Khedive's ruling. The Egyptian Ministry is composed of six members who are as follows : I. President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, Mohamed Said Bey ; II. Foreign Affairs, Hussein Rushdi Pasha ; III. Justice, Saad Pasha Zagloul ; IV. Education, Sir Joseph Saba Pasha ; V. Public Works and War, Ismail Sirri Pasha ; VI. Public Instruction, Ahmed Hich-

met Pasha. General Commanding Army of Occupation, Sir J. G. Maxwell, K. C. B., C. V. O., C. M. G., D. S. O. Sirdar of Egyptian Army and Governor of the Soudan, General Sir Reginald Wingate, K. C. B., K. C. M. G. A British agent in Cairo has a seat in the Council of Ministers. The General Assembly consists of the Ministry, the Legislative Council and forty-six members popularly elected. The Legislative Council consists of thirty members.

Egypt Proper is divided into five governorships (*mohafzas*) of principal towns and fourteen provinces (*mudirias*) subdivided into districts.

Egypt is divided into two great districts: Upper Egypt and Lower Egypt. The total area of Egypt Proper, including the Oases in the Libyan Desert, the region between the Nile and the Red Sea and El-Arish in Syria is about 400,000 square miles; but the cultivated and settled area—the Nile Valley and the Delta—comprises only 12,013 square miles.

The chief religion is that of Islam and the Moslems number over 9,000,000. Of the 730,000 Christians, 608,000 of them are Copts, with the Patriarch of Alexandria at their head.

According to the census of 1907 in an area of 400,000 square miles the population consisted of 11,206,359. There were about 147,000 foreigners—63,000 Greeks, 35,000 Italians, 21,000 British and 15,000 French. Cairo contained 654,000; Alexandria, 370,000; and Port Said,

49,884. There were 10,366,826 Moslems; 706,322 Copts; and 38,635 Jews; while Christians were divided as follows: Roman Catholics, 57,744; Protestants, 12,736; Greek Orthodox, 76,953; 27,937 Eastern Christians; and 206 others.

The judicial system is complex and there are courts of religious law for Mohammedans. The highest religious and judicial authorities among the Moslems are the Sheikh-ul-Islam appointed by the Khedive and chosen from the learned class of Ulema, and the Grand Cadi nominated by the Sultan. The great seat of learning is the Mosque and University of El-Azhar at Cairo founded in 972 of the Christian Era. In 1908 it had 329 professors and 9,940 students. Scattered through the country there have existed a number of indigenous schools called Kuttabs, and of late years the Ministry of Education has endeavoured to bring these under a systematic government. Altogether in Egypt in 1908 there were 4,319 Kuttabs with 6,795 professors and 175,515 students.

The principal products are cotton, sugar and cereals. Two-thirds of the population are engaged in agriculture. There are 1,412 miles of State railways and 780 miles of light agricultural railways owned by companies. The famous Suez Canal, opened on November 17, 1869, is eighty-one miles long: sixty-six miles are actual canal and there are twenty-one lakes.

On September 19, 1882, the whole Egyptian army was disbanded by order of the Khedive, and in the following

December, the organization of a new army was given to a British officer on whom was bestowed the title of Sirdar. The army numbers: cavalry, 789; camel corps, 629; Arab battalions, 206; artillery, 1,258; and infantry, 10,280. There are about 150,000 young men on the rolls for conscription. The peace strength is about 9,000 officers and men. The cavalry is drawn from the fellaheen of the Delta. The arm is the Martini-Henry. The horse-battery consists of Syrian horses and light Krupp guns. The field-batteries have Krupp mountain guns carried by mules and a second line of camels. The fellah soldier has been compared to a bicycle which, although incapable of standing up alone, is very useful while under the control of a skillful master. Since 1882 a British army of occupation has remained in Egypt. It now totals 6,265 officers and men, and comprises one cavalry regiment; one horse battery; one garrison company; one company Royal Engineers; four infantry battalions; and the 3d battalion Coldstream Guards. In 1910-1911 the Egyptian Government contributed £150,000 towards the maintenance of the British troops in Egypt.

The details for the administration of the Soudan were signed by the British and Egyptian Governments on January 19, 1899. The supreme military and civil command is vested in a Governor-General appointed by the Khedive with the consent of the British. There are thirteen provinces in the Soudan, each under a Governor, who is a British officer of the Egyptian Army. Egyptian officers

rule over the districts into which the provinces are divided. Darfur is left under the rule of its Sultan.

There are training colleges for teachers in Khartoum (Gordon Memorial College was opened in 1902), Omdurman, Suakin and Rufaa. The area is 950,00 square miles with 2,000,000 population, including 3,104 Europeans. The population of Khartoum is 14,823, and Omdurman, 41,592. A railway runs from Cairo to Khartoum.







NIT  
HS









100 100 100

